EVERY HOME
NEEDS OUR WATER COLORS
—OF—
LITTLE CHILDREN.

The Boston Weekly Globe.

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GIVEN AWAY!
A SET OF WATER COLORS.
READ ADVERTISEMENT.

FOREIGN TROUBLES.

Chamberlain's Mission Called a Gloomy Failure.

Corruption in the French Government and Poverty in the English Capital.

Notes of Interest From Many Quarters of the World.

Ireland continues to occupy the foremost place in the foreign field, though the French war office scandal is running a close second. On the former everlasting subject T. P. O'Connor writes:

Chamberlain's Ulster tour has proved a miserable fiasco. It is true he was received at first with some show of ardor. The bitter Orange leaders were anxious for a chance to cheer anybody who hated Parnell. But Chamberlain's speeches to the men of Ulster were too odious to arouse real enthusiasm. They have produced the worst impression in all quarters here. The Daily News showed the current feeling by reporting them in the briefest possible space.

His final address added the climax to the general disgust. It suggested that Mr. Gladstone had stolen the speaker's precious scheme of Irish land purchase from some plan sent by the latter to the Round Table conference. This odious charge was made still more absurd by the sketch given of the scheme referred to. Every journal that commented upon it, even the Times, which did its best from the first to puff Chamberlain's tour, was obliged to confess the plan utter nonsense.

The Pall Mall Gazette represents the general feeling of the Liberals by calling on Mr. Morley and other leading Liberals to take no further notice of the deserter, but leave him alone. That would be the greatest punishment that could possibly be inflicted.

In spite of all contradictions, official and officious, Lord Salisbury's health is very bad. His growing tendency to heart disease has led to abnormal stoutness, with resulting inertia and loss of spirits. He is still under the evil impression caused by Lord Iddesleigh's death. The circumstances of his colleague's sensational end are ever before his eyes. He lives in dread of the same fate.

His influence over the ministry is falling away; he exercises no real control over the cabinet, and is now premier only in name. The greatest discontent and depression consequently exist in the Tory camp, and there is a tone of sadness even in the leading columns of the Times.

Chief Secretary Balfour, in spite of all the piteous appeals made to him to return to duty, continues to take his vacation easily, oblivious of everything but his own pleasure. He does not propose to return to Dublin Castle till the end of next week.

The general impression is that Balfour finds himself in a dilemma out of which he sees no escape, and that he will either let things drift till his failure is complete, or find himself driven forward by circumstances to greater violence than ever, till an uprising of the English people against the Tory government puts an end to his power for further mischief.

My own belief is that he will simply watch and wait until the Court of Exchequer confirms or rejects the decision of Magistrate O'Donel in the case of Lord Mayor Sullivan of Dublin.

If the decision of the court should be unfavorable to the lord mayor, Mr. Balfour will doubtless feel encouraged to proceed with the suppression of the entire National League and order wholesale arrests throughout Ireland, including all of the municipal officials of Dublin and elsewhere who are Nationalists.

England will not stand this. Already public opinion on this side of the channel is much excited at the constitutional questions raised by the action of the government in Ireland. The Irish members of Parliament continue to receive phenomenal receptions all through England, and are speaking every night at crowded public meetings.

The Liberals no longer fear an early appeal to the country, but long for it. Herbert Gladstone indicates in a recent speech that an attempt will be made at the next session of Parliament to drive the Tories to an appeal to the country on the great issues of the day. This can be done by completely and constitutionally obstructing all public business and refusing supply, the legitimate and recognized method of securing redress of grievances.

Enormous interest is felt in the great meetings of the central caucus to take place next week at Nottingham. The pronouncements of the meeting on the Irish question will, I have every reason to anticipate, be strong and unyielding. An advance will probably be made also in dealing with other pressing national questions, particularly that of the disestablishment of the church in Wales. The latter is expected to be formally adopted as a plank in the national platform, together with one vote for one man.

It has been arranged that deputations of English members of Parliament shall continue to go over to Ireland to excite the courage and patience of the Irish.

Mr. Stansfeld goes over in a few weeks' time. Though an ex-cabinet minister, he is quite prepared to make speeches to fit him for a plank bed in an Irish jail. In fact, the English Liberals are getting more violent every day in behalf of Ireland, and more resolved to make Irish coercion impossible; and on the other side the Tories are more depressed, apathetic and bewildered than ever.

AT SIXES AND SEVENS.

Corruption in the French Government, and Dire Poverty in London Streets.

Thomas P. O'Connor says that the French war office scandal has attracted much attention here, and is reported at great length by the whole European press. The Germans make no attempt to conceal their delight at the exposure. It is impossible to exaggerate the effect of these revelations in Paris. They make the French people almost despair of ever being able to win their revenge.

The chief cause of the sensation is the sickening suspicion that everything connected with the army and all the great departments of state is as rotten under the republic as it was under the empire. Efforts are concentrated on the one side to drive Grevy out, and on the other to ruin Boulanger. All the intimates of Gambetta hate him with a violent hatred, and hope to drive him out of public life forever.

One good feature of the whole business is that it is another guarantee that the peace of Europe will for the present be preserved. France is too much discouraged in the face of these fearful developments to attempt war with Germany, or any other first-class power.

In London, the bitter poverty demonstrations of the unemployed are becoming habitual and menacing, as the cold season draws near and hunger and want increase. The hopeless destitution of tens of thousands and the frightful spread of human misery below the surface of life in the metropolis will have to be vigorously dealt with soon.

PICTURES OF COERCION.

Magic Lantern Accompaniments of Campaign Speeches in England.

LONDON, Oct. 15.—Both parties are carrying on an active campaign, up and down the country, indicating that both anticipate a dissolution during the coming session of Parliament. Mr. Schnadhorst, the Liberal caucus king, in order that political lectures shall no longer suffer under the reproach of being dry and unattractive, purchased 50 sets of magic lantern slides.

A set of slides and the necessary lantern now form part of the luggage of every Liberal lecturer. Rousing addresses on the Irish question are followed by blood-curdling views of eviction scenes, for the purpose of giving the spectator a clearer idea of the evils of the present administrative system in Ireland.

After a council of war at the Conservative headquarters the Liberal tactics were adjudged worthy of imitation, and so Conservative lectures and tea parties are now followed by "dissolving views" illustrating cattle maiming, moonlighting, etc., together with cartoons taken from "loyal" illustrated journals.

CHRONIC TROUBLES.

Bulgaria, Turkey, Servia and the Emperor of Germany.

The latest rumor about the poor, worried little Bulgaria, is that the Czar contemplates a formal renunciation of the Berlin treaty, and that, when no longer bound by its hampering clauses, his intention is to march into the country and punish every one who has stirred up his wrath. The fact is that the energetic action of M. Stambuloff, who wields the power conferred on the title of Prince Ferdinand, has showed true Bulgarian grit, and has made it difficult for Russia to carry out her policy of quickly sowing disaffection among the people. It is difficult to hire tools to do work when the tools are in danger of being shot for their pains as soon as taken. A plot against Prince Ferdinand has been unearthed, but that is not very important in a country where the first business of every self-respecting patriot is to organize a plot against some one.

The Emperor of Austria and King Milan of Servia are busy in Vienna calling on each other and being generally polite. There has been no arrangement of the trouble between King Milan and Queen Natalie, and it is believed that their separation is final.

Sir Charles Dilke is in Constantinople, hobnobbing with the Sultan, who, of course, is in no position to object to Sir Charles on moral grounds. The desire of the Sultan's heart is to have England get out of Egypt, to settle the Bulgarian question without getting into a row with Russia, and then to be allowed to enjoy life in his own peculiar Turkish way. There is little hope of either desire being gratified.

Old Emperor William continues to prove more and more what a grand old soldier he is. Now he calmly discourages all reports as to his illness by accepting the invitation of Count Stolberg to go shooting in Wernigerove. The good news, unhappily, can be told of his son. Reports from Baveno declare that the climate agrees with him, but that he grows worse. The despondent tone of his physicans' reports prove his condition to be most serious. There is much indignation among the Germans, who do not share the prince's confidence in the Englishman, Dr. Mackenzie, and it is urged that a German scientist should be charged with the case of the prince. The Emperor and Empress will celebrate the crown princess' birthday at Baden Baden on the 18th, but if the prince is unable to be there it will be a dismal celebration.

GUILTY OF MURDER.

Constable Brownrigg Charged with Murder by a Mitchellstown Jury.

DUBLIN, Oct. 12.—The coroner's inquest at Mitchellstown resulted in a verdict of wilful murder by the jury against County Inspector of Constabulary Brownrigg and against five of the constables who fired shots at the people on the 9th of September last, when three men lost their lives. Mr. Harrington, M. P., who conducted the case for the next of kin with great energy all through the proceedings, addressed the jury in a fervid speech, which was warmly received.

When the verdict was announced the enthusiasm of the people was unbounded. The officers incriminated by the verdict had already left Mitchellstown, in accordance with instructions received from the castle at Dublin. Warrants were immediately issued by the coroner for their apprehension.

The inquest in the case of John Kinsella, the old man who was shot and killed by emergency men on the estate of Mr. Brooks at Coolgreany, county of Waxford, on Sept. 28, has resulted in a verdict of murder against Captain Hamilton.

CHAMBERLAIN IN ULSTER.

He Favors Land Reform and the Supremacy of the Parliament.

Joseph Chamberlain, who, in company with Jesse Collings, left Birmingham to make a tour of Ireland, was received with much enthusiasm upon his arrival in that country. He made several speeches, in which he declared that the time would come when the tillers of the soil would be its owners.

Mr. Chamberlain, on his arrival at Stranraer, in Scotland, on his way to Ireland, was greeted by a number of Unionists. He made a speech in which he said that the Irish would be assured of a full and fair consideration of their grievances. He did not think that a parliament in Dublin would help them. On the contrary, he thought it would endanger the land scheme and be disastrous to the best interests of Ireland.

Upon his arrival at Larne, Ireland, he was presented with an address, in reply to which he declared that the time had passed when the Irish had cause to murmur against the government. When Parliament represented only vested interests and privileges, it tyrannized over the Irish people. Now they had a democratic Parliament, representing the whole people, in which every just and reasonable claim was certain of favorable consideration.

"We must," said Mr. Chamberlain, "continue the old Liberal policy, maintaining the integrity of the empire and resisting any attempt to loosen or weaken the ties binding us together while seeking to remedy real and just grievances."

Personally he favored land law reform, so that ultimately every cultivator might own the land he tilled, and the greatest extension of local government consistent with the integrity of the empire, the supremacy of parliament and the protection of minorities.

At Belfast the weather was cold and showery. Large crowds had gathered at the depot to welcome Mr. Chamberlain, and the streets and houses were decorated with flags and bunting in his honor. Mr. Chamberlain was driven along York street in a carriage at a slow pace for a quarter of a mile and was heartily greeted with cheers. The crowd then unharnessed the horses and drew the carriage themselves. The crowd escorting Mr. Chamberlain rapidly increased.

At the County Down depot Mr. Chamberlain said: "With the help of our Liberal-Unionist colleagues and the support of the whole Conservative party we have, at all events, saved the Union, thereby preserving Great Britain from injury and Ireland from ruin and disaster. Although the danger has been temporarily averted, it seems possible that this great issue will again have to be faced, when a great deal will depend upon the attitude and determination of the men of Ulster. If the majority are animated by the spirit of those present, I have no doubt of the result. It might be possible to give Ireland home rule if the Irish demand were unanimous, but it would be impossible to force Ulster to accept a government she distrusted and detested.

Mr. Chamberlain subsequently departed for Craigavad, Sir Edward Cowan's estate.

NOTES OF INTEREST.

All the World and His Wife Bring Their Budget of News.

The report that Emperor Dom Pedro of Brazil was about to abdicate his throne, because of ill health, is unfounded.

A riot occurred at Plevna during the elections for members of the Bulgarian Sobranje, and 24 persons were killed and 30 wounded.

A ministerial crisis has been caused by a deficit of £300,000 in the Egyptian budget. To meet the deficit distasteful economies are proposed.

The statement is confirmed that Ayoub Khan perished in the desert. His death resulted from wounds received in the recent battle with the Ameer's troops.

The Dominion law in reference to lotteries being very stringent, it is more than probable that the department of customs will order the destruction of the Louisiana lottery tickets seized at St. Thomas a few days ago.

France and Italy have accepted Spain's invitation to hold a conference in Madrid on the Morocco question. It is expected that England will also accept the invitation.

A deposit of gold, yielding at the rate of $800 a ton, has been discovered in Buckingham township, Quebec. It is now 15 feet deep, and promises to be better as the prospectors descend.

The Russian government officially contradicts the report that Grand Duke Nicholas, in a recent speech, declared that under certain circumstances he and other Russians would join the French army.

A large Spanish force has been ordered to the Caroline islands to punish the natives for their rebellious acts. The American corvette Essex has been ordered to protect the missionaries on the islands.

M. Wilson denies the statement published in the Intransigeant that he received 10,000 francs for procuring a decoration for a certain person. He intends to prosecute M. Rochefort for calumny.

An official despatch announces that there are 5000 rebels with seven guns at Serras in the Soudan. It is believed that the rebels intend to surround Wady Halfa and sever all means of communication with that place.

The members of the literary congress, accompanied by Spanish literary and artistic associations, formed in procession Saturday and marched to the statue of Cervantes and placed a number of wreaths at the foot of the statue.

The unemployed persons who frequent Trafalgar square formed in a body on Friday and marched to the Mansion House, where they demanded an interview with the lord mayor. The lord mayor declined to hold any conversation with the mob or its representatives. The police attempted to move the crowd, but were met with resistance. Another attempt broke the mob, and they scattered.

The epidemic of scarlet fever in London continues to spread. There are now 1900 cases in the hospitals.

The Daily News Dublin correspondent telegraphs that he has received information from an influential quarter that the government will, within a fortnight, totally suppress the league. The Nationalists, he says, are prepared for any such emergency.

An election for municipal officers was held at Queenstown, Ire., Saturday. The result caused general astonishment, five Unionists being elected by a large majority over five Nationalists, and a stanch Conservative heading the poll by a vote of two to one.

Advices from Yeniseisk, in Asiatic Russia, state that a British steamer, having on board a cargo of goods belonging to a London merchant, has arrived there. It is the intention of the owner of the goods to open up a trade in that section.

Germany will not send a warship to Morocco, but will intrust to England the protection of Germans residing in Morocco. This resolution is regarded in political circles as a proof of the entente cordiale existing between the German and English governments.

A despatch from Toulon, France, says orders have been received to prepare the transport Shamrock for sea. It is reported that 5000 troops will be concentrated there and held in readiness for immediate action in case events in Morocco render their services necessary.

The opinion prevails that President Grevy, being annoyed by the Caffarelli complications, and having shortly to face a new ministerial crisis, will resign. France will then face both a ministerial and a presidential crisis, of which the latter is the most momentous.

The Provincial government of Manitoba has decided to issue bonds on the province to the amount of $300,000, which will be placed for negotiation with the Imperial Bank of Canada. If money enough is realized from their sale, work on the Red River railroad will be begun this fall.

General Ferron, minister of war, states that the inquiry in the matter of the sale of civil decorations is nearly completed, and that no officer of the army nor any employe of the War Department has been found to be involved in the affair, excepting General Caffarelli and General d'Audlau.

The Toronto Mail announces that Sir Charles Tupper has been appointed to represent Canada on the fishery commission, and says: "As a Nova Scotian, he possesses a good general knowledge of our case, the details of which will no doubt be attended to by the officials of the marine department."

The Congo government has decided to despatch Captain Van de Velde, in command of a body of Bangalas and Houssas, to reconquer Stanley Falls. Captain Van de Velde will reach the falls in February, and will join forces with Tippoo Tib. Major Bartellot will pacify and watch over the country.

Eight of the associates of Ayoub Khan in his flight from Persia have been captured, leaving eight still missing. Ameer Muhammed, Ayoub's brother-in-law, who has surrendered, says he left Ayoub, accompanied by a few men, on the frontier suffering from want of water. He thinks they have perished in the desert.

Dhuleep Singh and the executive committee of the Indian Liberation Society are printing, on the Irish secret press in Paris, an appeal to the natives of British India to awake from their torpor and prove that they are no longer the dupes of English merchants and the slaves of English governors. The appeal is dated Moscow.

The Irish privy council will meet in Dublin early next week for the purpose of adopting measures for total suppression of the National League. The Nationalists are determined to hold a demonstration at Woodford despite the fact that a proclamation has been issued forbidding any meeting.

Counsel for the Irish League has discovered a serious flaw in the Mitchellstown decisions against William O'Brien, in the fact that the court pronounced sentence on two charges, on only one of which Mr. O'Brien was tried. It is said that an appeal would be certain to result in the quashing of the sentence, thus making greater the defeat of the prosecution.

General Boulanger in an interview has denied any complicity in the Caffarelli affair, and challenges the most searching investigation. He deplores the scandal as likely to have a depressing effect upon the country just when a revival of patriotism is taking place. He believes that Mme. Limousin was sent to him from two different quarters in order to lay a trap for him.

A riot occurred at Ruthlovitza, Bulgaria, on the 9th inst. A newly arrived Russian priest led a party of peasants in an attack upon the government offices. The gendarmes on duty at the government buildings fired upon the mob, but it was found necessary to call out a body of cavalry in order to disperse the rioters. Many were injured.

The reply of the Hungarian House of Magnates to the recent speech of the Emperor, while expressing a desire for peace, points out that the present situation of affairs in Europe demands on the part of Austria-Hungary the establishment of complete defence, and expresses the hope that Parliament will do its duty in the matter without regard to financial difficulties.

At the Liberal conference at Hawarden, Tuesday, it was decided to accede to the demands of the Welsh Liberals, and make the disestablishment of the church in Wales a plank of the platform to be presented at the coming Liberal Federation Congress. It was also decided that there should be no further development of the home-rule policy, and that nothing would be added to or withdrawn from that policy.

A determined fight is going on between the City Council, a majority of whom are Roman Catholics, and the Protestant citizens of Montreal about the question of Sabbath observance. A bylaw has been introduced to permit the sale of cigars and fruit on Sunday afternoon, and this is bitterly opposed by the Protestants, who desire to have a puritan Sunday, which will not suit the Catholics at all. The matter will possibly be carried to the imperial privy council.

Several leaders of the Bou Amena insurrection in 1881 have crossed the Algerian frontier into Morocco for the purpose of inciting disorders in the event of the death of the Sultan. It is feared that the Sultan may appoint a five-year-old boy, his son by a Circassian favorite in the harem, as his successor, instead of his eldest son, who is 16 years of age, and who has already displayed military valor and who commands a large number of troops. Should the Sultan pursue this course the result would probably be a civil war.

A banquet given Cardinal Taschereau one evening last week by prominent Roman Catholics was made the occasion of an attempted riot by a noisy band of Orangemen, who gathered about the Rossin House, where the cardinal was being entertained. They were accompanied by bands, which played Orange airs, and in various other ways they endeavored to provoke a fight. A number of persons were more or less injured by stones thrown by the roughs. Finally the police were summoned and managed to disperse the mob after a severe fight. A number of arrests were made, but with one exception the prisoners were rescued by their friends.

EDW. MURPHY'S VICIOUS HORSE.

He Capsizes the Family Carriage and Then Seriously Injures His Owner.

AUGUSTA, Me., Oct. 16.—Edward Murphy, a truckman in the employ of the Edwards Company, was fatally injured this afternoon. While driving with his wife and young son his carriage was overturned, throwing them out and bruising them slightly. Murphy cleared the horse from the wreck, got upon his back and started to ride home, when the animal ran away, dashed down Gas House hill at a furious pace and fell, throwing Murphy with great violence to the ground. He was terribly injured, and physicians say he cannot live till morning.

VILAS GETS CANED

By the Members of the Phi Delta Theta Fraternity in Nashville.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., Oct. 17.—Last night the active members of the Phi Delta Theta fraternity at Vanderbilt University and the alumni in this city, numbering about 40, met at the Maxwell House, and drove to the home of Judge Jackson, where Hon. William F. Vilas was being entertained. Mr. Vilas is a distinguished member of the Phi Delta Theta, and the local "Phi's" desired to do him honor.

After introductions had been made, R. F. Jackson, in behalf of the Nashville Phi's, presented to him a handsomely finished hickory cane cut from the Hermitage. The cane was ornamented with a heavy gold head, on which was engraved the following: "Presented to William F. Vilas by Tennessee Alpha of Phi Delta Theta, active and alumni, Oct. 16, 1887."

Mr. Vilas, with evident emotion, returned his thanks for the unlooked-for token of regard.

Indictment Against Geronimo.

TUCSON, Ari., Oct. 17.—The United States grand jury has found an indictment against Geronimo for the killing done by him in the judicial district in the Soniti valley on June 15, 1887, when he and his band murdered two citizens of the valley.

WARLIKE KNIGHTS.

Sensational Debate Which Came Near a Fight.

Litchman, Powderly and Hayes Charged With Various Offences.

All the Charges End in a Thick Cloud of Smoke.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., Oct. 15.—The long-expected outbreak in the Knights of Labor General Assembly has come. The entire day today was spent in hearing charges and counter-charges against members of the executive board and the general officers. The debate was of a highly sensational nature.

It was alleged that funds belonging to the order had been misappropriated by members of the board. It will be remembered that a good many of the delegates spent two or three days in Chicago while on their way to this city. It was then that the plans for the battle at the present convention were mapped out.

While there, A. M. Dewey, a Detroit knight, made charges to some of the delegates against certain members of the executive board. It is alleged that the men named were Barry and Bailey. He is understood to have said that these men were doing the board and the order irreparable injury and would continue to do so as long as they were retained on the board.

It was pretty evident that the administration men had mapped out a plan in the many secret caucuses held during the first days of the session. This plan has been sprung on the convention in the shape of a resolution which in substance was that the general executive board be reduced to five members, including the general master workman, the members' term of office to be reduced from two to one year, and to be appointed by the general master workman, subject to the approval of the General Assembly.

A. M. Dewey of Detroit was asked to explain rumors to the effect that he had said certain things derogatory to Barry and Bailey while in Chicago and in this city.

Mr. Dewey said in substance that he had made the statement that it would be for the best interests of the order that at least two of the members of the executive board be retired at once. He said he had never said who the two were.

At this point Barry flung the lie in the teeth of Dewey by the statement that he had named him (Barry) as one of the two. In the excitement which followed a delegate called for the ayes and nays on the previous question. This brought Barry to his feet again.

He rushed up the aisle from the rear of the hall, and when in close proximity to the general master workman, he began a vehement harangue.

He shook his fist at Powderly and other members of the board.

He stated that there was a scheme to rush the resolution through without debate, and that he was to be ignominiously "fired" without a chance to explain certain things.

Early in today's session Barry and Bailey gave it out that they had facts enough to impeach the entire executive board. These were called for and presented. John W. Hayes, secretary of the general executive board, was the first target.

It was charged that a year ago last fall he went to Maine and used $10,000 of the order's money

To Defeat Congressman Reed.

Hayes was also charged with crooked work in connection with the great Southwestern strike, when he and Tom McGuire had control of affairs. It was alleged also that Hayes kept his wife at Philadelphia at the expense of the order.

All these charges were explained away, or attempted to be explained, by Hayes. The details of the first two transactions would make too long a story to tell here. Hayes and his friends claimed that everything had been done with the full sanction of the executive board and that no money had been misappropriated.

It was not denied that Hayes had been a party to a deal to elect Senator Blodgett in New Jersey, but it was explained that this action was for the order's good.

The last charge was denied in toto. Hayes said that he kept himself and wife in Philadelphia on the $3 a day allowed members of the board for expenses, and that he gave up a business worth $2000 a year to go to Philadelphia.

None of the charges against Hayes were sustained. The charge was made against Powderly that he had employed Tom O'Reilly to work up matters in relation to the knights and the Church of Rome, and that money had been sent to Rome to conciliate the Pope, all without authority.

General Secretary Litchman was charged with employing in his office one Mrs. O'Brien, not a knight, and with throwing away 2000 office files, also with being an autocrat.

These charges with many others of less note were explained away by the officers implicated on the ground that no action had been taken in any case without the knowledge and consent of the general executive board.

The feeling ran very high, and the epithet, a "dirty politician," was applied to Mr. Hayes. Next came the charges against Barry and Bailey. It was stated that they had employed as a stenographer in the office of the general executive board one F. F. Donnelly, who was in reality their paid spy, hired to trump up charges against Powderly and his colleagues.

Mr. Powderly said that on one occasion, coming unexpectedly into the room, he found Donnelly coolly going through his private papers. The statement was made on the floor of the convention that Bailey had made a boast before coming to Minneapolis that he would succeed to Powderly's chair. This caused a sensation in the hall.

An adjournment was taken while in the midst of the investigation. Even the friends of Barry and Bailey admit that the battle is generally regarded as won by the Powderly faction.

Powderly Hotly Attacks Anarchism.

There was a very lively scene in the general assembly of the Knights of Labor at Minneapolis, Minn., on Monday the 9th inst. Under a suspension of the rules, James E. Quinn of District Assembly 49, New York, the famous "kicker" and Home Club man, presented a resolution expressing symathy for the condemned Anarchists of Chicago. General Master Workman Powderly decided the resolution out of order. Joseph Evans of Pittsburg appealed from the decision. The decision was sustained by a vote of 151 to 52. Before the vote on the appeal was taken, Mr. Powderly called General Worthy Foreman Griffiths of Chicago to the chair, and in a short but vehement speech called upon the convention to defeat the resolution. He said no true knight could be an Anarchist. He appealed to the delegates in impassioned words not to pervert the purposes of the order by the passage of any such resolutions. It was the hottest speech Powderly was ever known to make. T. H. Lawry of Pennsylvania made a burning speech, and for a time the convention was in a perfect pandemonium, the shouts being heard for some distance from the hall. When the session adjourned the members were very close-mouthed in regard to the proceedings.

Protesting Against the B. & O. Deal.

On the 11th the Knights of Labor approved the demand of the local printers for an increased scale of wages, and congratulated them on the matter having been submitted to arbitration. A letter was read from the State assembly of Belgium, extending congratulations to the convention for its straightforward work and sentiments indorsed.

The committee appointed several days ago to denounce the Baltimore & Ohio deal brought in some scathing resolutions, and advised that a memorial be prepared for signatures and sent to Congress in order that the question of government telegraphs might be brought before the public. The following sums it up: Therefore the general assembly of the Knights of Labor resolves to protest against the far-reaching monopolistic deal, and denounce the insatiable and avaricious purpose of those who for individual gain would imperil the welfare of the nation, and it further resolves that the organized power of the order be directed in demanding at the hands of Congress the passage of a measure for the purchase or construction of a telegraph system for the country, and that it is the duty of all citizens in nominating and supporting with their votes only such candidates as will pledge their support to such a measure; and further, that petitions and blanks be purchased and distributed throughout the country to receive signatures favorable to the proposition, and for presentation to Congress, and that special instructions be issued to the legislative committee at Washington to agitate for such ownership, and make governmental telegraphy one of the leading questions of the day.

Wednesday's Work.

At the general assembly of the Knights of Labor in Minneapolis, Minn., Wednesday, action was taken pledging support to the Blair educational bill, and to a measure extending to letter carriers the provisions of the eight-hour law; concurring in the recommendations in Mr. Powderly's message favoring public telephones and telegraphs, postal savings banks and the creation of a department of labor, and declaring that labor legislation should be pushed in the legislatures of every State, as well as in Congress. The report of the committee on strikes and boycotts against the establishment of a special bureau of strikes and boycotts called out an extended discussion. The report of the committee advising the reference to the general executive committee of all cases for investigation was adopted. The closing words of the report—"Think before you strike; don't boycott except when you can't help it"—were significant of the advanced position of the order on these important subjects.

BURNED AND CRUSHED TO DEATH.

Another Chapter on the Tragedy of the Passenger-Car Stove—Collision and Fire on a Railroad.

The horrors of the terrible accident on the Chicago & Atlantic railway at Kouts are left for the imagination to picture. The officials of the railroad refuse to tell what they may know of the causes of the disaster or its frightful results; the survivors can only tell that there was a sudden, mighty crash in the dead of night, followed by the shattering of the woodwork of the cars, the shrieks of the maimed, the moans of the dying and the cries of those held down by the debris for rescue; the pitiless flames soon reduced the wreck to ashes, and wiped out all evidences of the loss of life. Only an estimate is possible, but it is believed that fully 30 human lives were sacrificed to some one's carelessness or blundering, while half that number at least suffered injuries more or less serious.

The story of the accident in brief is that an east-bound express, which left Chicago on the night of the 10th with a great load of passengers, while temporarily delayed by the breaking of part of the machinery of the engine at a water-tank three miles west of Kouts, was smashed into from behind by a loaded fast freight, which was plunging madly forward in the dark. The sleeping coach was pushed mercilessly forward by the freight, and crushed into the cars forward, smashing their comparatively light timbers and making the work of destruction complete.

The engineer of the passenger train, who was badly hurt, tells this story of the disaster: "We passed No. 49 at Boon Grove on time, and started toward Kouts. No. 49 pulled out of the station in less than two minutes behind us, when they should have waited much longer. When we were well away from the town we could see her lights but a little way behind. We were not running very fast, because the engine was on one side. We had broken an eccentric strap and were running but one pair of wheels, having been forced to disconnect the other pair of wheels, which were running loose. Of course the accident held our speed down a little, but we had no idea that the engineer of No. 49 would have any difficulty in keeping off from our heels. The last time I looked round there was ample room between us."

It is about settled that no one will ever know definitely how many persons perished in the 'Chicago & Atlantic horror at Kouts, Ind. The estimate continues to vary from 30 down to 10.

1400 BIRDS IN ONE NIGHT.

Curious Facts About the Feathered Tribe —On Dark Nights They Dash Against the Lights on Liberty's Torch.

NEW YORK, Oct. 15.—The department of Agriculture makes it obligatory upon lighthouse keepers to render periodical reports, upon blanks prepared for the purpose, of all members of the feathered tribe who meet their death by flying against the lights.

About a month ago, one stormy night, nearly 1400 birds of various species were picked up on the balcony of the Statute of Liberty torch and near the base of the pedestal. Before this no particular account had been taken of these victims to curiosity, the officials of the island disposing of them in any way they saw fit, many, it is said, being sold to milliners and fancy stores in this city. But upon this occasion Colonel Tassin, who is in military command of the island, having made inquiry about the birds, and being unable to find any trace of them, determined to apply to the authorities in Washington with the view of having the lighthouse regulations on this head applied to the Liberty light. To a reporter yesterday Colonel Tassin said:

"I had heretofore received many letters from all sorts of people offering to buy the birds which were killed in this way. But I believed they were public property, and that I had no right to dispose of them. I thereupon instituted the government system of records, which are now followed with military regularity. Every morning I go to the guard house and overlook the birds collected by the men. I classify them as well as I can, and gather all the information called for by the monthly report. This includes the name of the bird, date, hour of striking, number striking, number killed, direction and force of the wind, character of the weather and general remarks. When I have collected about 200 specimens I send them to the Washington National Museum, the Smithsonian Institute and other scientific institutions, where I know they are wanted. I have received several letters from the Washington authorities and others warmly thanking me for my action in the matter. The information has proved of much value, they tell me, in many instances, and it is only to be regretted that lighthouse-keepers generally do not carry out with more care the provisions of this governmental regulation.

"As to the number and species of birds which are killed by the statue, my October record shows a very large total; larger, doubtless, than any other light in America. The commonest bird killed is a species of wren of which I don't know the name, but which closely resembles the Baltimore oriole. There are few large or very rare birds, and the English sparrow, so common in our cities, is altogether too sharp to be caught in this way. He is too well accustomed to the electric glare of city life. On Oct. 1 the record shows there were 50 rails, 11 wrens, two cat birds, and one whippoorwill; on the second, two wrens; the third, eight wrens and so on, the average being about 20 birds per night, although the character of the weather, the direction of the wind, etc., has a great deal to do with the matter. On clear nights there are none or very few, but on dark nights the harvest is very large. On the 12th inst. 175 wrens were gathered in, although it was not a particularly dark or windy night. I have sent to Washington for the correct name of this bird, and expect an answer in a few days. The birds I send to Washington are prepared for shipment by William Deutcher in New York."

FOUND $23,000 OF THE BURIED CASH

About that Pacific Express Steal—Owen's Confession and the Detectives' Work.

CHICAGO, Ill., Oct. 13.—The News says this morning: It now appears that misleading clews were thrown out regarding the Pacific express steal. It was said yesterday that there had been no robbery at all, but facts are furnished by the Pinkerton agency that Messenger J. B. Owens stole about $26,000, which he brought to St. Louis and buried near the outskirts of that city, and that Owens then came to Chicago and went directly to the home of his brother-in-law, Mr. Tichener. Meanwhile, the detectives had intercepted a telegram from Owens to his wife, in which he stated that everything would turn out all right, and told her not to be alarmed.

Detective Pinkerton then went to the Tremont House and arrested Owens as he was returning from a drive. At first he was very stubborn and refused to talk about the robbery, but upon the failure of his wife to appear as she had promised, he broke down and made the confession, telling where he had planted the money.

Pinkerton accordingly left with Owens, Tuesday night, for St. Louis, and a despatch was received here yesterday afternoon stating that $23,000 of the money had been recovered, and there was no doubt that the balance of the missing money would be found in a short time. The company will probably not prosecute Owens.

Failures on the Decrease.

NEW YORK, Oct. 14.—The business failures occurring throughout the country in the last seven days as reported to R. G. Dun & Co. and E. Russell & Co. today number for the United States 182 and for Canada 20, a total of 202. There were 212 last week. For the corresponding week in 1886 the figures were, United States 160, Canada 19. Total 179.

REVEALED AT LAST.

Belief That the Dexter Bank Mystery is Solved.

Confession by the Son of the Leading Criminal—Arrests Made.

Conflicting Opinions as to the Truth of the Statement.

The murder of J. W. Barron, treasurer of the National Bank and the State Savings Bank of Dexter, Me., nine years ago, created a national sensation unequalled by any tragedy since, except the assassination of President Garfield. The circumstances and the utter mystery of the crime, the mute and pathetic testimony of fidelity to trust given by the speechless and dying man's wounds, the escape of the murderers, leaving not a trace of their presence in or escape from the little town, profoundly moved the whole country. Telegrams of condolence and offers of assistance from all parts of the land poured upon the widow, and the project of a memorial church in Dexter was at once suggested and started. Then after some months the country was again startled by a theory of suicide, started in the first instance by detectives, and apparently given credence by the bank officers.

Barron, it appeared, had made some unfortunate investments of the bank's money. He took out, forthwith, a life insurance policy covering the amount, and it was a sapient idea of the detectives, mortified, perhaps, by their failure to

Detect the Murderers,

that the treasurer, fearing the odium following the discovery of his bad judgment, killed himself in such a manner as would indicate murder, and so would not invalidate his insurance policy. Thus an act of what seemed like scrupulous regard for personal and business honor was converted into an indictment of the man. But the theory was accepted by the bank officers to the extent that they entered suit against the widow, a suit that was never tried, and the act brought about a revulsion of feeling elsewhere. Contributions to the memorial church stopped.

The poor woman and even her little child were subjected to the taunts, and the widow was compelled to endure a bitter ostracism, the bitterness of which she herself has described. She never doubted her husband's innocence. Steadfastly she has sought for means to make it clear before all men, and now the murder of her husband by a banded gang of scoundrels is, to all appearances, about to be judicially proved.

The First Information

which led to the apprehension of the murderers was given by Charles Franklin Stain, who was, when a mere boy, made a party to the crime by the command of his father, David L. Stain, the leader of the gang. Five years ago, at the muzzle of a revolver in the hands of his father, he was forced to swear on his knees that he would never divulge the history of the murder. At his first opportunity he fled from home, where he was held in bondage by the robber gang.

On his information the father, David Stain, and his accomplice, Oliver Cromwell, were arrested at Medfield, on Wednesday last. It is alleged that the former has long been a terror to the neighborhood, and that he was a wholesale robber. He was taken to Dexter, Me., and identified by several persons. The confession, however, is not fully credited. The bank officials still maintain that Barron was a defaulter and committed suicide.

With a pair of handcuffs provided, and at the point of a pistol levelled by the World reporter, David L. Stain was arrested last Wednesday in his shoe store in the town of Franklin, Mass., by Deputy Sheriff John H. Mitchell and Detectives Moore and Bean of Boston. When the bold and unscrupulous bank robber heard the words of the officers charging him with the murder of Treasurer J. W. Barron and the robbery of the Dexter, Me., bank, he stood as if petrified, and beads of perspiration stood out on his face, which was pale as death.

Quickly bundling Stain into a carriage, the party drove 10 miles to Walpole and arrested Oliver Cromwell for the same crime. He was found gathering apples in his orchard, and while Sheriff Mitchell and Detective Bean secured him the reporter read the warrant to him. The sudden blow was not altogether unexpected by Cromwell, and with many protestations he joined Stain in the carriage, and was hurried before a magistrate.

Both men agreed to go to Maine in care of Sheriff Mitchell without waiting for requisition papers.

PRISONERS ARRAIGNED.

They Rely Upon an Alibi to Prove Their Innocence.

Stain and Cromwell, the alleged Barron murderers, were arraigned at 10 o'clock Friday morning, at the Town Hall, Dexter, Me., before Judge Waldron of the Municipal Court. A large and excited audience was in attendance. The prisoners pleaded not guilty, after which, on request of counsel for the prosecution, the circumstances demanding more time to procure the attendance of necessary witnesses, a continuance of the hearing was granted until 10 o'clock Saturday, the 22d inst. Hon. Josiah Crosby, who appeared for Stain, and Mr. Sprague, who appeared for Cromwell, did not oppose the motion, and it was readily granted by the court. A. M. Goddard of Augusta and Thomas H. B. Pierce of Dexter appeared as counsel for the State.

Much excitement prevails here, and the opinion as to the outcome is divided, as might be expected. The officers who have looked up the case, profess to have abundant evidence. It is understood that the prisoners rely on an alibi for defence.

DISBELIEVES THE CONFESSION.

Mr. Drummond More Confident That Young Stain Lies.

Hon. J. H. Drummond of Portlond, having seen what Sheriff Mitchell says is the original statement made by Stain, said that while he had not had time to do more than read it over, he was prepared to say it was no more reliable than the statement made by Stain and published in the New York World.

The confession first published has been completely discredited, and now the other has been brought forward. Sheriff Mitchell has, in the opinion of Mr. Drummond, great cause for being anxious. It is no light thing to arrest men as he arrested Stain and Cromwell. "The latest published statement," Mr. Drummond said, "is too vague. Few definite averments are made, but where Charles F. Stain did undertake to give details he blundered."

Mr. Drummond pointed out some of these mistakes:

"Stain never saw the premises, but assumed that Barron was killed in the room of the bank, while, if Barron was killed at all, it must have been in the lumber room. If Stain and Cromwell met Barron face to face, as the father is said to have told the son, their meeting must have taken place in the same lumber room where the overturned coal scuttle, the pen Barron was in the habit of using, his false teeth and the keys were found. If they killed Barron they must have taken the body to the place where it was found. Stain's explanation is utterly inconsistent with the situation. No bruises, except those accounted for at the time of the hearing, were found on the body of Barron.

Mr. Drummond reached the conclusion that both of Stain's statements are false.

NEWARK'S DEMOCRATIC MAYOR.

Joseph E. Haynes is Re-elected by a Plurality of 1400.

NEWARK, N. J., Oct. 12.—The charter election yesterday resulted in the re-election of Joseph E. Haynes, Democrat, for mayor, by a plurality of 1400, he receiving 10,730 votes; Jackson, Republican, 9330; Pine, Law and Order and Prohibition, 3497; Pentecost, labor candidate, 1846. The new City Council will stand 20 Republicans to 10 Democrats.

To Do Away With Typewriters and Stenographers.

NEW YORK, Oct. 13.—Edison's new invention, the phonograph, will be placed on the market in a few days. The inventor claims that the machine will do away with typewriters and stenographic secretaries, as a letter can be talked into it, and the paper receiving the impression can be sent to the correspondent, who, by running it through another phonograph can hear the contents read off.

NEBRASKA DEMOCRATS.

Nominees and Platform of the State Convention.

OMAHA, Neb., Oct. 12.—The Democratic State convention today nominated Thomas O. Day of Antelope county for justice of Supreme Court and Dr. Slicker of Hitchcock county and Fred L. Harris for regents of the State university. The convention in its platform indorsed Cleveland's administration, reaffirmed the principles of the national platform of 1884, recommended the proper regulation of railroads, the reduction of the revenue to what is only necessary; more favorable legislation for the laboring classes, the rigid enforcement of the high license law and opposition to prohibition and all the sumptuary laws. Sympathy was extended to Parnell and Gladstone and the cause of Ireland.

OBLITERATED.

Awful Devastation in the Southwest—Storm and Fire Both Doing Their Fatal Work.

NOGALES, Ari., Oct. 12.—One of the most disastrous storms ever known on the southern coast of Mexico occurred on the 7th and 8th.

The city of Quelito, a town of more than 8000 people, was totally destroyed and many lives lost.

Telegrams give accounts of most affecting scenes, many women, children and men floundering in the stormy current and crying for help which was not at hand.

No particulars are obtainable, as the wires are down. Despatches state the supposition is that numbers of wrecks occurred in the gulf, but the facts cannot be ascertained.

Later despatches to the Associated Press report the entire coffee and orange crop in Sinola destroyed.

FIERCE FOREST FIRES.

Miles of Country Swept Clean and Many Fine Farms Destroyed.

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 12.—For the past four days forest fires have been raging in Sonoma, Alameda, San Mateo and Santa Cruz counties, all in the vicinity of the Bay of San Francisco.

Reports from various towns in these counties report the fire raging fiercer than ever.

In Alameda, 13 miles have been swept clean. Several fine farms have been completely consumed. The ground is covered with carcasses of all kinds of dead animals.

In San Mateo several bridges and shingle mills have been levelled to the ground; in Santa Cruz two box mills have been destroyed.

The fire has swept valuable farms out of existence, and thousands of cords of wood have been consumed. From Sonoma comes the report that the flames have travelled 10 miles in the past 24 hours and devastated everything in their path. Many families have been made homeless.

WOMEN VOTERS IN KANSAS.

The Number That Voted in the Last City Elections—Foregone Conclusion That They Want the Ballot as Well as the Men.

TOPEKA, Kan., Oct. 16.—Judge Adams, secretary of the State Historical Society, has just completed a compilation of the recent municipal vote, which was the first one taken under the new law giving its women the right to vote. The compilation shows that in 232 cities of the State which voted, there was a total of 90,194 votes, of which 64,846 were male votes and 25,348 were female votes. Judge Adams' report is accompanied by the following statement:

"I have been most thoroughly impressed with the conviction that the people of Kansas, at last spring's election, completely solved the woman suffrage question. It is no longer a question whether women want to vote. They do want to vote. This is proven by the fact that they have voted at the first opportunity given them. They voted with an intelligent, zealous, earnest interest in the good of the community in which they have their homes. If the issue involved in the election of any town was one effecting merely the local material interest of the community, they voted with good judgment and for the common welfare. If the question was as to better school management they voted for the best. If it was for the street, sanitary or other reforms, they voted prudently for what seemed to be the good of all. If it was for a change of an administration notoriously involved in speculations with water works or other corporations, they voted to deliver the city from such corrupt entanglement. If political parties, controlled by saloon influence, put up candidates with the odor of whiskey on their garments, the women rebuked the party managers and voted for candidates who would better promote the moral welfare of the community. In every instance they voted for home and fireside, for the freeing of the community from those demoralizing influences and temptation from which every good woman would deliver those of her own household. I have been impressed with the reports received, showing the orderly and quiet character of the elections. There was no dissent from the testimony on this point."

He comments upon the unexpectedly large vote of women and upon the healthy influence of their presence in banishing riot and disorder from the polling place. He remarks upon the courtesies everywhere extended the lady voters and gives statements as to how the men of all parties vied in escorting the ladies to the polls in carriages, how the ladies came to the polls accompanied by their husbands, sometimes singly, sometimes in groups and quietly deposited their votes and returned quietly to their homes, and how sometimes they came by scores and fifties from points of assemblage and in some instances from churches, where they had met and prayed together before coming.

ENVELOPED BY FIRE.

Sad Ending of Little Mary Caldfield's Play Near a Bonfire.

BRIDGEPORT, Conn., Oct., 16.—Mary Caldfield, aged 5 years, with other children, were playing about a bonfire of dried leaves last evening when her clothing took fire, and before assistance reached her was almost burned from her body. The flesh, with the exception of the face, was burned almost to a cinder. She died about midnight in great agony.

IMPALED ON A TARGET.

Accident to a Trainman in a Western Railway Yard.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Oct. 16.—A horrible accident occurred at the Bee Line shops this afternoon. While Ernest Kindleman was shovelling coal from an elevated bin into a locomotive he fell backward, dropping square on a switch-target 20 feet below. The sharp point of the target passed entirely through his body near the heart, and in that position he was held for over an hour while workmen were engaged in filing off the target. He could not be pulled from the target, as it was rusty and the point was bent, so he had to be carried to the hospital with it in his body. He is still alive, but cannot possibly recover.

BLEW OFF THE TOP OF HIS HEAD.

The Accidental Discharge of a Gun Causes Miles Bristol's Death.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., Oct. 16.—Miles Bristol, aged 22, a prominent resident of Milford, went out hunting Saturday morning. At 4 o'clock his dog returned home, and during the remainder of the afternoon and night kept up a continual moaning. Alarmed by the non-appearance of the young man and the dog's singular actions, the family organized a searching party, and at 10 o'clock today the dog led the party to a clump of bushes in a swamp, where the body of the missing man was found. Evidently death was caused by the accidental discharge of the gun, which blew off the entire top of the head and the first finger of the left hand.

TORN BY DYNAMITE.

A Cartridge Explodes at the Lima Custom House.

Twenty-two Persons Dead and Injured by Fragments of Shell.

Among the Killed Are Several High Officials, Besides Laborers.

NEW YORK, Oct. 14.—A letter from Lima, Peru, dated Sept. 19, says: While Inspector Saavedra was examining explosives at the custom house on the 12th inst., a cartridge of dynamite was by some carelessness caused to explode. Twelve of the persons present were torn to pieces, three others died soon afterward, and 19 others were perhaps fatally injured, fragments of shell, caps and wood being blown into their flesh. Among the killed were several high officials, a number of laborers and some persons not connected with the custom house.

BY TIDAL WAVE AND HURRICANE.

Fears Entertained of Great Disasters—Crowds of Excited People Await Tidings from the Storm-Swept Cities.

NOGALES, Ari., Oct. 14.—It has been impossible to get news from the southern coast today concerning the storm. It is feared that the cities of San Blas and Mazatlan have been partially if not entirely destroyed by the tidal wave and hurricane. At Guaymas crowds of people anxiously await tidings from the swept-away cities and from vessels in the gulf. The storm was the most severe ever known in that locality.

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW TALKS.

The Railroad Lawyer Deprecates Real Estate Speculation.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Oct. 14.—Chauncey M. Depew was in St. Louis yesterday, and in an interview with a reporter expressed his opinion that the real estate speculative craze and the construction of 5000 miles of railroad that are not needed will bring upon the country a financial panic. The overconstruction of railways will entail a loss of over $100,000,000, which somebody must bear. The properties may be made profitable in 10 or 12 years, but the original investors will certainly lose their money.

The real estate craze will produce greater disaster, because so many more persons are directly interested. In some localities fancy prices are being paid for "town lots" which for 20 years yet will be fit only for agricultural purposes. From 25 to 50 per cent. of the purchase money for these lots are being paid in cash, the property being mortgaged for the balance. Consequently, when the crash does come, the cash payments will be swept away by depreciation in values, and the mortgages will also be worthless, so that all concerned will suffer.

NEW DYNAMITE SHELLS.

A Wonderful Invention to be Used in an Ordinary Gun.

MONTPELIER, Oct. 11.—The Governor, Lieutenant-Governor, several officers of the regular army and a number of distinguished men witnessed the test of B. D. Stevens' dynamite shells on the State Arsenal grounds today. The shells, of ordinary cast shot, are filled with half a pound of dynamite, and the projecting force used is two and one half pounds of powder. No amount of concussion served to burst the shells which were driven through a heavy plank target, and remained whole until exploded by the attached fuse. Mr. Stevens conducted similar successful experiments with a seven-inch rifled gun in June last at Sandy Hook.

FAILURE OF A CATTLE CONCERN.

The Death of 30,000 Animals Forces the Assignment.

ST. LOUIS, Oct. 11.—The Niobrara Land and Cattle Company, incorporated in East St. Louis, St. Clair county, Ill., made an assignment this morning to Judge Keifer of Bellevelle, Ill. Their nominal assets are $250,000, upon which they will realize from 25 to 50 per cent. Their liabilities are $350,000. One year ago the round-up showed 39,000 fat cattle on hand, for which they were offered $1,000,000. The June round-up reported but 9000 head, and the September round-up showed no improvement. Their paper accordingly could not be met, and they determined to wind up their affairs. The paper is held by Eastern and St. Louis banks. Newman and Farr of the Stock Yards Bank were principal stockholders and before the assignment was made they transferred their bank to Isaac H. Knox, paying him a bonus to assume all responsibilities. Mrs. Farr mortgaged her home in Vandeventer for $30,000 to meet this bonus. Today the Mechanics Bank of St. Louis paid the depositors of the Stock Yards Bank in full, paying out $200,000. The bank will continue in business.

BAD GANG BROKEN UP.

Citizens Capture and Lynch a Number of Desperate Robbers.

CHARLESTOWN, W. Va., Oct. 16.—Fully 300 citizens started out yesterday morning after the robbers who murdered Mr. Ryan near Walton, Roan county, last Thursday night. After the house was robbed and the old man shot, the robbers, 13 in number, compelled the family to send him upstairs and to get breakfast for them.

The officers and citizens ran into the robbers last night at George Duff's residence eight miles from Sissonville, this county, and were warned to keep off by the robbers, who had taken refuge in a house fitted with portholes and other arrangements for protection. The murderers were fired upon and George Duff was killed. Jake Coon was captured and lynched. Five of the officers and citizens in the battle were wounded, among whom are Peter and William Skiens, brothers.

The information received is very meagre. There are about 20 robbers in the gang, who have been carrying on at a high rate. R. M. Duff, George Drake and Frank Shambling are prisoners, and await the pleasure of the vigilance committee for their disposal. Coon is the man who killed Rev. Thomas P. Ryan and shot five of the vigilance committee.

It is believed that a full confession will be made and the whole gang will be lynched. The vigilantes are still after the others, and it is said that a well-known State detective is mixed up in the robbery. A large number of robberies have been committed by this gang during the past few months.

Diphtheria in Manchester.

MANCHESTER, N. H., Oct. 16.—Diphtheria is raging with fatal results in the southern part of the city. Seven deaths have occurred within a few days, and there are many serious cases, with new ones reported daily.

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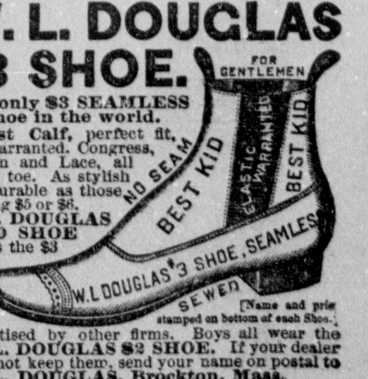

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AROUND THE FARM.

GUARANTEED COMPOSITION OF FERTILIZERS.

The Injustice of Fertilizer Laws to the Farmer—The Statement of Manufacturers Regarding Fertilizers to be Received with Caution—The Need of Radical Changes to Protect Farmers.

[Written for The Weekly Globe.]

Manure operates only by means of the chemical substances it contains; these, therefore, must be accurately ascertained before any exact intelligence can be afforded by the chemist as to its action and effects. Were this the whole question it might be conclusively settled, for chemistry is so far advanced as to be able to detect and define these elements even to a thousandth part. Yet in the guaranteed composition of commercial fertilizers sold in this State, where can you find even one that does not allow a margin for difference of 50 per cent., and most commonly the greatest difference is in the highest-priced ingredient, nitrogen? Our fertilizer laws were designed to secure good and cheap fertilizers to the farmers, and depend in a controlling degree on the interest which the farmers will take in seeing to it that the one provision in our laws in particular is complied with, which demands that an intelligent analytical statement shall accompany each package. Is the guaranteed composition of a fertilizer stating, "Total phosphoric acid, 8 to 10 per cent.; potassium oxide, 4 to 6 per cent.; nitrogen, 2 to 3 per cent. (equivalent to ammonia, 3 to 4 per cent.)" an intelligent analytical statement? Yet there are very few fertilizers on the market whose guaranteed composition is stated closer than this, and of the number of fertilizers analyzed and reported in the fourteenth annual report on commercial fertilizers by C. A. Goessman, State inspector, nearly 50 per cent. fail to come up in some particular to the lowest percentage guaranteed in their statements of guaranteed composition.

In many cases the deficiency is too small to be of practical importance; in some cases it is counterbalanced by excessive amounts of other plant-food. Attention is called to the difference merely to show that the guaranteed composition of fertilizers is of no practical value, even when the manufacturers of fertilizers are only obliged to furnish the lowest percentage guaranteed in their statement of composition. If the manufacturers of fertilizers have so little knowledge or lack confidence in the composition of the fertilizers they offer for sale that they are obliged to state the guaranteed composition with so large a latitude, and then come short of the lowest percentage guaranteed in nearly one-half of the parcels analyzed by the State inspector, how can they expect the farmers to have any faith or confidence in the guaranteed composition of the fertilizers they offer for sale?

Stockhardt says in his chemical field lectures: "If a farmer desires that a manure met with in commerce should undergo examination, he will act wisely in proposing to the chemist who is to institute the analysis, the following distinct questions: First, what quantity does it contain in 100 parts of (1) nitrogen, (2) organic matter, (3) salts of potash, (4) salts of soda, (5) phosphate of lime, (6) gypsum, (7) carbonate of lime (in connection with magnesia)? Second, in what combination is the nitrogen principally present? As an ammoniacal salt? As a nitric acid salt? As an organic substance of easy or difficult decay? By the reply to the first inquiry he is placed in a position to calculate the approximate value in money of the manure in question; whilst from the subsequent answer he acquires tolerably certain information as to the slow or rapid action that may be anticipated from its use."

An impartial consideration of the present condition of our trade in fertilizers exposes the farmer in an unusual degree to serious losses; for the peculiar nature of most of our compound commercial manures renders it impossible for him to recognize by a mere casual examination even their approximate value, and the guaranteed composition of fertilizers as now stated by the manufacturers of fertilizers is looked upon with distrust by all intelligent farmers.

Professor Storer, in his work entitled "Agriculture," says: "It is absolutely necessary that the buyer shall have some kind of guaranty as to the chemical composition of superphosphate, and of late years it has become somewhat customary in this country to enact special laws for controlling the sale of fertilizers, and to appoint State inspectors of fertilizers, to whom farmers may appeal. This system is still on trial, though open to grave criticism. One fundamental trouble is that the matters to be inspected are too complex, the subject itself too occult to be safely given over to a clique of political appointees. It is not here, as it is with the inspection of fish, or lime, or timber, or potash, where the things to be passed upon are so familiar that there could readily be found, in every community really interested in the subject, scores of people who would be perfectly competent to criticise the doings of the inspector, and besides, a simple and much more equitable way of overcoming the difficulty lies ready at hand. If the large consumers of superphosphates and the reputable retailers of it would refuse to buy except on the strength of a certificate from a responsible chemist, and if the agricultural societies would but pursue any dealer, or any so-called chemist, who plays their members false, a much healthier condition of things than now prevails might doubtless soon be brought about."

A. H. W.

THE MANURE HEAP.

Different Methods for Turning Straw Into Manure—Its Manurial Value.

Thousands of tons of straw are wasted every year. Where agriculture is new and grain is raised on a large scale, farmers appear to think that the sole purpose of the plant is to produce the kernel, and that the straw is a waste product, to be gotten rid of as easily and cheaply as possible. So in the far West, on the great wheat fields of Kansas or Colorado, the match is applied to the straw stacks. Fire reduces the great mass of unsalable material, and the farmer is glad to get rid of it. Where straw cannot be given away or sold—has no market value, in fact—probably fire is the best reducing agent; but there are thousands of instances where straw is placed so near the farm buildings that fire reduction is out of the question, and yet the straw is wasted. Many farmers are buying vast quantities of stable manure or chemicals, while several old straw stacks are slowly rotting down on their premises. It is with the hope of turning the attention of farmers to the methods employed in manufacturing this straw into manure that this article is prepared.

Farmers near the city clearly recognize the feeding value of rye straw. There is a good demand for it at the paper factories, but farmers as a rule believe that unless they can get more than 5 cents per bundle it will pay better to feed it out. The straw is chopped, mixed with the feed and moistened. There is a general "farm legend" that a diet of chopped rye straw will keep a horse free from worms, and hasten the departure of bots from the stomach. Many farmers feed some oat and wheat straw. A favorite way to feed oats in some localities is to cut when quite green, cure like hay, and then tie in small bundles, to be fed entire—the grain and straw together. Clean and bright wheat straw can be fed with profit. It is well worth housing. When wet and musty it is of little value. Many farmers, particularly those who do not house their straw, do not believe in feeding it out, but use it for bedding. It is a good absorbent, particularly when chopped. Animals kept in box-stalls soon tramp it into a good fertilizer. Many farmers dig their barnyards into a dishing shape, and keep straw spread upon the bottom. The water and liquid manure that run into the yard keep the straw moist, and cause it to rot into a form suitable for application to the fields.

The process described by Mr. Perkins is quite general in some parts of Europe. It was often employed in Sweden, on farms belonging to the crown. Legal restrictions prevent the sale of straw, so that the excess of this material is disposed of in what are known as "straw composts." The straw is put in heaps six or eight feet high, and well drenched with water in which powdered rape cake has been soaked. The heap is then covered with earth four or five inches deep, and left to ferment a month. It is then forked over and again drenched with the rape-cake water. In two and one-half months fair "manure" can be obtained in this way. Professor Storer in his "Agriculture" quotes from Bergstand an analysis of this straw compost. As compared with ordinary farm manure the composition was as follows:

	Straw Compost, Per cent.	Farm Manure, Per cent.
Water	74.38	79.30
Organic matter	13.63	14.01
Ashes	10.01	6.09
Nitrogen	0.28	0.41
Phosphoric acid	0.10	0.20
Potash	0.17	0.50

It is thus evident that a farmer with a quantity of musty or damaged straw that is unfit for feeding can turn it into a very fair manure by composting it. There should be a basin or cistern into which the urine and the water that has washed over the yard manure could drain. This liquid should be pumped over the straw heap. A good fertilizer would result.

Dr. Jenkins of the Connecticut Experiment Station has prepared an elaborate table of the manurial values of various fodders. He takes the averages of many analyses to determine the amounts of nitrogen, phosphoric acid and potash contained in the fodders. Then, figuring the amounts of these three elements at the regular prices at which they are quoted in fertilizers, a fair comparative value can be placed on the manure from each. Figured in this way the following values are obtained, stated in pounds to the ton:

	Nitrogen	Phosphoric acid	Potash	Value
Timothy hay	19.2	7.2	29.8	$4.93
Buckwheat straw	13.4	12.8	42.2	4.64
Oat straw	10.2	5.8	32.6	3.58
Rye straw	9.6	7.4	20.2	3.86
Wheat straw	16.0	4.2	17.4	3.71

Thus it appears that if the manurial elements contained in a ton of wheat straw were to be bought in the form of chemical fertilizers, they would cost $3.71. When the straw is burned the nitrogen, valued at $2.72, escapes, leaving but 99 cents as the value of the potash and phosphoric acid.—[Rural New Yorker.

THE FEED.

How to Get the Most Out of Fodder—Wheat Bran as Stock Food—Straw for Cattle and Horses.

This subject is demanding attention too. It requires no argument to prove that a vast amount of cornstalks is wasted in all the Western States. A great many farmers in rich soil, like we have in Kansas, have not thought of saving stalks, or whether there is any reason why they ought to be saved. The Rural New Yorker last week contains some practical suggestions on the subject that will be useful here. It says: "One of the greatest wastes known in American agriculture occurs in the neglect of the stalks and blades of the corn plant. In the East, where forage is often scarce and high, farmers are forced to take reasonable care of their cornstalks, but in the genuine 'corn country' of the West thousands of acres of valuable stock food are yearly wasted. Professor Henry, in the Wisconsin Experiment Station, has been quick to notice the waste. His experiments with cut and uncut cornstalks have placed the matter very forcibly before Western farmers. As an element in the production of dairy products these cornstalks were proven to be valuable. Professor Henry calculates that the uncut stalks on an acre of land, supplemented by 1690 pounds of grain, will produce 158 pounds of butter. If the stalks are cut and crushed with a Lion cutter, and fed with 2685 pounds of grain, they will produce 242 pounds of butter. Calling the uncut stalks worth $4 and the cut stalks $5 per ton the butter cost 13.1 and 12.2 cents. This shows how this vast crop could be utilized.

Many good Western farmers believe that it will not pay to handle the crop of cornstalks. A wagon is driven through the fields and the ears are snapped from the stalks and thrown into it. The cattle are then turned into the field to eat what they will and tramp down as much of the standing stalks as possible. The writer has herded cattle on these great cornfields many a day. The cattle never consumed one-quarter of the available forage. They tramp about among the frozen stalks all winter, filling themselves with food about as indigestible as sawdust, and packing the surface of the ground with their hoofs. In some parts of the country the cornstalks serve for fuel. When bound in tight bundles two feet long and six inches in diameter, they give out considerable heat. Two men in half a day can bind enough of these faggots to last three weeks. It will be remembered that Professor Shelton advocated the use of the coarser part of the stalk for heating water for stock in the winter. He thought they would help the stock more when used in this way than any other.

How shall the cornstalks be utilized? The silo offers one of the best solutions of the problem. Now that it seems generally understood that the ear can be cut up without any loss in feeding value, the labor of filling the silo will be little greater than that of pulling and husking the ears. This ought to silence the arguments of those who let stalks stand in the field because it is too much work to handle them. Still we shall always need a certain amount of dry fodder of some sort.

There is one disputed point regarding the feeding of corn fodder that always comes up for discussion. Does it pay to cut the stalks? Professor Henry, in the experiment before mentioned, estimated the increased value of the cut stalks at $1.20 per ton. This was simply the increased value for feeding purposes. He did not estimate the improved value of the manure or the great ease in handling it. Farmers must determine whether or not they can cut the stalks for that money. As for corn fodder, where the plant is grown for the stalk and blade and not for the ear, nobody can doubt its value as a forage crop. With Stowell's evergreen sweet corn Professor Henry obtained a yield of 11,232 pounds per acre. He calculated that the amount, supplemented with 2256 pounds of bran, would make 290 pounds of butter, worth $58. The bran he called worth $13.47, leaving $44.53 as the value of the fodder corn from one acre when manufactured into butter.—[Kansas Farmer.

Composition of Bran.

Professor Brown of the Ontario Agricultural College at Guelph thus sums up his analysis regarding the usefulness of bran, after a careful consideration of its chemical composition:

1. Bran is a concentrated food, which, though variable in composition, possesses high nutritive value.
2. Roller process bran is, on an average, richer than old process bran.
3. Its excess of ash or mineral matters eminently fits it for bone building in growing animals, and for supplementing the lack of mineral matters in roots.
4. Its chemical composition points to the conclusion that it is somewhat better adapted to the formation of fat and production of heat than to the formation of muscle or of milk.
5. Both its chemical composition and its physical form adapt it admirably as a supplementary food to be used in connection with poor and bulky fodder, such as straw and roots.
6. Its manurial or fertilizing value alone repays its cost.
7. By retaining and feeding the bran upon the farm the objection to selling the grain is partly overcome, viz.: the exhaustion of the soil, since the bran retains most of the mineral matters which cannot be derived from the air.

Straw for Cattle and Horses.

Straw is one by-product of the farm which is not valued or utilized in many localities as it should be. As a proof of this I refer to the fact that in Pickaway and adjoining counties in Ohio, thousands of tons of straw are sold to the straw board factory at $1 a load, the loads averaging nearer two tons than one, and that in very many places in Ohio and Indiana, one can often count from three to six old straw stacks on a single farm, each one containing a year's growth of straw on the farm. Forty years ago, when I was a boy in Indiana, it was a common practice of farmers to winter cattle without any grain, and after they had eaten up the stalk fields, which was usually by midwinter, they were often shut up in the barnyard to get their entire living from the straw stacks. It was not a practice to be recommended or followed, for the cattle were always spring poor, but the fact that thousands of cattle lived for months on straw alone, and that the farmers who fed a bushel of corn per head each week to the cattle at the straw stacks, brought them through the winter in good condition, shows that straw contains valuable food elements.

In talking with a man who fed large quantities of cattle on still slops, he told me that he found wheat straw better for the rough feed than hay. There is one member of the farmers' club to which I belong, who keeps as good spirited horses as any one of my acquaintance, who does not feed a pound of hay to them from November till ploughing time in the spring, and he tells me that his horses eat bright straw and seem to relish it as well as the best of hay. He thinks they do better on it. The reason why cattle will get poor when fed on straw alone, is not because it is not a wholesome food, but because it is not a well-balanced ration, and if we will supply the animal with the elements in which the straw is deficient, then straw will be found a good substitute for hay. In one of our latest works on agricultural chemistry—which I believe to be accurate—I find a table giving the relative food values of different farm products. It takes corn as the standard, and calls it 100, while oats is 80, wheat bran 67, meadow hay 59 and wheat straw 47. If this table is correct it does not require a heavy grain ration to be given to the straw-fed animal to make its food equal to hay in nutritious value. Probably the best way to feed straw is to chaff it, and mix the ground grain with it, but as labor is costly with us, it may be, and often is, the cheaper plan to stack the straw well in the barnyard and let the cattle help themselves to it, and feed them enough grain to keep them thrifty. First-class beef can be made by heavy corn feeding of cattle that have access to the straw stack for their rough feed, and if hogs are allowed to follow the cattle, the corn may be fed whole with very little loss. One of the best cattle feeders of my acquaintance follows this plan, stabling his cattle at night and giving them the run of the barnyard. Cattle will pull down and waste quite a percentage of the straw, but it keeps them dry and comfortable under foot, and saves the liquid manure from wasting. In most of the drought-stricken localities the wheat crop was good this year, the straw bright and free from dust, and there never was a year when it would pay better to get the food value out of it. A little sprinkling of brine will make the straw more palatable to the stock, and, I believe, for any stock except milch cows it will be found a good substitute for hay. It is also much cheaper when you have added enough grain to it to make it equally valuable. I think also that a mixture of bran and cob meal is the best and most economical grain food to give with straw, and that this ground food ought to be fed mixed with an equal bulk of cut hay or straw, so that it will be masticated in chewing the cud. By utilizing the straw and feeding regularly as to time, quantity and quality of food, a saving of several cents each per day may be made in wintering cattle, with no loss of flesh or thrift. The coming winter seems to be a good time to practice this kind of economy.—[Waldo F. Brown, in Ohio Farmer.

THE FLOWERS.

Autumn Care of Plants—Look to Them Before the Frost Touches Them.

The late rains have made our bedding plants grow luxuriantly—geraniums are a blaze of bloom, and beds of foliage plants lovely as a dream of beauty. Ah! could we only leave them as they are indefinitely. But they must be taken up before a hint of frost touches them.

Plants meant for winter flowering are usually grown from cuttings started in June or July, but many have only those bedded out. These can be taken up carefully, cut back (the one thing a woman is loth to do) to form a shapely bush, and potted at once. If you have too many for your winter space the large bushes can be set in boxes of earth well pressed around the roots, given a good watering and set in a shady place on a porch, or in a room without a fire for a few weeks, or until placed in winter quarters in a frost proof cellar. Heliotropes can be potted without wilting or losing their leaves. With a spade dig down once on each side the plant to the depth of a few inches, this cuts the roots and checks growth; give a copious watering; repeat this for a few days—on the fourth you can put the spade under and lift up the bush; prune off straggling branches and plant in a large pot or box of good soil, two-thirds rich garden earth, one-third well decayed manure, leaf mould and sharp sand, mixed; water well and keep in the shade for a week; when growing give all the light and sun you can. Green lice do not trouble them, but red spiders do. These can be kept down by frequent sprinklings and spongings with water. If you have not many plants, take up a petunia or two of the gayest you have, the blotched and striped are beautiful; cut back closely and plant in a pan or pot of rich earth; it will begin to grow out at once and bloom in early winter, and March and April be a mass of trailing bloom that will delight and repay for all care. We always want a border of tropoeolums in the garden; now take up one or two of these for the mass of green that will hang over the pots—and in spring they will bloom richly. Every window garden is more attractive by having a few hanging baskets; they should be started and growing now; almost anything does for these, old pans, wooden bowls, painted or not as you can; if the plants grow they soon hide the basket, or buy some of the handsome earthen ones; but luxuriance of growth, and not the beauty of the basket is the main thing. Cover the basket to the depth of an inch with bits of charcoal, to keep the soil pure, then some sand; over this place a bit of coarse sponge to absorb surplus water; then no holes are needed in the basket; the soil should be one-third good loam, leaf mold and sand. Plant in these any such trailers as you have, or prefer; the common tradescantia (Wandering Jew), in variety, Kenilworth ivy, oxalis, or convolvulus, mauritanicus, a delicate trailing morning glory, etc. If you grow a few bulbs now is the time to make a selection from the many kinds florists offer; to pot and place in a dark cellar until time to bring up at intervals to light and warmth. Tulips, hyacinths, narcissus, etc., are some of the kinds for winter forcing.—[St. Paul Farmer.

IN GENERAL.

Seed Corn and Potatoes—Facts to be Remembered.

Seed corn should be selected as soon as the grain is hardened. A part, or all of the stalk below the ear should be taken with the ear, and all hung up in a dry place under shelter, where the sun cannot shine on it, and where mice and rats cannot reach it, and where it will be free from moisture or heat from animals or grain stored in bins or cribs. The selections should be made from the earliest, largest ears, from stalks that grow long and strong. In all cases where there are two good ears on one stalk, the upper ear should be selected, as it has been found that the top ear contains the true seed—that is, the top ear has the power to multiply the number of ears to the stalk. The examination of a stalk of corn will show a dormant ear at every joint from near the ground up to the ear, and a groove at every such joint. The dormant ears increase in size and the grooves increase in depth from the ground upward to the ear. The fact shows that nature has endowed the stalk of corn with the capacity of producing several ears to the stalk, and if the proper rules are observed in the selection of seed, and the proper care given to the cultivation, each stalk may be made to bear several ears. If large ears are desired, the selection of seed should be made from stalks having the largest number of large ears. But if the largest number of ears to the stalk is desired, the seed should be selected from stalks bearing the largest number of ears, without regard to the size of the ears. This selection would make the most valuable corn for cattle, to be fed on the stalk. The ears, not being large, would be best suited to the purpose, while the large number of ears would make even more feed than those stalks the seed of which has been selected with a view of making the largest number of large ears.

A special selection of seed should be made from the seed to be planted, taking the very best. This should be planted in the very best soil that can be had, the ground being first ploughed extra deep and well and made as fine as possible. The extra seed should then be planted on this extra good land, prepared with extra care, planting one grain in a place, not less than three feet apart, so as to give ample room between stalks to make an extra growth, which it will do if given extra care and cultivation, the rows being the usual width that corn is planted, which gives a distance of three feet ten inches between rows, or three and a half feet if planted by hand, and three feet between stalks. Or, if the corn is a large growing stalk, three and a half or four feet should be given between the stalks. The extra grown seed is to be the seed for the next year's crop, and without doubt will produce an extra crop both in yield and quality.

The selection of potatoes for seed should be made when the crop is harvested, and before being taken up after being dug. At this time the very largest, smoothest and most perfectly formed ones can be and should be taken to be used as seed for the next year's crop. This seed should be handled carefully, so as not to bruise them. They should be put into sacks, one bushel in a sack, and stored in a dry, cool cellar, separate from or as far away from other potatoes as possible.

Planting should be done at the earliest possible time after the frost is out. They will make their growth before the hot weather sets in. The culture should be done with a view of hastening growth for the same purpose. Select the best portion of the seed, and plant this on the best ground prepared in the best manner; planting large pieces, or whole large potatoes is still better, rejecting or cutting away a portion of the stem end, give two feet between hills—rows usual distance—and, as soon as the sprouts are two inches high, thin out to one stalk in a hill. This will hasten the growth and maturity, and will make all large, fine potatoes for seed for the next season's crop. The best seed with best care and culture, grown on the best land, may be expected to produce the best crop.

It is almost impossible to believe that for ages farmers have bestowed no more care on the portion that is to be seed for the common crop, than they give to that portion that is to be fed to stock or sold on the market, and yet this is true, the practice being to take seed corn from hills having several stalks, and grown in the common way, and potatoes from hills with several stalks. No greater enemy to a stock of corn or potatoes can be found than another stalk growing near to it. It is, therefore, indispensable to the production of the best stalks of either that they should be grown far enough apart to give to each stock all the room required to make the best and largest growth.

The influence of the best seed to produce the best crop may be estimated by the superiority of "thoroughbred" animals over common stock, and the same principles apply to the production of vegetables and fruit as in the production of the best and finest Jerseys, Short-horns, Herefords, Normans, Clydesdales, and all other improved breeds of stock. Should each farmer produce the best seed, by giving the greatest care and attention to its production that is required in the very nature of the case, and suggested by the natural endowments of the plants themselves, as indicated in the case of corn and potatoes, greater yields and better quality of crops would result.—[Ohio Farmer.

Facts to be Remembered.

Professor Johnston says that milch cows should have at least a tablespoonful of fine ground bone every week. In his agricultural chemistry he says that a cow giving 750 gallons of milk in a year and raising a calf whose bones will weigh 20 pounds, will also pass off in her milk as much phosphate as is contained in 30 pounds of bone dust, and in her urine as much as in 17 pounds, making a total of 67 pounds of bone material which are needed by a healthy cow each year. Of course some portion of this is supplied by her food.

Bone meal, or broken oysters or clam shells, or their equals, should be supplied to fowls in confinement. Where running at large, they will commonly gather them on our gravelly sandy soil, but on our loamy and prairie ground it must be given them freely; and the safe way is to supply this substance wherever the yard is located. One of the principal ingredients of egg food, which is justly prized, is bone meal or ground shells. The egg food is especially adapted for growing and laying fowls.

Ground oyster shell kept dry, and where the fowls can find it, and sulphur supplied in soft food a few times per week, and the flour of ground oyster shells and ground black pepper and oilcake meal and charcoal, or what is better, parched corn ground coarse and mixed into feed, make up the most thorough of all appetizers and poultry tonics.

Professor Riley does not approve of whitewashing trees. He says: "In reality only one of the four troublesome insects that infest shade trees can in any way be affected by the wash, and that is the tussock moth. So far as the whitewash reaches, a certain number of the cocoons will be loosened and exposed to the rains or rubbed off by the washing, and it may be possible that the lime will affect them, though there is no evidence that such is the case. But it is of no earthly use against the bag worm or the elm leaf beetle or the web worm."

I am told that some market gardeners in this vicinity have been very successful in renewing and invigorating their strawberry beds by burning them over. I understand that they sprinkle straw over the bed, soon after the season's crop has been gathered, and set fire to it. I have seen no beds so treated, but hear that very good results follow this rather queer treatment. It may not be a new idea, and may not have any value.

Halter the little colts. Be gentle.

Keep all the little animals thrifty.

The farmer is not afraid of boycotts.

Milk is more valuable now. Feed well.

A little oats every day will fatten the lambs.

Keep the pigs selected for breeders out of pens.

The pig of the future must have more lean meat.

Early breaking does not hurt the spirit of the horse.

The general purpose cow is an abstraction which does not exist.

Butter made from sweet cream has a creamy taste. Esthetic.

The most profit can be gotten out of hens by killing them when two years old, or as soon as they have finished their second season's laying. The age at which hens begin to lay depends on the time they are hatched and also on their feeding. Later hatched birds reach maturity earlier than early hatched, and generous and stimulating food promotes early maturity. Plymouth Rocks and light Brahmas will begin to lay in from six to eight months after they are hatched. The first eggs of a pullet are always small, but they gradually increase in size until she begins her second season. The last eggs of a litter are always smaller than the rest. It often happens that a flock of hens reach the end of their laying at the same time. In such cases the eggs are noticed for their diminutive size. Such eggs will generally produce a majority of females when hatched. A fresh meat diet will, we think, add to the size of eggs.

The efforts to keep oranges beyond their usual season, in order to avoid market gluts, are meeting with success in Florida. They have been kept successfully for 120 days after gathering.

The easiest way to ship butter is in 10-pounds wooden tubs. When put in pound and half-pound patties, they must be carefully put in single layers on racks in a closely-fitting crate or box. The box will be sent back by return express, free, where regular shipments are made. Ash or oak tubs, holding from 50 to 100 pounds, are used when large quantities of butter are made.

On the approach of winter provision should be made for dust baths for hens when the soil is locked with frost. A sufficient quantity of dry loam should be secured and placed in barrels or boxes to satisfy all possible demands. Hens enjoy rolling and wallowing in dry earth in the sun, and it is also desirable to spread under the roosts to receive the droppings, serving as a deodorizer when the droppings are collected, as they should be, so that the hen house may be kept reasonably clean.

The seckel pear is the best in quality of all pears. It is a slow grower, however, and it should, therefore, be grafted on some stronger stock.

The dust of dry lime will cure catarrh, or nasal gleet, in horses. This is the trouble when they run at the nose for a long time. Stir the lime under the horse's nose.

Get a strongly made box and set it on legs three feet from the ground and under the shed, and here always keep some fine salt. Stock should be allowed to help themselves daily, and then they will never eat too much. The "salting" of stock once or twice a week is a good ways behind good sense.

Mr. Ware of Massachusetts says that butter made from his silage in winter is yellow without any coloring matter, and seems as if made from June grass.

To prepare celery for market trim off all green stems, leaving only the blanched portion. Make four cuts on the roots, leaving it in the shape of a pyramid about an inch long below the crown. Wash clean, holding the plant top down with one hand and brushing it with a whisk broom held in the other. It may be tied in round or square bundles, but these should be uniform in shape and size. To form a square bundle take a board and set pegs four, six or eight inches apart and the same in height, according to the size of bunch desired, and lay the stalks in layers between the pegs. Tie a string tightly about the buts and another at the top. If well grown and properly blanched it will present an attractive appearance when thus treated.

In many sections, where the soil is adapted, farmers have found cabbage a very profitable crop. Unless sold now at the going price, storage must be resorted to, and the crop held until winter or spring.

If a good storage cellar has been constructed, cabbage may be stored with onions and other vegetables. Cut in the middle of the stump, says one, and trim the loose leaves, and then pack in racks leading from the floor to the top of the cellar. A good circulation of air is desirable.

A favorite method of storage among Boston gardeners is to pack them away in a broad, shallow pit, cover with straw or hay and then with dirt, and I have seen beds covered first with dirt and then with seaweed, the object being in all these different ways to so cover them as to keep them warm enough not to freeze much—a little freezing does no harm—and keep them cool enough not to heat and decay.

A writer of experience says that it is just as easy to keep the beets, carrots and turnips in the barn cellar as in mounds in the open air. All that is necessary is to avoid having them thaw too suddenly after having been frozen. There will really be no necessity for the frost reaching them at all if the roots be properly stored. In Illinois, where the temperature sometimes falls as low as 30° below zero, root crops are stored in bins in the barn cellar, or even in the barn loft. They are packed in dry, clean earth or sand, no moisture being allowed. The roots are first carefully dug and cleaned, then permitted to dry in the shade. Imperfect or partially decayed roots are thrown out, and the sound ones are not permitted to touch each other, a layer of earth being between each layer of roots, and the spaces being filled also. As soon as winter approaches the roots are fed, and no difficulty is experienced in handling them, which is a convenience in very cold weather. There is no danger to them except too much warmth, and a cellar or some other cool place, is used in which to place the bins.

In choosing a ram for the flock the aim should be to secure one that is superior in those points in which the ewes are deficient. Considering this, it will readily be seen that the number of ewes should not be too large. It is the experience of many breeders, and the rule with them, not to allow over 50 ewes to remain in one flock during the time the ram is turned with them for service. If a proper selection is made there should be an improvement manifest in the progeny, and this course continued will soon give a flock of superior quality. On the other hand, a careless selection of rams, no regard being paid to their suitableness for the ewes of the flock, will result in deterioration. Where the flock is a large one it will be found better to divide it, giving about 50 ewes to each ram and keeping the flock separated, than to turn two or more rams with the ewes. Where the latter is done the rams will fight more or less, and the advantage referred to by selection is lost.

A correspondent of the Cincinnati Price-Current from Union county, Ohio, writes as follows on this subject: "It occurs to me that some information regarding feeding wheat to hogs may not be out of the way. Some of the experiments have been wonderful, and beyond any expectations. One of our larger farmers bought hogs and fed out about 500 bushels of ground wheat that returned him in 30 days' feeding $1.63 per bushel, nothing being counted out for going to and from the mill, labor, etc. Calculations are based on what hogs are worth now, $5 per 100 pounds. Several others say they get $1.25 per bushel at $5 for hogs. One man says he can't afford to feed wheat—but he did not have it ground and wet up—simply threw it whole and dry. Many farmers are feeding wheat now."

An apiarist of considerable experience says he is fully convinced that bacteria or foul breed never attacks the larvæ of the honey bee except when the larvæ are weakened or ill from some other cause, and that there is no remedy known that will benefit a colony of bees afflicted with this disease, unless it be accompanied by good healthy food. In fact the food is all that is necessary.

J. L. Harris in the Bee Journal says: One of the very best, if not the best, material for smokers, is old cedar bark. It can be procured now nearly everywhere from railroad ties or fence posts. It lights readily, gives little heat or ashes, and never goes out, even if placed where there is no draught; it imparts no unpleasant odor to the honey. Be sure and lay in a good supply when you are where you can get it.

A Dominique cock and Wyandotte hens are an excellent cross for producing first-class chicks for broilers. As the Dominique is of medium size and active, a cock can be mated with 12 or 14 hens; and the quick growth of the Dominique, with the beautiful yellow legs and compact, plump appearance usual to the Wyandotte, will be secured. Half-bred Wyandotte hens will answer all purposes where the pure breeds are scarce, but the Dominique male must be pure bred.

Buckwheat should be thoroughly dry before it is harvested, so as to avoid any danger of heating or moulding in the bin. Although the threshing is frequently done by machine, the tendency is to perform the work when the straw or grain is not entirely dry. The old-fashioned method of hand-threshing in the middle of the day, when the grain is perfectly dry and will shell easily, seems to be a very satisfactory mode, even if it takes a little longer time and the additional labor of winnowing by hand. Hand winnowing will give much cleaner grain.

Sheep manure contains 90 to 95 per cent. of the plant food contained in the rations consumed by sheep. It is, therefore, a very rich fertilizer, as experience has shown. It is especially rich in nitrogen, and in available form, and for that reason is excellent as a starter in the hill for corn and potatoes.

To plant asparagus and get returns from it in the least possible time, set plants this fall, using three-year-old plants, or if these cannot be obtained set two-year-old plants. To prepare the soil cover it with three or four inches of well-rotted manure and plough it in. Of course a lighter dressing will answer, but put on all you can afford. For garden culture set 18 inches apart in rows four feet apart; for field culture give plenty of room; 3x5 feet may seem to be too much for the first three years, but for average soil it is about right. In setting the plants spread the roots out horizontally, and cover the crown three or four inches, and in light soil four or five inches deep. If set this fall the broken roots will callous during the winter and be ready to start growth much earlier next spring than spring set plants. In the spring dress the rows with nitrate of soda.

HOSS-SENSE.

A Good One About a Lewiston Horse Who Knows Something of Machinery.

[Lewiston Journal.]

If a person who tells a story don't believe it nobody else will. The gentleman who was relating this incident in the back office of a Lewiston business house, Thursday, prefaced his remarks by the above text. He would have us believe that he put full faith in it, and considered it worth telling. The story was this:

A Lewiston man named Stewart owns a place a mile or two out of town, and has been cutting up corn for a silo, the boys tending the feed cutter and the horse on the chamber floor running the power machine.

It was in the afternoon and it had been a long and busy day and the feed cutter had been chawing ensilage-stuff since early in the forenoon. The pile was getting moderately hopeful of the end when suddenly the machine stopped and all the admonitions of "Ge-e-t up there!" and resonant cluckings to the horse didn't do any good, for the machine hung hard and fast. It was a short job to go upstairs and begin investigations, but it was a longer job to see exactly what the trouble was.

The horse was in place deliberately switching his tail and apparently comfortable. The search was diligent and keen, and finally it was discovered that the break had been set and the machine stopped. They unstopped the break and the horse-power started and the cutter chopped, and the work went merrily on. It went merrily on for about five minutes. Then it stopped, and as before, the horse was found in place, quietly resting with the brake on, and the machine motionless. Again the brake was loosened and the machine started again, and this time one of the young men slipped quietly in behind the horse and watched. He saw everything running smoothly for a few minutes. Then he saw the horse reach far out over the side of the machine, grab the brake between his teeth, pull it over, stop the machine, and then sort of lean up against the side of the machine and laugh. He had been having an awful good time, but the game was spoiled when the brake was tied over with a piece of rope, leaving the only hope of respite for the horse in the sound of the supper bell. The job is considered remarkably good for a horse and worthy all commendation on the grounds of hoss-sense.

GARIBALDI'S LIFE.

The Unpublished Story as Told by Himself—His Old Home.

"The yet unpublished story of Garibaldi's life as told by himself," says a writer who has seen the manuscript, "is a simple record of facts, having nothing in common with the general's crude attempts at novel-writing, or his declamations against priests and tyrants." The same writer says that "Garibaldi's bedroom in his little house at Caprera is left just as when he died, only his sword of 1860 hangs over it, while in what was once the dining-room are carefully preserved all the commemorative offerings brought or sent during the last five years—a very hecatomb of crowns and garlands, wreaths of fresh flowers, bronze shields, curiously carved medallions, portraits of fallen braves, inscriptions innumerable. All round the house this summer time the garden is ablaze with flowers, the scarlet geraniums luxuriating in such immense masses that one might imagine an army of red shirts bivouacking there."

Still Had a Profit.

[St. Paul Globe.]

S. Goldstein came to the central station yesterday afternoon and laid down $185 in Confederate scrip money, with the sorrowful remark:

"Look ad id. Mein Gott, look ad id. Ain'd id awful? Und I thought I vas making a gread cash pargain."

Goldstein is a pedler of dry goods, and makes trips to small towns throughout the State, selling from his pack. At Ortonville, Minn., last week, he met a man who offered to buy his whole stock, and a bargain was struck, the price being fixed at $220. The stranger counted out the full amount in crisp bills, and Goldstein was so elated that he forgot to look the money over carefully. He took the next train for St. Paul to lay in a new stock, and when he presented part of his gains to the savings bank for deposit the cashier discovered that $185 was Confederate scrip, the other $35 being good money. Goldstein went to Fargo to find the man who swindled him, but could get no trace, and returned to St. Paul again. He left his information at the station, and went out chuckling:

"Anyvay I didn't get so much the voorst ov it: dose goods only gost me thirty tollars."

He Was Too Good for Anything.

He was not at all like other men. He never swore, he never gambled, he never drank. He went to church, and would not read even "She." He was a good young man, and his entire family looked up to him. He was always very correct in his language, and he never got excited. But one day he took his beloved to a base ball match; she sat beside him and overheard all the other men using slang and vulgar language, and she felt proud of her beau. He was very much interested in the game, and got more so all the time; at last it came a critical moment in the match, all the bases were crowded and there came a chance for the third man to make the home plate. The fool did not see it. He never moved. There was a thrill of suspense through the crowd. The good young man was gazing in intense interest. The crowd was silent but excited, and in the thrilling quiet the good young man got up and yelled at the man on third base:

"You —— fool! Come in! for ——'s sake!"

The girl got up when the shock had passed away, and said she guessed she'd go home. The same old Adam in him as in everybody else!—[San Francisco Chronicle.

Drop in a Fat Man.

[Judge.]

Jones, to bathing-house keeper at the seashore:

"Tomorrow I want my bath a little earlier than usual."

"Quite true, sir; but you see, sir, the tide doesn't happen to serve until 5 o'clock in the evening, sir."

"Oh, nonsense! you can hurry it up a couple of hours.

IN THE DUMB WORLD.

Stories About New England Cats and Dogs.

Two Mischievous Puppies Who Had Great Sport With a Horse.

Remarkable Cases of the Display of Instinct by the Feline Race.

[Providence Journal.]

Tom is the railroad station cat. In early life he had a hard time of it browsing around the station and its immediate environments for a square meal until his superior intelligence became manifest to the night baggagemaster and policeman. After this Tom was assured of at least one stomach filler each day. But his early habits could not be thrown off easily, and during intervals of rest when relieved from the task of conversing with observing travellers and his two guardians has employed his time in chasing the festive bug and pugnacious sparrow in the Cove promenade. When successful Tom always displays his prey for admiration, much as the ordinary family domestic cat exhibits captured rats. Yesterday Tom was enjoying himself to some degree rubbing up against trunks and gripsacks and other truck, when he espied a young sparrow perched upon the tin-covered pointed roof of the annex ticket office just beside the end of the tracks in the station. Tom forsook his ordinary indoor delights to pay special attention to the foreign visitor which occupied a position of safety, owing to the smooth surface and sharp ascent to its perch. Tom walked around that little house a number of times, climbed upon the ticket-wicket shelf, looked up aloft and saw it was no go. Then he tried climbing up the guard fence in the rear, but still he could not reach his object. Finally a man who had been an interested spectator of his manœuvres picked Tom up and placed him upon the lower edge of the top of the box office. This was apparently appreciated, and, with some slipping and sliding, the cat managed to reach the sparrow just as it attempted to fly away. Tom grasped the situation, and, stretching out his paw, also grasped the bird. So far so good, but how was he to get down? This seemed to be a poser for agile Tom, who solved the problem by jumping on to the adjoining fence, down the supporting pole of which he slid carefully. By this time there were a number of interested spectators, seeing which, and recollecting the trouble to which he was put, Tom selected a conspicuous place and devoured the sparrow, feathers and all.

Beloved by His Shipmates.

[B. F. B. in Portland Press.]

When the schooner Sea Foam of North Haven, Me., Captain Sanford Cooper, sailed for the bay last June, we had on board a Maltese tom-cat, who remained with us during the whole journey of nearly 1400 miles. He at once became the pet of every member of the crew, and amid storms and dangers behaved himself remarkably.

Tom was an unusually intelligent animal, and at times seemed endowed with almost human reason. When the fore-boom would be swinging and slatting with a force which would knock a man overboard, and with a noise which would have frightened into fits a hundred ordinary cats, he would seem to be unmindful and perched upon a pile of boxes or barrels within two inches of the swinging-boom, would remain as unconcerned as though at home sleeping in his favorite rocking-chair.

Tom's greatest passion, however, was to watch the men fishing with hand lines, and in whatever portion of the vessel he might be sleeping he would arouse himself in an instant upon hearing the peculiar sawing noise of a line on the rail of the vessel. It would be impossible to land a fish on deck without his knowledge. He would emerge from the cabin or forecastle, run to the one fishing, put both paws on the rail, looking over for the fish on the hook. If he saw one he would manifest the greatest excitement; whereas if the hooks were bare he would show his disappointment very manifestly. He would eat nothing but fish, and it was always understood by the crew that the first one caught belonged to Tom. Indeed, I have seen the time when we were short of rations, living on beans and bread (when a fresh fish would be esteemed a luxury), a fish caught willingly tendered to Tom, whose wants were considered first by the fishermen.

When we returned from the bay Tom's master concluded to take him home, since which time he has been greatly missed by every member of the crew. He was a genial, pleasant shipmate, and we all wish him a long life and a happy old age. He is the property of Isaac Brown of North Haven, and we think it would take a considerable sum of money to tempt him to part with him.

Puppies Play With a Horse.

[Danbury News.]

John Clarke, at the Lake, is considerable of a dog fancier in his way. He is now rearing two English terriers, and, like all puppies, they are full of fun, frolic and mischief. Thursday he hitched up a horse to drive to the depot after guests. He tied the horse in front of the house to go inside for a moment. The puppies had been following him to the stable and were much interested in his movements. As soon as he turned his back on them they went to work at mischief. Mr. Clarke had tied the horse somewhat carelessly in a slipknot, and the end of the halter hung nearly to the ground. This the puppies espied swinging, and went to playing with it. They caught hold of it, and in pulling untied the knot. Then they were in high glee over their success. They walked backwards and growled and tugged away at the halter and led the horse on. When they saw the horse following them it incited them on, and backward they went until they led the horse into the lake. The horse was thirsty and warm, and now entered into the fun of the occasion by walking out into the water and dragging the puppies along. One let go, but the other had his teeth fast in the rope and was dragged into the water. The other puppy began to yelp, and this called Mr. Clarke out just in time to save an accident to his horse and wagon, and a death to his favorite puppy.

Wonderful Display of Instinct.

[Bangor Whig and Courier.]

John Mea, who lives on Eaton court, five or six weeks ago gave a cat to the captain of a vessel going to Boston. He carried the cat down in a basket and placed it aboard the vessel, which sailed shortly after. In Boston the cat made no attempt to leave the vessel, but seemed to be entirely at home and contented. Last week the vessel returned to this city, coming up to the ferry way, where it arrived at the wharf at an early hour in the morning. As soon as the vessel touched the wharf the cat darted ashore and disappeared. Before Mr. Mea had arisen in the morning he heard a cat at the door, and saying to his wife that "That sounds like our cat," he got up and opened the door, when in bounded kitty, apparently delighted to get home again. How she knew when she reached Bangor, and how she found her way back to the house, not having seen the way she was carried, is something of which cats only can give an explanation.

Pussy in the Role of a Nimrod.

[Waltham Tribune.]

Charles E. Nichols of Warren's watch-factory room, residing on East Brown street, has a cat above the average size, and, being so near the brush land, kittie makes frequent strolls in search of game. The height of her ambition is to capture striped and green snakes and take them to her home, where, after arriving there, she will not leave the snake, whether it be dead or alive, until Mrs. Nichols comes out and recognizes the deed. Sometimes it has been necessary for Mrs. Nichols to kill the snakes, and one day kit boomed business by bringing home and depositing at the back doorsteps four quite large reptiles. But she beat her previous record for sizes yesterday by bringing home a striped snake measuring 30 inches, which was alive and had to be killed. After the killing work is completed kit starts out in search of more, and thus it is week in and week out. She patrols the uncultivated lands thereabouts and is always sure to make a good report for her keeping.

Mourning His Master.

[Newburyport News.]

In the family of the late Nathaniel Ordway was a black and tan dog about 15 years of age, which had been owned for a long time, and which had been treated very kindly by the old gentleman. After Mr. Ordway died the dog seemed to realize his bereavement in the loss of a kind master and plainly showed his feelings. He was lifted up and allowed to look at the face of the dead, and upon being placed on the floor he immediately crouched under the casket, where he remained until it was carried to the hearse on the day of the funeral, when he followed it out and took up a position under the carriage occupied by the mourners and he followed his master to the grave in that place, occupying, as it was right such an intelligent animal should, a place near the chief mourners of the occasion.

Purred for Six Hours Steadily.

[Plymouth Letter in Brockton Gazette.]

Two and a half years ago a Plymouth lady gave away a pet cat, but the animal, not liking her new quarters, ran away, and nothing being seen of her she was supposed to be dead. A couple of weeks ago the family which first owned the cat drove to the south end of the town, some three miles or more, and as the horse walked along the cat crept out from under the fence in time for the children to see her. Certain peculiar marks clearly established her identity, and she was brought home. Arrived there one member of the family tried her on various tricks he had taught her, which to the surprise of all the animal remembered. She purred for six hours steadily and rubbed delightedly against the furniture and persons, seeming to recognize her old home. Now, do cats have memory?

Didn't Know the Combination.

[New London Day.]

Austin Benham's able-bodied cat wandered into the market of Long & Co. Friday evening and quietly composed herself in one of the pigeon holes of the safe, the door of which was then swung open. The cat went to sleep, but Long & Co. did not. They locked up their safe and went home. In the morning there was the piteous "mew" of a cat heard everywhere and a diligent effort was made to discover the whereabouts of the imprisoned puss. Finally the safe was opened, and there was puss on deposit. The fact that she escaped suffocation all night long in an air-tight safe is another affirmation of the assertion that a cat has nine lives.

Fought Three-Quarters of an Hour.

[Danbury News.]

Charles Burdick of Brookfield has a dog which is famous for hunting small animals, such as rabbits, skunks, coons, chucks, etc. He is so fond of it that he frequently goes off alone and has a hunt. On these excursions it is not uncommon for him to bring home one of the above-named animals. On Saturday last Mr. Burdick heard him barking in the woods near by his residence, and shortly after saw the dog in an opening lot bordering on the woods fighting with a coon. He was busy digging potatoes and did not care to leave his work, so he kept watch of the battle, and in three-quarters of an hour the dog brought home a very large coon. He showed evidence of a hard-fought combat, for he was covered with blood and tired out.

The Lady Fainted.

[Haverhill Gazette.]

A pug dog owned by a lady fell from the railroad bridge yesterday into the water, but was restored to her. The lady fainted and the dog was put in blankets. The end was, pug and the lady were soon made comfortable.

DRIVEN INTO A FRENZY.

Believing the End of the World Near, Spaniards Sacrifice Everything.

A very extraordinary case is about to come before the high tribunal of Malaga in Spain. A few months ago a woman, a native of the village of Torrex, declared that the Virgin Mary had appeared to her and had ordered her to preach a new gospel for the salvation of mankind, as the end of the world was at hand. The woman's story seems to have been believed without hesitation, and soon the whole village was in a state of religious frenzy. The woman preached in favor of the abandonment of worldly possessions, and advocated a return to the mode and life of primitive man—very much in the line of Count Lyof Tolstoi.

During the night of the frenzy a large fire was lighted in the village, into which the converts to this fantastic superstition threw their valuables, furniture and clothes; men, women and children dancing and shouting round the fire in a state of nudity. Warned of what was going on, the local gendarmerie arrived only just in time to save the infants from being thrown into the fire by their frenzied mothers, and to prevent the houses of the village from being set on fire.

OUR CANDIDATE.

[To be sung to the tune of "Jordan is a Hard Road to Travel."]

'Seems to me some trouble, boys, to get a candidate
The demoralized old malcontents to marshal,
To lead them on to victory in eighteen-eighty-eight
And to have their true support and aid impartial.
And so, we'll try to settle, by a brilliant "coup d'etat,"
All the trouble that is breeding in each party
And we'll nominate a candidate and, with a grand "hurrah,"
We will give her all a welcome now most hearty.

CHORUS:

And so 'tis Frances Folsom, boys, the fairest and the best,
She can lead them all for loyalty and beauty;
She is dignified, aesthetic, she is wise and all the rest,
Then we'll give her all a cheer and do our duty.

Oh, where can we find a finer queen to lead us on?
To any great emergency she'll tally;
She has shown her ringing metal whenever called upon,
So all around her banner now we'll rally.
And we'll give her all a cheer, boys, because she showed no fear
When she snubbed when there was every need of snubbing,
And that dignity identical will get upon its ear
And give opposing forces all a drubbing.

Chorus—And so 'tis Frances Folsom, boys, etc.

Then let the eagle scream and the old "War-horse" cavoort
And we'll twist the "tiger's" striped tail, my hearties;
The "elephant" may snort because he's "fetched up" short,
But we've got the bilge on all the other parties.
Then drape the goddess Liberty with stars and stripes galore,
And in her cap we'll stick another feather,
And the wiseacres political need worry nevermore,
If we but unite on this and pull together.

Chorus—And so 'tis Frances Folsom, boys, etc.

EMILE PICKHARDT.

Science in San Francisco.

[San Francisco Chronicle.]

What would this great country do if the government were as careless in the management of things as private individuals are? Few people know how absolutely careful the official departments of the nation are, how close the attention is to things that the public would not stop to consider. Of course the larger organizations, such as the post office, we know by experience are remarkably handled, but nobody, I believe, knows, except the officials themselves, what thorough work is done by the less prominent frequently despised departments. Now look at the fish commissioners. We know that they have done excellent work in their line, but they have never got anything like sufficient credit for it all. Perhaps you don't know that even such a small thing as the water for the fish to live in is carefully analyzed, and by a regular firm of analysts, who hand in their certificates on the subject, practically under oath. Yes. I met a man the other day who used to be with a firm who had this duty to perform. They always got well paid for it, too.

"And you had to analyze the water?"

"Yes."

"And how did you do it?"

"We kept three or four fish. When the commissioners sent in the water to be analyzed we put the fish in it. If they died we reported that the water was not good. If they didn't, why, it was all right."

A Partridge That Came High.

[Fall River Globe.]

O. Elton Borden, teller of the Second National Bank, has returned from a hunting and fishing excursion in Canada. He enjoyed rare sport.

Mr. Borden took with him one of Frank Chace's lovely surprise guns—look lovely in the window at J. A. Foster's and surprise you when they go off. The weapon needed repairing and it had been fixed in Boston. It was tried at Niagara Falls; one cartridge didn't explode, the other did, sideways, and tore a piece out of the hotel.

A new gun was purchased in Ottawa and 150 miles farther on Mr. Borden struck the trail of the only partridge which had been obliged to fly the States. He followed the bird for several days and finally destroyed it. One drugged pickerel was also captured, and with his prey Mr. Borden started for home.

He was taxed $12.95 for bringing a Canadian gun into the United States, and figures that the partridge cost him about $65, outside of incidentals. Partridges are $1.40 a pair next door to the bank, and this morning Mr. Borden and Mr. Chace are dispassionately discussing firearms.

Household Words.

[Tid Bits.]

"Is my hat on straight?"

"If that child don't stop yelling I'll—"

"I'll go straight home to mother—so there!"

"John Simpkins, where have you been?"

"Another new dress! My dear, I've got a note to meet today, and can't spare a dollar."

"Sure, I wouldn't live wid yez another month for twenty dollars."

"That isn't the way you talked before we were married, William Barlow."

ILLUMINATED RELICS.

A Tradition Which Explains the Great Number of Buddhistic Relics.

Shang-le or the precious relics of Buddah, are so abundant that only a miracle could explain their number. Dr. Medhurst throws some light on their history. According to the Buddhists, there are 84,000 pores in a man's body, and therefore he leaves behind him 84,000 particles of miserable dust in the course of transmigration. Buddha had also 84,000 pores in his body, but by his resistance to evil he was enabled to perfect 84,000 relics through them, for which eight kings contended.

A good and wise king named Ayuka arose, who built 84,000 pagodas to cover these 84,000 relics. These relics still remain, but can only be seen by the faithful. A good Buddhist can sometimes discover one of these relics illuminated with brilliant colors and as big as a cart wheel, when unbelievers are unable to see anything at all.

PEEPING TOMS.

Crowds Witness the Queen of Spain Bathing.

The Queen Regent of Spain taking her bath is now the daily sight on which idlers at San Sebastian feast their eyes. As many spectators assemble to see her descend into the waves, and plunge therein, as if a bull-fight were going on. The Spaniards are the most equality-loving people in the world, and the corporation of the town informed her majesty that it would never do to have a part of the beach set apart for her use. She wears lint shoes, stockings, pantalettes of the zouave kind, with deep frills hiding the ankles, and a short tunic. For several days she made one of her ladies, who is her age and height, bathe before the crowd. Chamberlains and bathing-men were instructed to pay for all the reverence due to a sovereign. When she came out of the water the crowd dispersed, and Donna Christina was able to bathe without feeling that she was a public show.

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" Family Magazine	1.50	2.30
" Quiver	1.50	2.30
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Courier-Journal (Weekly)	1.00	2.00
Chautauqua Young Folks Journal	1.00	2.00
Decorator and Furnisher	4.00	4.10
Demorest's Magazine, without prem.	2.00	2.60
Donahoe's Magazine	2.00	2.50
Domestic Monthly, with premiums	1.50	2.05
Detroit Free Press (Weekly)	1.00	1.90
Engineering and Mining Journal	4.00	4.10
Engineering News	5.00	5.00
Edinburgh Review	4.00	4.30
Farm, Field and Stockman	1.50	2.60
Fireside Companion	3.00	3.60
Floral Cabinet	1.25	2.00
Folio (Musical)	1.60	2.15
Forney's Progress	2.50	3.10
Frank Leslie's Illustrated (Weekly)	4.00	4.35
" " Sunday Magazine (M'y)	2.50	3.10
" " Popular Monthly	3.00	3.50
" " Pleasant Hours (M'y)	1.75	2.50
Forest and Stream	4.00	4.10
Germantown Telegraph	2.00	2.30
Green's Fruit Recorder	.50	1.40
Gardner's Monthly	2.00	2.50
Godey's Lady's Book	2.00	2.60
Golden Argosy	3.00	3.50
Golden Days (for young people)	3.00	3.35
Harper's Magazine	4.00	4.10
Harper's Weekly	4.00	4.30
Harper's Bazar	4.00	4.30
Harper's Young People	2.00	2.65
Herald of Health, without premiums	1.00	1.75
Home and Farm	.50	1.45
Household	1.00	1.80
Home Decorator	2.00	2.45
Housekeeper	.75	1.50
Home Journal	2.00	2.55
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Iowa Homestead	2.00	2.60
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Lippincott's Magazine	3.00	3.30
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Nation	3.00	3.80
N. Y. Fashion Bazar	3.00	3.60
Nursery	1.50	2.20
N. Y. Critic	3.00	3.50
N. Y. Weekly	3.00	3.60
N. Y. Sportsman	4.00	4.60
New Princeton Review	3.00	3.50
New York Witness	1.00	2.00
Our Little Men and Women	1.00	1.80
Ohio Farmer	1.00	2.00
Puck (the best comic weekly)	5.00	5.00
Phrenological Journal, without pre.	2.00	2.55
Pansy	1.00	1.80
Phrenological Journal, with prem.	2.25	2.80
Practical Farmer	2.00	2.10
Prairie Farmer	2.00	2.50
Peterson's Lady's Magazine	2.00	2.60
Popular Science News	1.00	1.85
Popular Science Monthly	5.00	5.10
Presbyterian Review	3.00	3.60
Philadelphia Medical Times	4.00	4.10
Philadelphia Practical Farmer	2.00	2.40
Rideout's Magazine	1.00	1.75
Rural New Yorker	2.50	2.80
Saturday Evening Post	2.00	2.60
Scientific American	3.20	3.60
" " (with supplement)	7.00	7.00
Sunday School Times	2.00	2.60
Scribner's Magazine (new)	4.00	4.50
Sunny South	2.00	2.80
St. Nicholas	3.00	3.60
Saturday Night (weekly story)	3.00	3.35
Southern Bivouac	2.00	2.60
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THE EARTH TREMBLED

A Story of the Charleston Earthquake.

By E. P. ROE.

AUTHOR OF "YOUNG HORNETS OF HORNETS' NEST," "BARRIERS BURNED AWAY," "HE FELL IN LOVE WITH HIS WIFE," ETC.

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Mara is the daughter of Orville Burgoyne, who dies while battling for the Confederate cause. His heart-broken widow does not long survive him, and his orphan girl is brought up by an aunt, Mrs. Hunter, who instils into her heart a bitter hatred for the North. Because Owen Clancy, Mara's young Southern lover, does not share Mrs. Hunter's extreme views, his suit is opposed by the guardian of the young girl, though she really loves him dearly. Young Clancy, in his journeys to the metropolis, meets a Miss Ainsley, whom he sees often and admires, yet does not wholly understand. Mara believes her former lover engaged to this new friend. She, too, has a new friend, a gallant Southern officer, Captain Bodine. Clancy, jealous of this growing affection, has a stormy interview with Mara, whom he warns not to battle against her own heart. Ella Bodine, daughter of the Confederate veteran, is drawn towards young Mr. Houghton, a Northerer who settles in Charleston. As Mara is Ella's friend, her father confides his fear lest his child should be the wife of one not of Southern birth or feelings.

The terrible Charleston earthquake comes, and in the hour of extreme peril all barriers give way. Mara's heart recognizes Clancey as her lover, and in an instant a hundred bitter prejudices are driven away, never to return to the mind of Northerner or Southerner.

CHAPTER XL.—CONTINUED.

Mrs. Hunter had retired, overcome by the heat, and, believing that she could endure the sultriness better in the little parlor, Mara had turned down the gas, and was sitting by an open window. The city seemed singularly quiet. The street on which she dwelt contained a large population, yet the steps on the pavement were comparatively few. Her own languor was general, and people sought refuge in the seclusion and the undress permitted in their own homes.

In a vague, half-conscious way she wondered that a large city could be so still at that hour. "Like myself," she murmured, "it is half shrouded in gloom and gives but slight hint of much that is hidden, that ever must be hidden. I wonder where he is tonight. Oh, I've no right to think of him at all. Why can't I say, 'stop,' and end it?—this miserable stealing away of my thoughts until will, like a jailor, pursues and drags them back. Why should a presentiment of danger to him weigh down my spirit tonight? What other peril can he be exposed to except that of marrying a beauty and an heiress? Ah! peril enough, if his heart shrinks like mine. Here, now, quit," and the word came sharply and angrily in her self-condemnation.

Then in the silence began that distant groan of nature. It was so distinct, so unlike anything she had ever heard in its horrible suggestion of all physical evil that she shrank from the window overwhelmed by a nameless dread. Instinctively she turned up the gas, that she might not face the terror in darkness. As she did so she thought of the rush and roar of the last year's cyclone, but in the next breath learned that this was something infinitely worse—what, she was too confused and terrified to imagine. Then she was thrown to the floor. Raising herself partially on a chair she witnessed an event which paralyzed her with horror. The wall towards the street, with its mirror, pictures, windows, and all pertaining to it, fell outward with a crash.

For a second all was still, as she looked into the darkness which had swallowed up the front and sheltering side of her home. Then immediately about her began a wail of human anguish, which grew in agonized intensity, gathering volume far and near until it became like the death-cry of a city. Unconsciously she was joining in it—that involuntary "oh-h," that cresendo tidal wave of sound sweeping upward from despairing humanity. Then this mighty and bitter cry seemed to become articulate in the word "God." With an instinct swift, inevitable and irresistible as the power that had shaken the city, the thought of God as the only other power able to cope with the mysterious destroyer, entered into all hearts and found expression.

Clouds of stifling, whitish-looking dust now came pouring into the unprotected apartment, obscuring the street and rendering dim even the familiar objects near the terrified girl. For a few moments the nervous shock was so great that Mara felt as if paralyzed. She remained lying on the floor, half supporting herself by the chair, waiting in breathless expectation for she knew not what. The malign power had been so vast, and its work so swift, that even her fearless spirit was overwhelmed.

The shrieks, groans and prayers, the hurrying steps in the dust-clouded street, at last forced upon her attention the fact that all were seeking to escape from the buildings. With difficulty she regained her feet and tottered to Mrs. Hunter's room, but found, to her dismay, that she could not open the door. She called and even shrieked, but there was no answer. A sense of utter desolation and helplessness overpowered her. Who could come to her aid? Bodine could not. At such a time he would be almost helpless himself, and there were women in his charge. With a bitterness also akin to the death which she momentarily expected, she knew that her thoughts had flown to Clancy, and to no other human being at that hour. She was learning what all others discovered in the stress of the earthquake, that everything not absolutely essential to life and soul was swept away and almost forgotten.

To go into the street and get help seemed her only resource, and she made her way down the stairs to where had been the doorway. In vain she appealed to the flying forms. Her cries were unheard in the awful din of shrieks, prayers, groans and calls of the separated to their friends. The impression made was of a wild panic, in which the frenzied thought of flight, escape, predominated.

She was about to return in something like despair, feeling that she could not leave her aunt, when she saw a tall form rushing towards her. A second later she recognized Owen Clancy leaping over the ruins of her home. With a cry she fell into his outstretched arms, faint, trembling, yet with a sense of refuge, a thrill of exquisite joy before unknown in all her life.

"Mara, dear Mara, you are not hurt?" he asked, breathlessly.

"No, oh, thank God, you have come!"

Again there was the same ominous growl, deep in the earth, which once heard could never be mistaken, never forgotten. Lifting her up Clancy carried her swiftly from beneath the shattered buildings to the middle of the street. She clung to him almost convulsively as the earth again swayed and trembled beneath them, and the awful moan of nature swelled, then died away in the distance. There was an instant of agonized, breathless suspense, then the wail of the stricken city rose again with a deeper accent of terror, a more passionate appeal to heaven, and the effort to escape to the wider spaces was renewed in a more headlong flight.

"Mara," said Clancy, "at this hour, when everything may be swept away in a moment, there is nothing left for me but you and God. Will you trust me, and let me do my very best to save you?"

"O Owen, Owen, God forgive me!" She uttered the words like a despairing cry, then buried her face upon his breast.

With a dread greater than that inspired by the earthquake he thought, "Is it too late? Can she have married Bodine?" The anguish in her tone combined with her action had revealed both her love and its hopelessness. He said gently, yet firmly, "We must act now and quickly. Where is Mrs. Hunter?"

Mara had apparently become speechless from grief. Without a word she turned swiftly, and taking his hand led him towards the ruined building.

"No, stay here. It will not be safe for you to enter," and pushing her gently back he ran up the exposed stairway, into the parlor, noticing with dismay the general wreck and the danger Mara had run.

He found that Mara had followed him. "Oh, why will you come?" he exclaimed in deep anxiety. "Where is she? We must get away from all this."

The sobbing girl could only point to Mrs. Hunter's door. Clancy tried it, but found it jammed, as were so many others that night, adding to the terror of the imprisoned inmates. With strength doubled by excitement he put his shoulder against the barrier and burst it open. A ghastly spectacle met their eyes. Mrs. Hunter lay senseless on her bed in her night-robe, which was stained with blood. She had evidently risen to a sitting posture on the first alarm, and then had been stunned and cut by the hurling of some heavy object against her head and neck, the shattered mantel clock on the bed beside her showing how the injury had been done.

Mara's overwhelming distress ceased its expression at this new horror as she gasped, "Can she be dead?"

"This is no place to discover," Clancy replied, rolling the poor woman's form in a blanket. "Mara, dear, we must get away from this house. It may come down any moment. Snatch up wraps, clothing, all you can lay your hands upon, and come."

Already he was staggering away with Mrs. Hunter in his arms. In a moment Mara did his bidding and followed. Slowly and with difficulty he made his way down the tottering, broken stairway, then across the prostrate wall to the centre of the street, now almost deserted. He looked anxiously around, calculating that no building, if it fell, could reach them at that point, then laid his heavy burden down, and stood panting and recovering from his exertion.

"I think we shall be as safe here as anywhere until we can reach one of the squares. Put your hand, Mara, over Mrs. Hunter's heart, and see if it is beating."

"Yes, faintly."

"Have you stimulants in the house? Can you tell me where to find them?"

"You shall not go back there; I will go." And, as if endowed with sudden access of strength, she sprung away. Putting his coat under Mrs. Hunter's head for a pillow he followed instantly. "Now why do you come?" she protested.

"Because I would rather die with you, Mara, than live safely without you."

"Oh, for God's sake don't speak that way!" she replied, with a sob. "Here, I have it. Come away, quick."

As she hastily sought to cross the ruins in the street she missed her footing, and would have fallen had not his ready arm encircled her and borne her to Mrs. Hunter's side.

"Would to God I had heeded your warning, Owen," she moaned, as she sought to give her aunt some of the brandy, while he chafed the poor woman's wrists.

"You are not married to Bodine?" he asked, springing to his feet.

"No, but I am pledged to him. I cannot break faith and live. You must be my protector in a double sense, protecting me against myself. As you are a Southern gentleman, help and shield me."

"You ask what is next to impossible, Mara. I can only do my best for you."

"Oh, how I have wronged you!"

"Not so greatly as I have wronged myself. I will tell you all some other time."

"No, Owen, no. We must keep apart. We must, we must indeed! Oh, oh, it would have been better that I had died! You must harden your face and heart against me—that is the only way to help me now."

"Never shall I harden my heart against you. Whatever comes I shall be your loyal friend."

"Oh, the cruelty of my fate, to wrong two such men!"

"Bress de Lawd, I'se fown you!" And Aun' Sheba stood before them, panting and abounding in grateful ejaculations.

"Aun' Sheba!" cried Mara, throwing herself into the arms of her old nurse. "To think that you should come to me through all these dangers!"

Wot else I do, honey lam? You tink you kin be in trouble an' I ain't dar? Marse Clancy, my 'specs. Once I tinks you a far-wedder frien', but I takes it back. Lawd, Lawd! is de ole missus dun gone?"

"No, Aun' Sheba," said Clancy. "Help us revive her, and then help me carry her to a place of greater safety. You come like an angel of light."

"I's rudder hebby an' brack fer'n angel, but, like de angels, we'se all got ter do a heap ob totin' ternight."

CHAPTER XLI.

SCENES NEVER TO BE FORGOTTEN.

When George Houghton reached his father's room he heard Jube fairly howling in the darkness, and the old man groaning heavily.

"Father," cried the young man, "you are not hurt?"

"O George, thank God, you have again escaped! This is an earthquake, isn't it?"

"It must be, and I must take you out to some open space at once. Jube, shut up, and keep your senses. If you don't help me I'll break your bones."

Groping about he found a match and lighted a candle.

"O George, you are hurt. Your face is covered with blood!" cried Mr. Houghton.

"Slight cuts only. Come father, there may be another shock, and it will not be safe to dress you here. Let me wrap you in blankets, and then Jube and I will carry you to Marion square. I will come back for your clothes."

This they proceeded to do, Mr. Houghton meanwhile protesting, "No, George, you shall not come back." Then he asked a moment or two later, "Why do you take me out at the side door?"

"It will be safer," replied George, not wishing to explain that the pillared and massive portico was in ruins.

As they passed the front of the house, however, Jube groaned, "O Lawd! de porch dun smashed!"

"This is awful, my boy!" ejaculated Mr. Houghton. "Oh, this dreadful city! this dreadful city!"

"The worst is over, I think. Brace up, Jube. If you are so anxious to save your life, step lively."

"Jes heah de people holler," cried Jube, trembling so he could scarcely keep his hold, and he gave a loud, sympathetic yell himself.

"Stop that," said George sternly. "Oh, Dr. Devoe, I am so glad to see you," he added, as the physician came running up. "You are a godsend."

"I was passing near," explained the physician, "and, being a bachelor, can think of my patients first. Jube, if you yell again I'll cuff you. Be a man now and we'll all soon be safe."

They joined the throngs which were gathering on the square, and Mr. Houghton was tenderly placed upon the grass. "Doctor, you and Jube will stay with him while I get articles for his comfort"; and before his father could again interpose George was off at full speed.

"He will come out all right," said Dr. Devoe, soothingly. "Never fear for George."

But when the second roll of subterranean thunder was heard, and the cries and lamentations of the people were redoubled, the old man wrung his hands and groaned, "Oh, why did you let him go?" After the quiver passed he sat up and strained his eyes in the direction from which he hoped again to see his son. The house was not far away, and George soon appeared staggering under a mattress, with bedding, clothing, and other articles essential to the comfort and safety of his father. Jube, under the doctor's assurances, was beginning to rally from his terror, and between them they speedily made the old man comfortable.

As George was arranging the pillows his father said, "God forgive me for being so obdurate, my boy. I know where your thoughts are. Go and help her if you can."

With heartfelt murmured thanks the young man kissed his father and bounded away.

Ella Bodine and her father were truly in sore trouble. A few minutes before 10 Mrs. Bodine's delicate and enfeebled organization succumbed to the heat and closeness of the air, and she suddenly swooned. Ella in alarm summoned her father and old Hannah, and all were engaged in applying restoratives when they, too, were appalled by the hideous sound which gave such brief and terrible warning of the disaster. The veteran, who sat by the bedside, chafing his cousin's wrists with spirits, barely had time to get on his crutches when he was thrown violently to the floor, while Ella, with a wild cry, fell across the bed. Then, in expectation of instant death, they listened with an awe too great for expression to the infernal uproar, the crash of falling objects, the groaning and grinding of the swaying house, and above all to the voice of the deep, subterranean power which appeared to be rending the earth.

Most fortunately the gas was not extinguished, and when it was still again Ella rushed to her father, and exclaimed as she helped him up, "O, papa, what is this?"

"De jedgmen day," said a quivering voice.

Bodine's face was very white, but his iron nerves did not give way. "Ella," he said firmly, "you must keep calm and do as I say. It is an earthquake. Since the house stands we may hope to revive Cousin Sophy before taking her to the street. Come, Hannah, get up and do your best."

From her sitting posture on the floor the old woman only answered in a low terrified monotone, "de jedgmen day."

"O, papa, she's just crazed, and we must do everything ourselves," and Ella, with trembling hands and stifled sobs, began to aid her father.

"Oh, hear those awful cries in the street," she said after a moment. "Don't you think we should try to take cousin out?"

"If I were not so helpless!" Bodine groaned. "Hannah, wake up and help."

"De jedgmen day," was the only response.

"There is no use to look to her, papa. I'm strong. See, I can lift cousin, she is so light."

"No, Ella, it might injure you for life. If we could only partially revived her, and she could help you a little—there may not be another shock."

They worked on, growing more assured as the house remained quiet. Hannah was evidently crazed for the time being, for, deaf to all expostulations, she would not move, and kept repeating the terrible refrain.

"O God!" said Bodine in tones of deepest distress, "to think that I cannot go to Mara!"

"Well, papa, you can't help it. Your duty is here. May God pity and save us all!"

At last the ominous rumble began again in the distance. Ella gave her father a startled look, and saw confirmation of her fear in his face. Old Hannah started up exclaiming, "De Lawd is comin' now, shuah. I'se gwine ter meet Him;" and she rushed away.

With another wild cry Ella lifted the form of her cousin in her arms, and, with a strength created by the emergency, staggered down the stairs to the door. Then a man saw and relieved her of her burden. Bodine with difficulty tried to follow, but could not during the brief shock. When all was still again he threw the bedding over his shoulder, went down and speedily checked Ella's wild cries that he should not delay.

The street was comparatively wide; the houses were not high, and they found themselves in a group of refugees like themselves—mothers sobbing over their babes, men caring for sick and fainting wives, and children standing by feeble and aged parents. Family servants crouched on the pavement beside their employers, and continually gave utterance to ejaculatory prayers, which found sympathetic echoes in the stoutest hearts. Many were coming and going. The place seemed a partial refuge, yet the proximity of houses led one group after another to seek the open squares. In many instances rare fortitude and calmness were displayed. Here, as elsewhere throughout the city, frail women, more often than strong men, were patient and resigned in their Christian faith.

Ella supported Mrs. Bodine's head upon her lap, and others now aided in the effort to bring back consciousness. Fortunately, however, for the poor lady, she knew not what was passing.

Suddenly the group parted to make way for a hatless, coatless young man, whose face was terribly disfigured with blood and dust. Nevertheless Ella recognized him with the glad cry, "Mr. Houghton!"

"Thank heaven you are safe!" he gasped, panting heavily; and he gave his hand to Mr. Bodine.

"But you are injured," said the captain, in deep solicitude.

"No, nothing worth mentioning; merely cut and bruised. I came as soon as I fixed my father safe in the square. I thought you might need help."

"Mr. Houghton, you are overwheming us"—

"Please don't think and talk that way. God knows, a man should give help where it's most needed at such a time. This is Mrs. Bodine?"

"Yes, she fainted before the first shock. We have been unable to revive her. At the last shock my daughter carried her down."

"Miss Bodine!" exclaimed George in surprise and admiration.

She gave him a swift glance through her tears, and then, dropping her eyes, resumed her efforts to revive her cousin.

"You may well exclaim," said her father. "How she did it I do not know. Excitement gave strength, I suppose."

"Everything these kind friends and I can do for her seems useless," Ella faltered.

"Let me get my wind a little," said George, eagerly, "and I will carry her to the square, where my father is. A good physician is with him."

At this instant came a third and severer shock than the last, and with it the new terror which sickened the bravest. "O God," cried Ella, "will there be no respite?" Then, observing for the first time the pillars of light and smoke rising at different points, she cried, in still deeper fear, "O papa, can those be volcanic fires?"

"No, no, my child."

"I saw a fire kindling in a deserted house as I came," George added excitedly. "Truly, Captain Bodine, this is no place for your family; or," turning to the groups near, "for you, either, friends. Ah, see! there is a house almost opposite beginning to burn. "Come," and without further hesitation he lifted Mrs. Bodine and strode away.

Not only Ella and her father followed, but also the others, those who were the strongest supporting the feeble and injured.

They had gone but a little way before Bodine said: "Ella, I must go and see if Mara has escaped. I cannot seek safety myself unless assured that she is safe."

"O papa, it will be almost suicide for you to go through these streets alone."

"Ella, there are some things so much worse than death. If you and cousin were alone I would not leave you, but with a strong helper and a physician in prospect I must go. How could I look Mara in the face again if I made no effort in her behalf? Explain to Mr. Houghton."

He dropped behind, then turned up a side street and carefully yet quickly halted over and around the impediments strewn in the way.

Aware of the danger of delay, George went forward with a rapid stride. "Can you keep up?" he asked.

"Yes," Ella replied.

"We must get by and beyond these higher buildings. I have the horrible dread that they may fall on you any moment."

"You never seem to think of yourself, Mr. Houghton."

"I must now," he said after a moment or two. "Here is a corner at which we can rest, for there are no high buildings near;" and he sank on the ground with Mrs. Bodine still in his arms.

"Oh, you are killing yourself!" she cried in deep distress.

"Not at all, only resting. Where is your father?"

Ella explained and revealed her fears.

"I will go to his aid and Miss Wallingford's as soon as you and Mrs. Bodine are safe."

"Mr. Houghton, how can I—"

"By giving me the privilege of serving you, and by not making me miserable from seeing you burdened with a sense of obligation," he said quickly. "That is the one thing I have feared—that you would be unhappy because it has been my good fortune—oh, well, you understand."

She did, better than he, for his swift coming to her aid had banished all doubt of him.

"Please understand, then, that I gratefully and gladly accept your chivalrous help. Have I not seen it given to the old and feeble before? Oh these heart-rending cries! It seems to me they will haunt me forever."

"Please support Mrs. Bodine a moment. That is a woman's scream just beyond us. She is evidently injured, and probably held fast in the ruins."

He ran to the spot and found that a woman had been prostrated and partially buried by the bricks of a falling chimney. She had been unconscious for a time, but now, reviving, her agonized shrieks rose above the other cries. George spoke soothingly to her as he threw the bricks to right and left. She was evidently suffering the extremity of pain, for she again screamed and moaned in the most heart-rending way, although George lifted her as carefully as possible. Laying her down beside Mrs. Bodine he began in distressed perplexity, "What shall we do now? We cannot leave her here."

At this moment a group of negroes approached. One was carrying a little girl whom Ella immediately recognized as Vilet. Then she saw Sissy, the mother, carrying her youngest, and weeping hysterically, while the other children clung to her skirts. Uncle Sheba brought up the rear, fairly howling in his terror. The man carrying the child was Mr. Birdsall, who had called with old Tobe just before the first shock. The gray-woolled negro was walking beside his minister, uttering petitions and self-accusations. Old Tobe was comparatively alone in the world, without kith or kin. Mr. Birdsall, feeling that he owed almost an equal duty to his flock, had only stipulated that he should stop at his home for his wife and children. Happily they were unharmed, and were able to follow unaided; and so, like a good shepherd, he still carried the weakest of his lambs.

Ella called to them, and they paused. George, ever prompt in action, saw that old Tobe and Uncle Sheba were able to do more than use their lungs, and he sprung forward to press them into his service. Tobe readily yielded, but Uncle Sheba would do nothing but howl. In his impatience George struck him a sharp blow across the mouth, exclaiming, "Stop your infernal noise. If you are strong enough to yell that way you can do something better. Stop, I say, or I'll be worse than two earthquakes," and he shook Uncle Sheba's howl into staccato and tremelo notes.

"Dere am no use foolin wid dat niggah," said old Tobe.

"Howl, then, if you will, but help you shall," and taking him by his shoulder, George pushed him beside Tobe, made the two form a chair with their hands and put the woman into it, with her arms about the neck of each.

Taking up Mrs. Bodine he again went forward. The miserable little process on followed, Uncle Sheba mechanically doing his part, at the same time continuing to make night hideous by the full use of a pair of lungs in which was no rheumatic weakness. Motion caused the wretched woman renewed agony, and her shrieks mingled with his stentorian cries.

"Oh, this is horrible!" Ella said at George's side.

"It is indeed, Miss Bodine; yet how glad I am that you have not been injured!"

"Oh, oh, I fear so greatly that my cousin will not live through this dreadful night; and my father, too, is facing unknown dangers!"

"This is an awful ill wind, Miss Bodine, but the fact that I can help you and yours gives me a deeper satisfaction than you can imagine."

She could not trust herself to answer, therefore was silent, and his thought was, "I must go slower on that tack, and not so close to the wind." The forlorn company eventually reached the square, and made their way to the place where George had left his father. As the old man saw his son, and comprehended his mission of mercy as well as love, he murmured, "God forgive me that it should require an earthquake to teach how much better is his spirit than mine," and his heart grew as tender as a mother's towards his boy.

Dr. Devoe, who was attending another patient not far away, came up hastily and eased the poor creature out of the negroes' hands to the ground.

He gave her some of the wine George had brought for his father, saying, as he did so: "Try to be calm, now, madam. I am a physician, and will do all I can for you."

Mr. Houghton promptly sent Jube to the doctor with one of his pillows and part of his bedding, so the woman was made as comfortable as her condition permitted.

George laid Mrs. Bodine on the grass, and then with the scanty bedding Ella had carried aided in making a resting place not far from his father. He next lifted Mrs. Bodine's head into the girl's lap, and was about to turn his attention to Uncle Sheba, but was anticipated. Two men had taken him by the shoulders, one of them saying: "If you don't keep still we'll tie you under the nearest building and leave you there," and they began to march him off. At this dire threat Uncle Sheba collapsed and fell to the ground, where he was left.

Dr Devoe divided his attention between the fatally injured woman and Mrs. Bodine, who under his remedies and the efforts of George and Ella soon revived. Mr. Houghton looked with wonder, pity, and some embarrassment at the small, frail form, and the white, thin face of one whom he had characterized as "that terrible old woman." She seemed scarcely a shadow of what she had been on that former night, more terrible even than this one to the then stricken father. Now the son whom he had thought dead had carried her to his side and was bending over her.

"Well, well," he muttered, "the ways of God are above and beyond me. I give up, I give up."

Then his eyes rested on Ella. He saw a face which even the dust of the streets could not so begrime as to hide its sweetness or its tenderness, as with deep solicitude she bent over her cousin. A conflagration raging near now began to flame so high that its light flickered on the girl's face, etherealizing its beauty, and turning her fluffy hair to gold. She became like a vision to the old man—angelic, yet human in her natural sympathy. The thought would come: "I have fought like a demon to keep that face from bending over me in my feebleness and age. Truly, God's ways are best."

Ella had only glanced at his pale, rugged face with awe and dread, and then had given all her thoughts to her cousin.

As the latter began to regain consciousness, she motioned George away, and with Dr. Devoe, sought to complete the work of restoration. To dazed looks and confused questions she replied merely with soothing words until the doctor said kindly, but firmly, "Mrs. Bodine, you are now safe, and as comfortable as we can make you. Do not try to comprehend what has happened. There are so many worse off who need attention"—

"There, there, doctor," Mrs. Bodine interrupted, with a flash of her old spirit, "no matter what's happened. I thank you for your attention. Please give it now to others."

"Doctor," said George, "I fear the little colored girl who came in with us is dying." They went to the spot where Sissy was pillowing Vilet's head against her breast. The physician made a brief examination, and heard how a brick had fallen on the child as they were getting her out, then said, "I'm sorry I can do nothing but alleviate her pain a little."

Turning away promptly he began, "See here, Houghton, I must go to the nearest drug store and help myself if no one's there. Will you come with me? I shall need a lot of things more than I can carry."

"I can't," George replied, "but here is the man that will, I think"; and he roused old Tobe who sat quietly near with his head buried in his hands.

"Sartin. I do wot I kin while de can'el hole out to burn," Tobe assented rising.

"That's right, my man, and you'll help other candles to hold out."

"Doctor, understand me," explained George, "I must go and search for Captain Bodine, who is wandering on crutches about the city," and he hastened to say a word to his father.

Ella saw him kneel by the old man, and then rise after a moment or two with such gladness in his face that even the blood and dust stains could not disguise it. Little wonder, for Mr. Houghton had said: "I'm conquered, George. I give all up—all my ambitious dreams about you. What dreams they now seem! This awful earthquake has shaken away everything except life, and the love which makes life worth anything. I've seen the girl, and I don't blame you; go ahead."

"Oh, thanks, thanks. You'll never be sorry; but father, please don't say anything to her about—about— Well, she don't know, and I must woo before I can hope to win."

"You needn't worry about me. I'm old enough to be wary," and the old man could not repress a grim mile. Then he added: "George, for mercy's sake, try to get the blood and dust off your face, and find a coat. You look as if you had been through a prize fight."

George explained the quest he was about to enter upon and promised caution. Then he approached Ella. "Miss Bodine," he said, "I will now search for your father till I find him."

Again the girl could not trust herself to speak, but tears came into her eyes as she gave him her hand. He pressed it so hard as to leave a delicious ache, and hastened away.

"Good Lor! who was that awful-looking man?" Mrs. Bodine asked Ella.

"George Houghton. He carried you from home here."

"Lor! Lor! Saved my life as well as yours and Cousin Hugh's."

"Yes, and now he's going to help papa and Mara."

"Well, well, we'll have to forgive him for being born North. Is that old—"

Ella stopped her mouth with a kiss and whispered: "That is his father. Don't let us look at him. In fact, I'm afraid to—at least while he is so ill."

"Well," ejaculated Mrs. Bodine, "if this earthquake does not cure him of his cussedness, I hope the Lord will take him to heaven."

"He did not prevent George from coming to me, nor his going to papa's aid. He was kind, too, to that poor woman yonder. Oh, I'm so sorry for her, and I wish I could do something."

"Perhaps you can. Go and see."

"I've nothing to put under your head, cousin."

"I'll put patience under it. That, I reckon, is all I have left now. Go, Ella, dear, I can't bear to hear her moan. I'm in no pain, and that wine has quite heartened me."

Ella did as she was bidden. That Mr. Houghton was observant was quickly proved, for he said to Jube, "Take this pillow to that lady yonder. If she declines, say you have your orders, and leave it."

Mrs Bodine raised herself on her elbow and protested.

"Madam," said Mr. Houghton, "do not deny a helpless man the privilege of doing a little for the comfort of others at a time like this."

"But you have none left for yourself, sir," Mrs. Bodine replied.

"Madam, you can understand what a satisfaction that will be to me under the circumstances."

Mrs. Bodine yielded and admitted to herself that she was much more comfortable. "I reckon the earthquake is doing him good," she thought, "and that the Lord better keep him here a while longer."

"Can't you lift me up a little?" gasped the injured woman to Ella. "Oh, how I suffer, suffer!"

Ella sat down beside her, and gently shifted the pillow so that it came under the wounded back, while the weary head rested against her bosom.

"Ah!" said the poor creature, "that's easier. I reckon I won't have to suffer much longer."

Ella spoke soothingly and gently. Mr. Houghton, who could only hear the sweet tenderness of her tones, wiped tears from his eyes as he again murmured: "God forgive me, blind, obstinate old fool that I've been!"

The adjacent flames now lit up the entire scene, throwing their baleful light on such an assemblage as had never before gathered in this New World.

The convulsion which threatened to raze every home in the city had certainly brought the people down to the same level. Both white and colored citizens were mingled together on the square in a swiftly created democracy. Character, the noble qualities of the soul, without regard to color or previous condition, now only gave distinction.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AGRICULTURAL CONTENT.

[R. K. M. in Puck.]

He rises at five with the chickens,
And breakfasts on greasy pork;
Drinks coffee out of a saucer,
And never uses a fork.

When the stars appear in the heavens,
And the bat in the gloaming whirrs,
He's in bed with his hirsute matted
With hayseed and crimson burrs.

And yet the farmer's contented,
To him all glory's bosh;
His every thought is centred
In hay and pig and squash.

He cares not if banks by dozens
And dozens go to smash;
He's never troubled or worried
By any panic or crash.

In prosperity or in panic
His optics glow like plums,
As he sits on the second mortgage
And peacefully sucks his thumbs.

Human Nature Exemplified.

[Lewiston Journal.]

In a small Maine village, a little while ago, a trader received a supply of coffee of the sort he had been selling for some time previously. He found he could not place the whole of it in the large can he kept for the purpose, and so, after filling this, he put the rest in an empty wooden box, which happened to be marked "African coffee." Soon after Mr. Jones came into the store and seeing the box on the counter, remarked, "African coffee! Wonder what that's like?" and inquired the price. The trader, who is something of a joker, replied that it was of the same price as that which he had been selling him.

"Gimme a pound," said Jones. "I'm a-goin' to try that an' see what it's like."

"Blamed if I ain't a mind to try a half pound," said Mr. Smith, who was standing near by, "though that's pooty good coffee that you've been a-sellin'."

They both took the coffee and went home. The very same coffee, mind you, that they had been using for months. It happened that they both came back together. Jones opened the conversation. "That's a prime article, that African coffee I got o' you. It just lays over anything I've swallowed fer years, 'n' I told Nancy I'd ruther hev one pound of it than two of what we've be'n a havin'."

"Much you know about coffee!" growled Smith, "I couldn't drink no more'n one cup of it, no how. Taint wuth more'n half ez much ez that other kind o' yourn." Jones replied with a slighting reference to Smith's discriminating powers, to be followed by a sarcastic remark from Smith, to the effect that people who were brought up on burnt peas and brown bread crust soaked in warm water could not be expected to know what good coffee is anyway. The trader knew too much about human nature to make any explanations which would have proved disastrous to future trade, so he now puts up "African" coffee for Mr. Jones, while Mr. Smith has his from the tin can as of yore, and both are happy.

Buffalo Bill's Influence Felt.

[Lowell Citizen.]

Now it is said that the Prince of Wales prefers a soft felt hat. From such information as this it is evident that the influence of Buffalo Bill is affecting the English aristocracy in more ways than one.

LITTLE JOE.

By JAMES OTIS,

AUTHOR OF "TOBY TYLER," "MR. STUBBS' BROTHER," "TIM AND TIP," "RAISING THE PEARL," "LEFT BEHIND," "SILENT PETE," ETC.

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CHAPTER I.

A HOMELESS GUARDIAN.

"Say, be you a doctor?"

It was a small, oddly-dressed boy who asked this question of a burly, red-faced veterinary surgeon on Twenty-fifth street, near Third avenue; and probably the visitor would have been turned away with a very gruff answer but for the look of anxiety in the brown eyes, which seemed unnaturally large because of his thin face.

"If you should go round the corner an' ask some of the swells who have big door-plates, I reckon they'd tell you that a vet. didn't know anything about doctorin'," the man replied, as he gazed first at the boy's face and then at a suspicious-looking lump under the curiously patched coat which hid from view every portion of the visitor save his head, hands and feet.

"S'posen a feller should get his legs broke, couldn't you fix 'em up agin?" the boy asked, as he tried in vain to still that which caused the front of his coat to move in a most singular manner.

"If a horse that was worth the trouble should get his leg broke I could set it, but what do you mean by asking these questions, and what have you got there? Speak up quick, for I can't spend much time fooling with a customer like you."

"It's a dog what got run over by a 'xpress wagon," the boy replied, as he unbuttoned the ancient and ill-fitting garment, exposing to view a small brown terrier, who yelped with pain when he was thus forced to change his position.

"Both legs broken, eh?" the surgeon said, after a hasty glance. "The best thing you can do is to tie a stone to his neck and throw him overboard."

"I don't want to do that, 'cause, you see, he acted jest like he knew I'd look out for him when the boys were going to stone him to death, an' as I picked him up he stopped whinin' right away."

"That was because he knew you; it would be a poor kind of a dog who wouldn't recognize his master."

"But I never saw him before. He was ly'n' there in the street with the fellers throwin' things at him when I came along," and the boy patted the suffering animal's head as if to say he would continue to protect him.

"Where do you live?" the surgeon asked, almost sharply, as he examined more critically the condition of his dumb patient.

"I—well, you see—that is, I'm stoppin' down near the ferry that goes over to Hunter's Point."

"Oh! you sleep around wherever you can get the chance, eh?"

"Yes, sir; that's about the way of it," the boy replied, meekly. "I've fixed up a pretty fair stand where I sell papers mornin's an' nights. If business keeps on same's it is now, an' the other fellers what owe me have good luck, I'll soon get money enough to buy a reg'lar place down near Grand street."

"What are you going to do with this dog if I set the broken bones?"

"I'll keep him 'round there somewhere. P'rhaps they'll give me a box over to the grocery store, an' he couldn't want anything better'n that. Say, how much will you charge?"

"My fee would be $5 for such a job as that from anybody else; but seein's how you ain't likely to be overburdened with cash, I'll do it for a dollar."

By this time the surgeon was making ready the splints and bandages; therefore he did not see the troubled look which came over the boy's face; but he turned very quickly as his visitor said in a stammering, hesitating way:

"Wouldn't—I mean, can—say, if I'll give you ten cents down, an' bring five every day till it's all paid, won't you mend him?"

"I thought you said business was so good you were thinking of buying a regular stand?"

"Yes; but Tom Brady's sister's sick, an' I lent him eighty cents this morning, so I'm pretty near broke now, but I'll pay you right up square every day."

"Do you think you can afford to throw away so much money on a dog that isn't worth a cent more than his hide would bring?"

"I don't s'pose he is a very nice one, else his master wouldn't a' left him when he got run over; but he looks like a poor, lonesome little feller, same's I am, an' we'd feel kinder nice bein' good to each other."

Once more the red-faced man looked down sharply at the boy, and then he began his surgical work, as he asked, in a gruff voice:

"What's your name?"

"Joe Morgan. The fellers call me Little Joe 'cause I ain't got much size yet, an' I guess a good many of em' don't know I own any other name. I'll bring you the money every day till the dollar's paid."

"Haven't you got any relatives?"

"I ain't had none since Jack Greely's mother died. Say, here's the 10 cents," and Joe laid the money where the surgeon could not fail to see it.

"Haven't you a mother of your own?" the man asked without paying any attention to the coin, and the boy pushed it further across the desk as he replied:

"Not one. Jack's father said I must a' had somebody what belonged to me; but I don't know anything about it. Are you goin' to do the job on trust?"

"Can't you see that I'm working at it now? I shall expect you to come here with the cash every morning."

"I won't skip one if I can help it. How long will it be before he can walk?"

"In a couple of months he'll be all right. Don't give him any meat; keep him in a cool place, and feed him mostly on bread and milk. Where did you get that coat?"

"I traded two horseshoes I found with the junk-man on Thirtieth street. It's pretty big, but it'll come in handy when the weather gets colder."

During this conversation the dog remained perfectly quiet, as if he knew exactly what was being done, and whenever Joe caressed him he would lick his hands in token of gratitude.

"Perhaps he ain't worth very much," the boy said, as he stood on tip-toe to kiss the cripple's nose, "but it'll be nice to have somebody to love a feller in the night when it's cold an' lonesome."

"I should think you'd have plenty of company," the surgeon said as he looked around again very quickly, and spoke even more gruffly than before. "It seems to me sometimes as if there were more boys than paving stones in the street, and I can't make out why you lack for chums."

"Neither can I," Joe said mournfully as he pressed the dog's nose to his cheek. "They think I'm a sissy an' a sneak, but I ain't, an' the most of 'em don't like me very well."

"The fellow to whom you lent the money don't call you such names, does he?"

"Oh, no; there's five or six that are friends of mine, but they mostly all have mothers, 'cept Si Hodgdon, an' he's got a sister, so when it comes night I don't have anybody to go with. I'll be all right if this dog gets well, an' his owner don't come for him."

"If that happens send the man to me, and I'll charge so much for this job that it won't be worth while to claim him. I reckon he's all right now, and you had better take him away. What's his name?"

"I'll call him Doctor, I guess," Joe replied, as he pushed the ten-cent piece yet nearer the surgeon, "an' then both of us will be sure to remember how good you was to trust us for the rest of the money."

There was no further opportunity for the boy to give words to his gratitude. At that moment the surgeon was summoned to more valuable four-footed patients, and Joe left the office after having once more hidden Doctor under his ample coat.

It was not possible to run without causing the cripple pain; but Joe walked at the best possible speed toward the ferry, for it was near the time when Slip Johnson, who brought him the evening papers, might be expected.

Slip—no one seemed to know why such a nickname should have been given to a boy who was christened Walter—was also in the news business. He sold papers in the vicinity of the ferry, but did not confine himself to any particular locality. Three months previous he had taken as much pleasure in teasing the small, delicate-looking boy who was trying to establish a news-stand in the corner of a lumber yard, as any of his companions; but he lost all zest for such sport one evening when he fell from the pier and no one save Joe had the courage to make an attempt at saving him. When it was seen that Slip was partially unconscious—his head having struck the string-piece—Joe leaped in without hesitation while the remainder of the party were in a state of helpless bewilderment, and by dragging the drowning boy to the foundation piles, succeeded in keeping his head above the surface until the others could pull him out.

After that, Slip did all he could to show that his enmity had been swallowed up by friendship, and, among other kindly acts, brought regularly from down town the stock in trade for the lumber-yard stand.

Master Johnson had not yet arrived when Joe reached his place of business, and there was evidently sufficient time in which to provide Doctor with a bed before the evening work could be commenced.

"I'm goin' to let you have my coat for awhile, old fellow," he said, as he laid the dog tenderly under a sheltering board, and proceeded to make a bed by pushing the dilapidated garment in a small recess formed by the timbers, and entirely hidden from view of those on the street, where he usually spent the night.

After placing the dog on this, and being, as he thought, fully rewarded for the attention when the cripple licked his hands, he went to the grocery store for a penny's worth of milk. The proprietor not only gave him a tomato can in which Doctor's food might be kept, but was so generous as to let him make his choice of a kennel from among a quantity of empty boxes.

Joe was yet feeding the patient when Slip arrived with the evening's stock of papers, and, as a matter of course, was introduced to Doctor, who looked so helpless as he lay on a bed of paper in a box, with both hindlegs swathed in bandages, that the visitor's sympathy was immediately aroused.

"He don't look like sich a awful swell dog," Slip said, after a critical examination of the patient, "but he'll make a good pardner fer yer when he gets well. I'll come down an' see him agin after business is over, an' I'll ask mother to give me some bread, so's he can have plenty to eat."

There was really no time for any further conversation. The afternoon papers were already in demand, and during the next two hours the lumber-yard newsdealer was so busy that he could pay little or no attention to his crippled partner.

It was just as the last copy had been sold, and Joe was making ready to go across the street for supper, that Si Hodgdon stalked in front of the board-pile, standing there silent and motionless, as if he had come simply for the purpose of being admired.

There could be no question but that he was dressed in his very best, and Joe looked at him in open-mouthed astonishment before it was possible to speak.

Si wore a remarkably short coat, which was so tight across the shoulders that he could hardly raise his arms, and a collar so tall that it seemed positive it would cut his chin if he attempted to look at his feet. The remainder of his wardrobe, however, was decidedly shabby, and that he was aware of the fact could be seen as he held his hat in such a manner as to hide the largest hole in his trousers.

"Well, you *are* fine!" Joe exclaimed. "What's the matter? Goin' to take a trip for your health, an' come to say goodby?"

"I am goin' away, an' that's a fact. I've struck a chance on one of them big steamers that run to Cuba, an' I've got to be on board tonight, sure. Can't you see to Alice for me, an' git Granny Tousey to take care of her? I'll pay a dollar a week for her board, an' here's 50 cents down."

Si laid the coin on the stand in front of Joe, and turned away as if his business was ended, when his friend asked, as a shade of perplexity came over his face:

"Why don't you let her stay where she is?"

"Uncle Dick an' his wife fight so much that I don't dare to," Si said, moving off as if every second of time was precious just then. "They've both gone away now, an' she's all alone in the house expectin' you'll come after her. I've got a chance to earn twenty dollars a month, an' I'll lose it if I ain't on board before seven o'clock. You see to her till I get back, an' I'll square things."

Si turned, as he ceased speaking, and darted up the street at full speed, giving no heed to Joe's cries, even if he heard them, for it was half-past six, and it would be necessary to exert himself to the utmost in order to keep the appointment upon which he believed so much depended.

Joe picked up the coin and started in pursuit; but by the time he arrived at the corner Si was lost to view amid the throng of pedestrians, and he halted, while the look of perplexity on his face deepened into one of positive distress.

"Why couldn't he a' waited till I told him I didn't have fifty more cents to pay the first week's board? He knows Granny Tousey won't let her come without she gets the money right up sharp."

Then he walked slowly back towards the lumber pile as if convinced that he could do nothing; but a single thought of the tiny little girl was sufficient to make him retrace his steps very rapidly.

"Si's gone off thinkin' I could fix things," he said with a sigh, "an' it won't do to leave her there alone even if I don't know how to settle it. With Doctor an' Alice both to take care of I'll have my hands full."

Ten minutes later he was at the house where Si and his dwarfed sister had found the poorest apology of a home, and found Alice was awaiting his coming.

She was a tiny girl, hardly more than half as tall as Joe, although she was but two years younger; yet the life of deprivation she had led caused her to look much older, and there was something so winning and at the same time so sad in her face as she sat patiently on her small bundle of clothing in the cheerless room that Joe had not the courage to tell her how difficult it would be for him to do as Si proposed.

"Where's all the furniture gone," he asked, as he looked around in surprise.

"Uncle Dick sold it when he went on the last spree," she said, taking up her small bundle, as if to show that she was ready to go with him.

"Haven't you had anything to sleep on since?"

"There was a piece of carpet in here last night; but now this room has been let to the woman who keeps the fruit stand, and somebody took it away this morning."

"Well," Joe said with a sigh, "things can't be much worse wherever we find a chance for you to stay, an' we'll go off now, 'cause it's pretty near dark."

And the two children, one confiding most implicitly in the other, went out into the streets where the evening shadows were lengthening into night, to search for that which is most difficult to find in this selfish world—a home.

CHAPTER II.

AN UNPROVOKED ATTACK.

Alice did not appear to think that her brother was heedless regarding her welfare in going away without making other provision for her comfort than that comprised in his hurried appeal to Joe.

Si had cared for his dwarfed sister from the time they were orphaned, nearly two years previous, and it was his eagerness to take advantage of what seemed like a wonderful opportunity for earning money, that caused him to appear as if he felt but little affection for the tiny girl who had no relative save him. He knew that Joe was always ready to assist others, for never had a boy applied to him in vain for aid even though he oftentimes suffered because of his generosity, and the idea that his friend might not have any money just at that particular moment never once entered Si's mind.

"Are we going down to Granny Tousey's?" Alice asked, when Joe had walked very slowly for several moments without speaking.

"I s'pose it might be tried," he said, hesitatingly; "but I haven't got a whole dollar, an' I'm afraid she won't let you come there if we don't pay for a week's board at the start."

"Didn't Si have enough money?" and now Alice began to look alarmed, for she knew by sad experience of the slight value attached to promises in such a bargain as it was proposed to make with Granny Tousey.

"He only gave me fifty cents, an' didn't stay for me to tell him that I hadn't any 'cept what is to pay for the mornin' papers. But I'll spend that if we can't do any better," he added quickly as he saw the trouble in her face.

"You mustn't," and he felt the little hand close more tightly over his slender fingers. "The stand couldn't be kept open tomorrow if the money was used tonight."

"Some of the boys might pay what they owe me," he said, trying very hard to speak cheerfully. "Anyway, we'll see what Granny has to say 'bout it before we begin to feel bad."

Then, as a means of diverting her mind from sad thoughts, he spoke of Si's brilliant prospects, pictured his arrival fairly laden down with money, and described such a home as her brother could give her in the future. After this subject was exhausted he told of Doctor's accident and adoption, and by the time all these particulars had been related they were at the door of Mrs. Tousey's not very inviting looking dwelling.

The old lady was at home; but not in a pleasant mood as they learned immediately after stating the reason for their visit.

"The best of children are a sight of trouble, an' I'd about made up my mind not to take any more," she said, in an ill-natured tone; "but if you're ready to pay me two weeks' board in advance I might be persuaded."

Joe began in a timid, hesitating way to explain that they could only give one quarter of the amount that evening; but, before he had time even to promise that the remainder should be paid as soon as it was earned, she interrupted him by asking angrily:

"What did you come around here for bothering me when you haven't got so much money as would buy one dinner? I've lost enough already takin' paupers to board, an' I'll have no more of it."

"Come away," Alice whispered; "I'd go anywhere rather than stay here."

Perhaps even Joe was afraid that the now thoroughly angry Mrs. Tousey might inflict some punishment upon them for their temerity in disturbing her; and, after vainly trying to check the flow of reproachful words by an apology, he hurried away with Alice clinging tightly to his hand, stopping not in what was a veritable flight until they were at the lumber-yard news-stand.

"What's the matter now?" a voice cried from amid the shadows of the boards, and the question was accompanied by a low whistle of astonishment as Slip Johnson stepped out from Doctor's hiding-place in front of the fugitives. "What er yer goin' to do with her?"

In the fewest possible words Joe explained how it was that his homeless family had been thus suddenly increased, and concluded by asking:

"Do you know of any place where she can stay tonight? I'll hunt 'round tomorrow, but it's so late now that I can't tell what to do with her."

Slip thought it necessary to first explain why he had invaded the privacy of his friend's home, by saying that he had come to bring the cripple some bread, and then he rubbed his nose vigorously as a first and necessary step toward solving the problem.

"P'rhaps mother might let her stay one night," he said, after spending some moments in deep reflection. "S'pose we take her up there an' see?"

"Can't I sleep here," Alice asked, timidly. "I'd rather than have anybody scold us because we haven't got money enough to pay the board."

"Mother won't fly out same's Granny Tousey did," Slip said, confidently, and Joe added in a decided tone:

"You couldn't sleep in a pile of boards same as if you was a feller, of course not. We'll try it up to Slippey's house, an' I'm most sure his mother will let you stay."

Alice could make no further objections to the plan, although she would have much preferred to sit on the curbstone all night rather than take the chances of another refusal, and the party set off after Joe satisfied himself that Doctor was not in need of any immediate attention.

The dog had already learned to recognize the boy who was so kind to him, and the violent wagging of his tail showed plainly that he was grateful, or, at least, his new master interpreted it in that way.

On arriving at Slippey's home it was some moments before Joe could make known the reason for his visit, owing to Mrs. Johnson's surprise at seeing such a tiny girl, and the many question she asked; but when the good woman did finally understand the condition of affairs, all trouble was at an end for the time being.

"The child shall stay with me until you can find her a home," she said so heartily that there could be no question but that Alice would be made welcome. "If I hadn't so many of my own she might board here; but we are terribly crowded now, and it will be better for her to go where she can have more comforts."

Joe tried to induce her to take at least half the money Si had given him; but she positively refused to accept anything, and he left the house feeling quite happy, for he was certain he could readily find Alice a home as soon as he had money enough to pay one week's board in advance.

Slip walked with him to the lumber yard, and after a brief call upon the invalid, took his leave of both for the night with the promise to "look in" before going down town in the morning.

Joe had had no supper, and it was now too late to get any. Going hungry to bed was not such an unusual occurrence as to cause him much inconvenience, however, and when he laid down on the hard boards with his hand on the dog's head he consoled himself with the thought that, owing to this deprivation, he could afford to buy a fifteen-cent breakfast at some restaurant next morning.

"We are pretty lucky fellers, Doctor," he whispered, cause we've got a good place to stay in till cold weather, an' we won't have to live alone. It was awful lonesome here some nights, an' I used to get kinder frightened; but we'll be company for each ——."

The sound of voices near the lumber pile caused him to cease speaking, and cover the dog's nose with his hand while he listened to a conversation, the first words of which alarmed him greatly.

"He's been 'round here long enough spoilin' our trade, an' I'm goin' to serve him out so bad that he'll be glad to leave."

There could be no mistaking that voice. Joe knew Bill Dunham was the speaker, and that he was the one referred to, for Bill had threatened many times to drive him away from the particular streets in which he and his friends claimed to have the especial right to sell papers.

The listener also knew that among the newsboys of the city there existed at least a tacit understanding regarding certain rights which accrued to those who first started business in the different localities, and he had been regarded as an interloper more than a year ago when he opened the stand. Both Slip Johnson and Si Hodgdon were recognized as having a right to sell papers in the vicinity of the ferry, and after they learned to have a sincere affection for the little fellow, who was always so ready to help others, they insisted that he should be allowed to remain at the lumber yard. Bill Dunham and a few of his particular friends, however, openly threatened to drive "Sneaky Joe" away, and there could be no question but they had decided on carrying their threats into execution at this time when Si was no longer where he could lend any aid.

"Will we go right in an' snake him out?" Joe heard one of the party ask, and Bill replied:

"He might tumble the boards over on us. We'll get a lot of rocks, an' I guess it won't be long before he'll show up, for I can put every one right into his den."

Joe was thoroughly alarmed now, for if his enemies should send a volley of stones into the lumber pile, Doctor might be hit, in which case he would undoubtedly make his presence known by yelping, and that would seal his fate, for Bill thoroughly enjoyed torturing an animal.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Odd Items from Everywhere.

General Butler is reported as having told a Kansas City reporter that when he was a young man he was examined for an appointment as a department clerk and came across this question: "What States and Territories would you cross in going from New York to the Pacific coast?" He didn't know, and so he wrote: "None; I would go around by Cape Horn."

Sometimes the lamp-wick will obstinately refuse to be turned up in an orderly manner. It will seem firmly wedged at one side, while the other will run up in a point, causing weariness and vexation of spirit. To overcome this depravity take a new wick, draw out a single thread near the selvage, and the wick will be found quite tractable when introduced into the burner. The cogs will take it up properly, and it will appear in good form and give an even flame when lighted.

Down in Houston county there is an ancient village called Old Wilner. It was once the county site of the county. While it was in its most prosperous days there was a big school there, and there came a teacher from the North to take charge of the academy. His name was Moore. During his residence there he lost his wife whom he loved very dearly. He had her buried in the old burying ground of Wilner, and out of his meagre funds he erected a marble tombstone at the head of her grave. As it was located in the wild wood, as cemeteries generally were then, it was a favorite hunting ground for the juvenile population. Thus it came about that the half obliterated epitaph appears today, cut deep in the mossy stone: "Boys, Don't Shoot Birds Around Martha's Grave." The name, Martha Anne Moore, with date of birth and death, appears above. It is a curious epitaph, and as none of the family live in this country, it is the only bit of history left concerning the old teacher and his wife.—[Savannah News.

"Lay off your overcoat or you won't feel it when you go out," said a landlord of a Western inn to a guest who was sitting by the fire. "The last time I was here I left off my overcoat. I didn't feel it when I went out, and I haven't felt it since."—[Industrial World.

The son of a well-known Louisville physican went to California and engaged in the tombstone business. In a letter to his father he writes: "There are but four physicians here, and I think you would do well in San Jose. I know that with you nearer to me I would be more encouraged in my effort to build up a paying business."

Prince Bismarck, on a recent journey to Berlin, passing through Halle, was greeted enthusiastically at the railway station. When silence was restored he said: "You think I am going to make a speech—you are mistaken—I'm tired—good night."

People of Hartford, Conn., complain that the drivers on two of the parallel horse-car lines have a race on almost every trip, and that it is no easy matter for the would-be passenger to get aboard.

A professor of English in a New England college says that in 10 years of instruction to select classes, he found only two students who could explain in Milton's "Ode to the Nativity," the allusion to the words, "the twice battered god of Palestine."—[Chicago Living Church.

An invalid residing in West Rutland was greatly encouraged recently by the arrival of a sister and 11 children, who came on ostensibly to assist her in her infirmities.—[Rutland Herald.

A fine little story comes from Rockville, Ill., where it is said that just as a "spreading viper" was about to strike a baby a cat pounced upon the snake and killed it.—[Indianapolis Sentinel.

It is related of certain Utica officials that a while ago a man was drowned in the Mohawk, near the line, but in Herkimer county, but those interested had the body towed up the river, and finally took it out the water in Oneida county.—[Herkimer Citizen.

A Stayner constable was refused admittance to the local fair. He wired County Attorney Cotter, asking if he had not authority to enter the grounds. Cotter answered certainly he had if he paid. The two messages and the admission cost him 75 cents.—[Berton (Can.) World.

As the words "not either" have been condensed into "neither," "not ever" into "never" and "no one" into "none," why should not the negative or privitive, when followed by a vowel, be always compounded in the same way? For example, "neven," for "not even," "nin" and "nout" for "not in" and "not out," "nink" for "no ink," etc.—[San Francisco Examiner.

The Albuquerque (N. M.) Democrat has a printer who has only one arm and can set more type than any other printer in the territory.

A confectioner of Newport, Eng., having missed from the bakehouse time after time dainty morsels, set a watch, and a form resembling that of a boy was seen stealthily creeping along the roof of the adjoining bakehouse. No attention was paid to cries to come down, and a gun was fired. The aim was good, and a dead monkey rolled from the roof into the road.

A MIDNIGHT COON HUNT.

How this Game is Started, Followed and Killed.

A Desperate Battle with the Pack Hounds in the Dark.

Dogs and Coon in One Confused and Indiscriminate Heap.

[Philadelphia Times.]

It was at a small station some 12 or 13 miles out from Baltimore, between Stemmer's run and the Gunpowder, that a north-bound local pulled up one December evening and two of the passengers stepped out into the clear, cold moonlight and stood watching the cheerful car lights until they flashed and disappeared around a curve. One of the passengers was a man well known from Susquehannah Flats to Middle river as a famous duck shooter. The other was the writer of the present sketch. Our object in being at the "Switch," as the station was called, at this time of the day, was a duck-shooting trip on the morrow, and we were awaiting the arrival of a wagon to convey us to the "point," some four miles distant through the woods. During the long ride that followed the driver gave an exhaustive history of coon hunting in Bowlie's Woods and the number of tails that had been taken in the past five years by the 'Squire, an individual who resided near the "Switch" and dispensed justice and marriage certificates to the scattered inhabitants. But what was more to the point a "hunt" was promised this very evening and before fancy had fled to the woods in anticipation of "a hunting of the coon," the barking of the dogs were heard, and the lights of a cabin glimmered at the end of the road. The end of the road, where fancy had gone before, where the pilgrimage of the plodding horses would cease, where the broad river glistened under the highland in the cold light of the winter moon, and where, more pleasing still to the senses, supper—hot, smoking supper—waits in a whiteness of table linen and crockery. City finery is laid away, boots and jerseys are piped, while outside the mongrel pack yelps six as good dogs as ever treed a coon. The squire is there with his horn and hatchet. Smith carries an old fowling-piece, to be used if necessary, Black Joe shoulders the axe, and the rest of us go armed with expectation.

The Dogs on a Trail.

The deep woods surrounding "Frog Mortar," a name given to a certain back water pond from the river, are to be hunted first. "Hie on there!" and the lanky curs slide into the underbrush and are lost in the deep shades. The snap of a dry twig and the rustle of dead leaves are all that is heard of the dogs as they thread their way through the depths of the woods. We saunter up the road, all ears alert for the first indication of the game. Presently the long ringing bay of a hound floats through the woods from the farther side. Another and another chime in and the whole pack go whirling up "Frog Mortar" in full cry. We on the road break into a run, stringing through a wood path, the 'Squire well in front.

The dogs are leading us a pretty race, for the music grows fainter and fainter, and is finally lost altogether. "Hang such huntin'," says the 'Squir', and calls in the dogs. Those of us who are novices at the sport wonder why the dogs are called off, but the 'Squire says something about "a blind lead," and "off the scent" that settles it. The strident notes of the horn resound through the woods; the unearthly calling of dogs breaks the stillness of the night, and one by one the dejected-looking pack join us in the road. The woods on Bowlie's quarter, two miles away, are next to be hunted, and thither the hunt proceeds. Our way lies across open fields, covered with a light sprinkling of snow that glistens in the moonlight, with the shadows of trees and fences in sharp relief against its whiteness.

Treed in a Persimmon.

The pack followed as it pleased, each member having his own peculiar ideas about travelling. One old dog, an almost full-blooded fox hound, the aristocrat of the pack, with long, pendulous ears drooping over his sober face, sauntered leisurely along, while others of more inquisitive turn of mind made wide detours by the fences. Suddenly a yelp is heard from a mongrel puppy exploring a briar thicket. In one minute the whole pack by a common impulse are in headlong pursuit. A moment more and they bring up under a small persimmon tree and there sat a "'possum," with his bare tale twisted tightly around a branch. Poor "'possum!" He was lifted carefully off and placed in Black Joe's game bag, the dogs getting little satisfaction from him.

Bowlie's woods stood out ahead in dark shadow under the moonlight. The dogs were sent in, while the hunters awaited on the edge. It was some time before the familiar voice of a hound told us that a scent had been struck. The sound came from the direction of the bay, in the woods far over on the headland, drawing away from us along the shore edge. A few moments more and it was taken up from another quarter, then another, another, and the whole pack were in full cry. We waited listening, hoping that the chase would come around in our direction, but it seemed to be getting further and further off.

Doubling on Its Tracks.

Hark! that clear ringing bay of the fox-hound, rising above the chorus of the pack like a silver clarion among the brassy din of an orchestra, is certainly nearer than a moment ago. "Hark away!" the hunt has doubled on its tracks. "Hark-away-yip-yip-yip!" and away we go dashing through the underbrush in full cry. The woods are ringing with music, but all silently the pursued is flying before the eager pack. The hunt leads out on the wooded headland and a flock of geese, bedding under its shadow in the bay, are startled, and their wild "hawking" adds to the weirdness of the whole.

A different sound suddenly strikes the ear, a few sharp, yelping barks off to the right. "Treed!" shouts the 'squire, and off he starts for the spot with all haste. In a patch of moonlight one of the dogs is seen standing at the foot of an old gum tree. Just within the shadow of the underbrush is another and a third, more demonstrative than the rest, is scratching and yelping at the trunk. Nothing is seen in the tree—nothing save a few twisted limbs and the tangle of branches standing out sharp and clear against the moonlit sky. Only on the stub of a broken limb a dark spot is noticed and one of the boys clambers up and finds a hollow leading toward the trunk.

Possum Up a Gum Tree.

Investigation with a stick brings a snarling and scratching from the interior. "Pull 'im out," yells the 'squire, but no one is willing to try the experiment. "Then cut the tree down"; and two axes flash and strike, bounding back from the hard, resistless trunk of the old gum. It makes one think of the old time-honored couplet:

Possum up a gum-tree,
Cooney in a hollow—

that the darkeys used to sing with such gusto. The chips are beginning to fly. "Hold back the dogs." The tree trembles, totters, then falls with a crash, waking the echoes of the wood and carrying saplings and undergrowth with it. Each man is having his hands full with two excited dogs, whining and tugging to be free.

"Chop out the critter!" shouts the 'squire. The hollow is cut larger and the discomfited coon fights for his stronghold tooth and nail.

"Catch his tail and toss 'im out!" but one of the more hardy already holds it.

For a moment a dark object hangs in mid air, then drops to the ground.

A Battle for Life.

With one wild yell the dog are slipped and rush headlong on the unfortunate beast. He could whip one dog easily—aye, two for that matter, for he fights like a tiger. Over and over they roll, snarling, biting and clawing in one confused and indiscriminate heap. Now one dog yelps with pain from a wound in the ear; now another howls as his eyes are scratched or his nose feels the keen-edged teeth of the victim. It is a gallant fight for that sweetest of all possessions, life, but it is against overwhelming odds, and its results is only a question of time. In an unwary moment the coon glances around for an avenue of escape, the fox-hound sees his opportunity and in another moment his long teeth are fastened in its neck. There are a few convulsive attempts to be free, while the other dogs seize the coon in various places, and then the fight is over. It is not the most scientific of sport to speak truly, and after it is all over it resembles murder to a great extent; but while it lasts it is fierce and exciting, the dogs often bearing the marks of the conflict for weeks to come.

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The Globe Wheat Test.

SOMETHING IMPORTANT

To Farmers Who Raise Wheat To Farmers Who Ought to Raise Wheat.

MONEY IN MANURING THE SEED

After many experiments and considerable expense, THE WEEKLY GLOBE is confident that it is able to furnish wheat-growers with a fertilizer that when properly applied will positively increase wheat production 25 per cent. over any product of the same field. The following are the directions for use, and are printed upon each package:

DIRECTIONS FOR USE.

Dissolve four ounces in one gallon of water. Put 60 pounds seed in four gallons water (or in these proportions), and skim off the light and imperfect seeds; then add the seed manure in solution and stir to well mix; let the seed lay in this 24 hours, stirring occasionally. The seed is now ready to sow or plant. Especial care is to be taken that the seeds, after being steeped, if left lying in heaps, do not become heated, as this elevation of temperature would impair their vitality.

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To every reader who sends $1 for a yearly subscription, and will agree to fairly test the seed manure and report upon the experiment, The Weekly Globe will give, free of any expense whatever, one package of the Economic Seed Manure, which, if the directions are followed, will be sufficient to fertilize one bushel of wheat, or other seeds, or about one acre of land.

TESTIMONIALS.

The following are unsolicited testimonials:

Andrew H. Ward, Esq.:

I have planted 27 hills of corn, each prepared in a different solution. I also steeped some corn in some warm water and planted it at the same time. They all came up in three days after planting, but those prepared took the lead at once, and retained it to the end of the season, and produced much the best crop. Two of those prepared were much superior to the others, and with these solutions some cotton seed, both Sea island and upland, was prepared and planted, also some not prepared. Those prepared came up nine days earlier than the others, and were more vigorous and stronger plants.

ALBERT S. GOVE.

A. H. Ward:

DEAR SIR—I used your seed preparation. The grass has started much quicker, and come up thicker and stronger, and is now much further advanced than that not prepared, and the difference is perceptible as far as you can see. As more seed germinates by preparing it, it will make a saving in seed, as less will require to be sowed. From what I have seen of it with grass seed I should think it particularly adapted to grain, corn and cotton.

PHILO KEITH.

Andrew H. Ward:

DEAR SIR—I used your seed preparation on some rye; I also sowed some without being prepared. That prepared came up much sooner, and is thicker, higher and stronger, and appears to tiller more than the other; and, from appearances now, the crop will be much larger. I shall use it another season on carrot and other garden seeds. The plants will get the start of the weeds, and can be readily seen and more easily taken care of.

ZEPHANIAH KEITH.

Andrew H. Ward:

DEAR SIR—I have tested your seed preparation on various flower seeds, and nearly all the various vegetable-garden seed; also on grain, corn, cotton and tobacco, annex list of same, time of planting, coming up, growth, temperature, etc. I find the prepared seed in all cases has come up much the sooner, has more roots and larger leaves, and consequently made stronger and more vigorous plants than seed not prepared, which shows conclusively the advantage of seed-manuring. By varying the temperature of the preparation, the length of time of the coming up of the plants can be regulated, which is of very great importance, particularly with those garden seeds which are usually long in starting, and small when they do, such as onions, beets, carrots, celery, etc. Planting can be deferred till the surface of the ground is warm; the plants grow at once in advance of the weeds, the crop is advanced, and no time is lost, but much labor is saved. It will prove of advantage on corn and cotton.

THOMAS HOOPER.

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FROM NOW TO JANUARY, 1888.

Boston Weekly Globe.
WEDNESDAY, OCT. 19, 1887.

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

ANOTHER NEW STORY BEGINS THIS WEEK.

LITTLE JOE.

By JAMES OTIS,

AUTHOR OF "TOBY TYLER," "MR. STUBBS' BROTHER," "TIM AND TIP," "RAISING THE PEARL," "LEFT BEHIND," "SILENT PETE," ETC.

Mr. James Kaler, the author of the above, is the most successful of all American writers of stories for young people. The Globe is very fortunate in securing his latest, and an entirely new work, and congratulates its young readers upon the rare entertainment they are going to have from each of its instalments. Tell all the Boys and Girls you know.

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GOVERNMENT TELEGRAPHY.

It is evident that the Knights of Labor are practically united in the demand for government control of the telegraph business. The committee of which ROBERT HOWARD of Massachusetts is chairman has introduced into the convention at Minneapolis resolutions unqualifiedly approving the project and pledging the knights not to vote for any candidate for Congress who does not favor it.

This means business. So rapidly is public opinion forming on this question that an attempt to add the business of telegraphing to the government business of carrying letters will very probably be made in the next Congress.

There is much to be said for this plan and something to be said against it. It is a proposition which the people should carefully consider on its merits.

THE USE OF NARCOTICS.

The death of ANDREW J. WASHBURN of Boston, from an overdose of chloral, again brings up the question as to the propriety of allowing half-intoxicated men free access to dangerous medicines. The story is that WASHBURN celebrated his wedding too hilariously and got his stomach and head out of order from taking large quantities of intoxicants. Then, to quiet his pulse and nerves, he went to a physician, who prescribed chloral hydrate. The dose to be taken was plainly marked on the bottle; but the bridegroom, anxious to get well, took ten times the amount, and died.

Of course the doctor and the druggist cannot be held responsible, but it seems as if there should be some better restrictions placed upon allowing drunken men the absolute control of deadly narcotics. Would it not be a good plan for the druggists to deal out chloral, morphine and other dangerous drugs in single doses and thus escape all danger? As it is now, opium, laudanum, morphine and chloral are sold as freely as soda water at nearly all the drug stores. In a majority of cases people have the good sense to use them discreetly, but when a death like this occurs, the necessity for stronger safeguards upon the sale of deadly drugs to irresponsible persons is clearly seen.

ANARCHISM, ITS CAUSES AND CURE.

"I hate anarchy, I hate murder, and I hate those who cause the conditions that lead to it."

These words were uttered by Mr. POWDERLY at Minneapolis a few days ago. They are wise words. The growth of anarchism is a social disease which has a cause. It is but a manifestation of the universal law whereby all things tend to dissolution and decay when the conditions of healthy growth are impaired. Anarchism would be to the social structure what death is to the body.

It is because the conditions of healthy social growth have been impaired that anarchism has obtained any standing at all. Existing industrial conditions are too often like ligatures tied tightly around a finger or an arm. Circulation stops and becomes conjested, and if no relief is obtained, death of that member ensues. We see everywhere labor idle, and men and women in dire want who would gladly work and produce wealth for their needs if permitted. The causes which check production in some directions and abnormally stimulate it in others; which keep labor idle when it would gladly work; which keep capital inactive when it ought to be employed; which keep land vacant when needed for use; which make some rich out of all proportion to their services, and others wretchedly poor, though they work hard and usefully,—these causes are the same that foster, and indeed compel, the development of social disease like anarchism. We mean anarchism not only in its more hideous manifestations, but as a philosophy of democratic individualism carried to an absurd extreme. It but marks the tendency of society, as of all worldly things, when development is checked, to disintegration.

To rail at the anarchistic bomb-throwers, or to execute them, can of itself do little good. They may deserve the worst, but the true antidote for anarchism must be the removal of the causes of industrial disturbance and social discontent. What these causes are, and how to remove them, is the great problem of the age, the riddle of the modern sphinx, and failure to solve it is destruction.

No man becomes an anarchist unless smarting under a sense of wrong. The safety of society can only be secured by removing all just cause of complaint. This is the work to which parties must address themselves in the future, or anarchism, socialism and other revolutionary theories will contnue to gain strength. As Mr. POWDERLY says, it is not enough to hate anarchy; wise and truly conservative patriots must hate "the conditions that lead to it." Of these conditions, monopoly in one form and another is the chief.

THE STATE AND THE TRUSTS.

The Chicago milk dealers who have polled their issues, made up the latest "trust," and raised the price of milk 30 per cent., have but followed the example set by the whiskey men, the sugar makers, the wall-paper factories, the petroleum and cotton-seed oil rings, the rubber interests and a score of others.

These "trusts," which are really gigantic and irresponsible monopolies, are making the people increasingly weary, and are giving to a few individnals practically absolute control over the supply of many of the necessaries of life.

The public will not always continue to patiently endure these things. The faster the "trusts" multiply, the more clearly will the public see the necessity of exercising greater control over them.

Yet, in the face of this plain need of the times, we have men calling themselves "philosophical anarchists," who would do away with even the slight and inadequate control now exercised by the people under the forms of law, and leave the syndicates and pools and trusts free to plunder the public at will.

But the people will not always submit to be plundered by the trusts. Exactly as the workingmen are compelled to unite in organizations like the labor unions and Knights of Labor, for self-protection, the people are compelled to unite in the State to hold the greed and unscrupulousness of corporations and individuals in check. The State fails in one of its main purposes if it neglects to protect the people against aggressions like these.

FREE LIBRARIES.

The dedicating and opening of a new public library at Manchester gives the good people of that wealthy little town abundant opportunity to get a liberal education and makes the newly-imported citizens less anxious to get back to Boston, where the reading of many books is the chief pastime of the residents. The giving of free libraries is one of the most fitting ways by which men of wealth can display their good will toward their race. How much good they can do and are doing cannot be estimated. Speaking on this subject in his address at the dedication of the Goodnow memorial building in Princeton, Mass., Dr. NATHAN ALLEN of Lowell said:

> It will be readily admitted that from 12 to 18 is the most critical period in the life of the young, when habits and opinions are formed which determine the character afterwards. This is the time, then, when good influences should be brought to bear upon the young, and free public libraries are just adapted for this purpose. But it is not the young only who would be benefited. How many invalids—how many women confined at home by domestic duties—to whom books will bring cheer and comfort! Then, what lessons of instruction and wisdom, what words of encouragement and hopes of a better life may they bring to the care-worn and weary, to the lonely and disconsolate? In books we have the best thoughts of the dead and the living; in books we find the best of company, without distinction. In no other way can you be so highly and profitably entertained, and that free, in your own homes. There is another point of view which deserves notice. In a country town like this, there may be some young man or young woman having special gifts or genius for this or that branch of study; suppose this individual is thirsting for knowledge on that particular subject, that he is looking around to catch some new ideas, some new views, etc. What a boon is such a library to him! A single book may change his whole course of life!

Dr. ALLEN's remarks apply not only to Princeton and Manchester, but to every town in the country. The newspaper, the magazine and the free library, more than the schoolmaster, are to be the educators of the future.

TRADITIONAL EDUCATION.

In the August number of the Popular Science Monthly appears an article fully as interesting as it is timely, by CHARLES S. ASHLEY, a graduate of Michigan University, on the subject of "Educational Endowments," in which he maintains that they do harm, not only by perpetuating old-fashioned methods and subjects in education, but by actively obstructing the march of ideas and of political freedom. In illustration of his position he cites the history of Oxford University in England and of Harvard at home. In the case of Oxford he alleges that Oxford bishops, from a class instinct, and the most prominent Oxford professors likewise, are the perpetual barriers of progress and the ardent champions of all that we have nearly outgrown, whether in education, political economy, barbaric criminal codes, or indefensible wars. The records of Parliament expose their adherence to the old education, their resistance to the reform of the savage criminal code of England in the early part of this century, their all but unanimous support of the corn laws, and their equally united support of the war on Egypt and in the Soudan, to which might be added the opium war on China.

A corresponding class in this country he holds to be "our endowed fellow-citizens, the professional Socialists." It is the instinct of self-preservation in privileged classes, he justly maintains, to cringe to power and to express its sentiments. And when, as in our own day, he adds, powerful organizations rise, "and, exhibiting a great revulsion toward an ancient form of social organization, seem likely to be in the ascendant, these classes hasten to pay court to the brute force of ignorance and numbers, as in other countries they pay court to the majority of bayonets." That social evolution is a continuous progress toward individual property and rights is nothing to the purpose with them. The securing of individual immunity from official tyranny, after centuries of struggle and the sacrifice of countless lives, has no particular interest for them. A college president openly advocates in America the establishment of a national church. The old Oxford spirit, asserts Mr. ASHLEY, is being bred again in this country through the agency of highly endowed educational institutions.

Artificial protection is, he says, afforded to incapacity and mediævalism, and we find as the consequence the old neglect of facts, the old servility to prejudice and power, the same proneness toward the past, the same complacent carelessness and assurance of statement; the old protective tone, the old ecclesiastical air, the same patronizing and wholly foreign way in which the laboring classes are regarded. The resistance of the Oxford bishops to COBDEN and GLADSTONE is singularly well paralleled by the jealousy which our endowed professors show toward the great railroad managers, the great bankers and merchants and manufacturers who are doing more for the comfort and happiness of mankind than any equal number of individuals in the world. "I cannot think," says Mr. ASHLEY, "of a single forward movement of society which has not been obliged to overcome the opposition of great educational centres; and hardly an eminent name occurs to me as having been assisted in its high destiny by academic education." GLADSTONE has been 50 years in getting Oxford out of him.

C. K. EARL.

EDITORIAL POINTS.

JUSTUS SCHWAB is back from Germany, and will scatter new seeds of anarchy for a crop next winter.

"Ladies' suffrage" is what they call it now. Now the frivolous fair ones will take more interest in it.

The telegraph lines must not all be held in one man's hand. The government will have to step in if it comes to that.

Yellow fever has begun its work rather late in Florida, and though the people are dying fast, the disease will not have long to run.

Citizen TRAIN estimates his followers in Chicago at 100,000. Chicago should be called the City of Cranks hereafter, if this be true.

The physicians of the Crown Prince of Germany have told him not to talk if he wants to live. Now he is glad he was not born a girl.

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW predicts a big financial panic in the near future, which means that the VANDERBILTS are on the short side of the market.

This is indeed a land of liberty. A Maine judge has decided that it is perfectly legal for the members of a church choir to whisper to each other during services.

Short Stop JOHN M. WARD, late captain of the New York Base Ball Club, made the greatest stop of his life when he caught HELEN DAUVRAY in the matrimonial game.

The Milwaukee & Northwestern railroad has issued 2000-mile books at two cents a mile. Free passes are no longer in demand on that line. It is cheaper to buy tickets than to beg.

CHAUNCY M. DEPEW is developing quite a "boom" for the successor to Mr. BLAINE—assuming that Mr. BLAINE is to be succeeded. DEPEW is one of the brainiest men in the country.

The Mayor of Chicago, in undertaking to suppress Citizen GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN, has taken a large and difficult contract, compared to which the Anarchist business was child's play.

Senator SHERMAN's friends are said to regard FORAKER as a very dangerous rival for the presidential nomination. Oh, wouldn't the Democracy enjoy polishing the floor with the blatant governor.

HENRY GEORGE declines to make any reply to the New York Star's charge that he used to be a pirate upon the Spanish main. He thinks that little nautical romance should be related to the marines.

Deer and moose are said to be so plenty in Maine that they come into the barnyards and lie down with the cattle. Wait until the detectives on that BARRON case can get a few days off and the barnyard invaders will scatter.

Dr. LYMAN ABBOTT, the temporary successor to Mr. BEECHER, is an old and warm friend of the great Brooklyn divine and a scholarly, Christian gentleman. His selection to fill the famous pulpit for the time being is a happy one.

A Camden, N. J. minister has been assaulted for not paying particular attention to the wife of one of his parishioners. It seems pretty hard on the ministers if they are going to be punished whether they do or whether they don't.

New York World: A druggist of Pittsburg, Penn., has been adjudged guilty of the heinous offense of selling soda water on Sunday, under a law enacted in 1794. We seem to have a few old blunderbusses in this country that are still loaded.

That BARRON case of Dexter seems to be badly mixed. Whether young STAIN tells the truth or not his reputation is not to be envied. If he has told the truth after years of waiting he is a coward; if he has lied he is the basest seeker after cheap notoriety that ever lived.

Pig Iron KELLY asks the Southerners to support a high duty on iron in order to make things comfortable for Southern mine owners. And this from a Pennsylvania man, too! Perhaps the Keystone State will want protection against Alabama and Arkansas one of these days.

Rev. SAM SMALL: You Republicans need not build yourselves up and say the Democratic party is the whiskey party. You had absolute control of the government for 24 years, and when you left it the country was drenched and doomed and damned with liquor from Maine to California.

Secretary WHITNEY will be the next Democratic candidate for president, according to the Cincinnati Commercial Gazette. In their anxiety to get President CLEVELAND out of the way the Republican papers sometimes suggest a good nomination. WILLIAM COLLINS WHITNEY will keep till '92.

At last after the hottest fight ever seen in New England the HAZEN bill has passed the New Hampshire Legislature, and all that is wanted now is the Governor's signature to lease the Boston, Concord & Montreal road to the victorious Boston & Maine. Will Governor SAWYER sign the bill? Good judges say he will.

The jury in the trials growing out of the Mitchellstown outrage last week returned a verdict of murder against Inspector BROWNRIGG, Sergeants KIRWAN, RYDER and BRENNAN and Constables GAVAN and DORAN. The result, though hardly expected, and very severe, seems certainly just. May it prove a salutary lesson to the oppressors of the Irish people!

New York World: On the heels of the Sugar "Trust" comes the announcement of a combination in Chicago which has raised the price of milk. The whole business of the country is passing into the domain of combination and conspiracy. With sugar, milk and whiskey in the embrace of "Trusts," the costs of milk punch will soon be beyond the reach of ordinary citizens in search of solace and stimulation.

TEN ROBBER TOES.

[Lillie E. Barr in the Independent.]

There is a story that I have been told,
And it's just as old as babies are old;
For sweet Mother Eve, as every one knows,
Told her babies the tale of the toes.

Told to her babies how ten little toes,
Each one as pink as the pinkest pink rose,
Once on a time was naughty and bad,
And sorrow and trouble in consequence had.

How this big toe wanted butter and bread
After his mamma had put him to bed.
And this lying next said, "Sposen we go
Down to the pantry and get it, you know."

And this wicked toe cried, "Come along quick;
Let's sugar the butter ever so thick."
And this naughty toe said, "Jelly for me
Top of the butter and sugar, you see."

And this little toe cried, "Goody, let's go,
We'll slip down the stairs so quiet and slow,"
So ten robber toes, all tipped with red,
Stole silently out of their snowy white bed;

While this wicked toe, so jolly and fat,
Helped nine naughty toes to pitty-pat-pa
Along the big hall, with pillars of white,
And down the back stairs devoid of light

Then this little toe got a terrible scare,
For he thought in the dark of a grizzly bear,
And this little toe said, "Nurse must be right
'Bout gobbles and witches living at night."

And this little toe said, "A fox may be hid
In the hat-rack box right under the lid."
And this little toe cried, "Dearie me, oh!
Lions and tigers is coming. I know."

Then mamma came out with the beautiful light,
Caught ten robber toes all ready for flight,
Yes, she caught and she kissed those ten robber toes
Till redder they were than any red rose.

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LITTLE SUNBEAM.

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WIDE AWAKE.

THE WEEKLY GLOBE, Boston, Mass.

TOWNSEND'S LETTER.

Comforts of Suburban Life Beyond the Rockies.

San Francisco's Beautiful, Athletic Women and Brainy Men.

John P. Irish, the Most Popular Man, and Joaquin Miller, the Best Poet.

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 9.—The day after I arrived here, a friend invited me to see Oakland, that largest suburb of San Francisco, which lies across the bay, four or five miles distant.

The San Francisco People

are good representatives of American stature, and their women have generally good complexions and fine, athletic frames. In this new Western world taste took a hand in creating things, because we had passed in the East the period of poverty before these Pacific States were brought into the Union. A more educated race came to the new West than had settled in the East. In the revolutionary period a few persons had good educations, and most of these came, in one way or another, into public life. But now education is no longer a personal distinction, but rather a matter of shame where it is not found. The new people of the Pacific know how to enjoy themselves better than the old folks of the East, where going to church and hearing sermons was the earliest as well as the only amusement.

The Open Air Life

on this new coast, and the absence of harsh conditions of climate, bring the people together, but still they are a people extraordinarily well behaved, as I observed at the theatre and at the Mechanic's fair, and, I may add, at the park, where they have music once or twice a week.

They are, in many things, better housed than are our older societies. Their model open ferryboats are more spacious and give a better setting and frame to individual grace and beauty than ours.

San Francisco bay will ultimately, I think, carry a larger population at its shores than the waters about New York city. The growth of

The San Francisco Suburbs

is not only steady, but it is speculative, and it is seldom that speculation takes hold of what is steady, unless the activities are unusual. They know more about rapid facilities for transportation in the new regions than in the old ones. Large broad gauge trains come out to meet the ferry boat on rock causeways two miles in the water. They run fast, and collect no tickets or fares beyond the ferry, and they set the urbane merchant or clerk at his own door several miles inland in a comparatively short time.

Oakland

is, in the main, a very flat town, lying at the base of the lofty hills called the Contra Costa Ridge, or Coast mountains. The streets are wide, like great avenues, and the cable system of railroads has already been planted there. This system is especially adapted to San Francisco, because there are no excavations to make in rocks or granite as in New York, where roads of this class cost a great deal of money. This country being situated on sand, and on a level, the spade soon excavates the deep places where the wire cables have room to play freely. Mr. Estee, late Republican candidate for governor of California, said to me about Mr. Hallidie, the chief wire manufacturer of San Francisco:

"There is a man of genius. He came out to this country from England when a young man, and he has the largest factory of wire and wire cables, west of New York and the East. He conceived the system of running our street cars by cables, and built the first railroad system himself. His system has become universal out here, and everybody is satisfied with it."

John P. Irish, of the Alta California, its editor, now a Democratic paper, and the oldest paper on the coast, had his horses ready at Oakland at the arrival of the train, and showed me the town. He is

One of the Most Popular Men

on this coast, where he has resided six or seven years. He is of New York Quaker extraction, and lived in the immediate vicinity where John Brown collected his band before proceeding from Iowa to Harper's Ferry in 1859. Mr. Irish knew John Brown very well. Although a Democrat, and liable to become the Governor or senator of this State in the future, he is not a harsh partisan, but he told me that his father, who was a Democrat, cautioned him against becoming a victim of his political prejudices in mature life, which the father illustrated by the story of a man who refused to take a steamboat because she carried on her wheelhouse the name of Henry Clay. He said he would never go on a boat of that name and consequently he never got anywhere to begin in life.

Mr. Irish assisted in 1872 to take the Democratic party over to Horace Greeley, whose campaign he greatly admires for the excellence of his public utterances, and he thinks that it was 1872 which broke the back of the Republican party, because victory that year caused bosses like Conkling, Logan and Cameron, to drive out of the ranks men they have subsequently needed.

Mr. Irish received votes for United States senator when Mr. Hearst was elected, who had the largest purse.

Said he: "We have in California so close a vote that we can always fight best a rascal; we are pretty sure of doing him up, be he a Democratic or a Republican rascal. We have no bosses in the State, outside of San Francisco, and they are unable, from this city, to exert much influence over the interior."

Oakland is a little city of cottages, some of which have the imposing character of villas and mansions. With the increasing population there, and the character of the houses, which are

Surrounded With Beautiful Lawns,

filled with eucalyptus, fig trees, locusts and groves of apricots, peach, pear and almond, and frequently you see the orange globes, shining golden, and the limes thick among the glittering leaves, it will become the new Cambridge. Even the palm stands here and there, close by the magnolia tree.

By a floodgate the Oakland people have made a very large lake out of an arm of the bay, and this is filled with sailing catboats, schooners and other craft. The roads in Oakland are merely macadamized out of a kind of rotten granite, which sets hard and furnishes superb driving for miles and miles.

At no great distance from the city is the University of California, 20 years old, which has turned out a great many authors of school books, and men of mark.

We drove some three miles towards the southeast, and began to ascend the mountain range, upon a road which at times showed us ugly gulfs over the carriage hubs. Horses and cattle were grazing on the plains, and orchards were springing up everywhere. The grounds seem hardly to want a trickling of rain to spring forth in herbage and fruit. The redwood houses, and even the barns seemed as if they were built of a sort of unvarnished mahogany, as they dotted the surface of the plains. We climbed hill and hill, until we finally encountered the naked mountains, and reached an elevation of perhaps 400 feet above the bay, and looking into the dark mists we could hardly see Goat island, raising its whale-like form from the offing, and San Francisco was for a time altogether hidden.

To Joaquin Miller's

Opening a gate we crossed the vine yard of a German, and hitched our horses at a picket fence, and let down some poles which answered for bars. We walked

Along the Mountain Side,

till we saw a small red house in a fissure of the mountain, quite alone, and a man was looking at us with a spy-glass. This turned out to be Joaquin Miller, the principal California poet. He had sold his lots in Washington on which he built a log cabin a few years past, and they brought him enough profit to buy in Oakland some lots, which rapidly advanced in price, and yielded him a few thousand dollars. With this money he has purchased upwards of a hundred acres of mountain land close to the summit here, and has himself built a dwelling on the location

As Quaint as Any to be Found

even in this quaint country. This building is of unvarnished redwood, consisting of a little study at one end, with an alcove bed for Miller, and a kitchen next, screened off by a lambrequin, before which is a sitting-room for his mother, and there is a little bedroom for his mother, with a sort of balustered porch for her. The whole structure is only one story in height, and the house not more than 25 or 30 feet long. There are touches of individuality about it, as when the cross, the crescent and the Aztec sunare blended together in its pediment.

He had only a few chairs, so that we sat down on the beds and on furs. Quaint little ornamental things here and there, showed that he had picked up bric-a-brac. The only book apparent in his study was a large family Bible, and he was making a poem on the Biblical study of man and Christ.

His mother has the strong features suggestive of a Western pioneer woman who came from about Liberty, Indiana, on the Ohio line, and she well remembered the father of General Burnside, who was the county clerk there.

Mr. Miller, I think, is a compound of the German and English stock. At an early date his family went to Oregon. His mother told me that she had had two sons abler than the poet, one of whom was killed by his horses running away. That is the story told by others in the vicinity, who say that from the mother came the strong qualities that were shown in the children.

When we subsequently left the cottage with Mr. Miller, he to spend the night down in Oakland, the old lady stayed alone in the house, saying that she was not afraid, though I am told that the coyotes howl about the mountain in the night.

Mr. Irish says that Mr. Miller ought to make $100,000 out of his property.

On examination I found the ground to be the richest black soil, and what was very singular, the poet himself had spaded away into the dirt and

Brought Out Living Springs

of water, which gurgled out into fissures artificially made, and at times ran through wooden tubes, so he had good water at his own door, and this water will irrigate his whole domain. "The gift of song within thee lies watered by living springs."

I asked, "Where does this pressure come from on this mountain top to make so much water?"

"I don't know," replied Mr. Miller, "but I believe it comes from the Sierras."

"The Sierras are 150 miles away!" And this suggests that perhaps the whole Pacific coast is hydrostatically connected with these lofty mountains.

Joaquin Miller is the most individual of American literary men produced on this coast.

The life of a literary man in the United States is a pretty hard one, as every common, practical chap wants to submit him to rule and square, and then, as Mr. Irish said, "we are as mean a people on this coast in our treatment of people of literary ability as any people in the world. Mark Twain and Bret Harte were produced here, but our people have got no pride in them. One wrote "The Luck of Roaring Camp," and the other has developed into a broad humorist and a merchant. Miller is a man of real positive genius and quaint and kind together.

I noticed that he limped, and was told by others that in his boyhood, among the Oregon Indians, he was shot both with bullets and arrows.

It seems, too, that in lifting heavy stones to make steps to his little hermitage, he incurred a hemorrhage.

He spoke proudly of his wife, for whom he is soon to send to join him in his new habitation.

He has finished a long poem, which he thinks his best, on the subject of Christ and the scheme of man's "Recusitation."

Mr. Miller was once a judge in Oregon. He says he never expects to remove again, but to be cremated after death upon his eyrie of the Contra Costa range. There is seen a noble view of Oakland and the plains, the bay and Golden Gate, Alcatraz and Yerba Buera islands and San Francisco, the queen of the Pacific.

GEORGE ALFRED TOWNSEND.

WHAT PEOPLE TALK ABOUT.

A Case of Negligence.

To the Editor of The Globe:

Will you kindly inform me through your columns whether an employer can be held responsible for money stolen from the pocket of an employe during business hours? The garment from which the money was stolen was hanging in a closet which is open to all, employes or outsiders.

AN EMPLOYE.

I do not think the employer would be liable. I think this is a case where the person losing the money is guilty of negligence in not taking better care of valuable property.

PEOPLE'S LAWYER.

When Gold Was Highest.

To the Editor of the Globe:

Permit me to say as to the "highest price paid for gold during the last war" that the figure was not $2.67. On the first day of July, 1864, the price opened at $2.22, rose to $2.85 and back to $2.25 at the close of the day; later on it advanced, and again reached $2.85 July 11. These figures are a matter of record, made "on the spot" during the period named.

J. G. M.

Should Say He Could.

To the Editor of The Globe:

Will you please answer the following: A and B are sick. C and D are doctors; both C and D prescribe and send their prescriptions (two different compounds) to E, who is a druggist, and through his carelessness A has taken the drug that B should have, and which proved to be an injury to A. Can A bring action against E for damages?

TOM.

Dr. Holmes and "Brother Hill."

[Archie Emerson Palmer in The Chautauquan.]

The most astonishing typographical blunder that I recall in my own experience happened in connection with the dinner given in April, 1883, to Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes by the medical fraternity of New York. On that occasion Dr. Holmes read a poem about a column in length, and it so happened that I "wired" it to one of the Boston papers. The last four lines of the doctor's witty contribution to the intellectual feast of the evening ran thus:

"Say kindly of him what is, chiefly, true,
Remembering alway he belongs to you;
Deal with him as a truant if you will,
But claim him, keep him, call him brother still!"

In some inexplicable manner the last two lines got twisted in transmission or in the Boston composing-room, and were actually printed the next morning in this remarkable shape:

Deal with him as a truant if you will,
But claim him, keep him, call him Brother Hill!

Whether this was the printer's or the telegraph operator's fault I have never ascertained, but I have often wondered what Dr. Holmes' sensations were if he saw that particular Boston paper and learned that on the previous evening he had earnestly beseeched his professional brethren of the metropolis to cherish him in their memories as "Brother Hill."

MARY WILL GET ALONG.

A Young Irish Girl Who Made Up Her Mind to Come to America.

[New York Graphic.]

The steerage passengers of the City of Rome were landed at Castle Garden. As they filed past the registering clerk a rosy-cheeked, buxom lass of 18 years halted before John Niglutsch and, in reply to the usual query as to her name, answered:

"Mary Egan, sor."

"Where are you from, Mary?"

"Queenstown, sor."

"Where are you going?"

"Sure, I don't know, sor. I've been working five years for one family in Queenstown for four pun an' me boord, sor, an' sure I couldn't save enough to buy dacent clothes, an' I just thought I'd try me luck in America. I had tuppence and the clothes I stood up in, but I kissed me brother Tim, who runs a donkey cart from the docks to the boarding-houses an' went out in the little boat to the steamer with the rest. As I went on the deck I waved my hand to Tim, who, with the ould donkey, was watching me from the dock, and cried out, 'Goodby, ould Ireland.' The donkey stretched out his nose towards me, an' Tim waved his hand, an' I knew they were both wishin' me good luck. The officer on the ship asked me for me ticket, an I showed him my tuppence, an' tould him what I wanted to do, an' sure he tuk me down wid the rest of 'em, an' they treated me just as well as any one who paid their passage. I had a good bed an' plenty to eat, an' everybody was rale kind to me, an' here's my tuppence yet, sor."

"But how do you expect to live over here," asked Niglutsch.

"Sure, an' a dacent girl who is willin' an' can work ought to live asy enough in America, sor. I'm going to get a situation, sor."

"How much money does your brother Tim make with his donkey cart?" asked Niglutsch.

"Sure, sometimes one shilling an' sometimes two or three, sor. The most he ever made in one day was five shillings, sor, an' when he's paid for the donkey's living an' his own he's nothing left, sor."

Mary was turned over to Matron Boyle of the employment bureau, who interested herself at once in finding her a situation.

THE MILLENNIUM AT HAND.

An English Preacher Says It Will Come in 1901.

A Rev. Mr. Baxter of the Church of England has recently delivered three prophetic lectures at Liverpool. There is nothing vague about this prophet. England is to be separated legislatively from Ireland, India and her colonies. Lucien Bonaparte is to become King of Syria, and later on Emperor of France; Belgium and the Rhine provinces are to be annexed to France. In 1896, 144,000 watchful Christians are to ascend from earth to heaven, and the millennium is to commence on April 11, 1901. The lecturer challenged any minister or individual to show that he had made any mistake. No one has, as yet, taken up the challenge—possibly because everyone is convinced that no mistake has been made; possibly for other reasons. The lecturer's one weak point seems to be that he thinks it necessary for Lucien Bonaparte to begin his reign over the Jews in Syria—a sort of apprentice, as it were—whereas, judging from all accounts, there are more Jews in Paris now than in Syria, and they are better worth reigning over, pecuniarily

It Didn't Improve With Age.

[Binghamton Republican.]

Caller (in newspaper office)—Twenty years ago I wrote a poem.

Editor—Yes?

"I brought it to this office and you refused to publish it."

"Very likely."

"I remember that I mentally put you down then as a confounded idiot, who didn't know enough to ache when hurt."

"Naturally."

"I looked that poem over again the other day, and have come to see you about it."

"Aha!"

"I have come to say that if I looked as green 20 years ago as that poem proves me to have been. I want to thank you because you didn't cut me up and feed me to the cows. Good day."

The editor drew a long chalk mark under the table. It was the first case in all his experience in which 20 years had begotten sense enough to understand that it is sometimes necessary to be cruel to be kind.

Too Far to Go.

[New York Sun.]

"Good ice cream, George," continued a Harlem girl, who was leading the conversation, "is nice, but poor ice cream isn't."

"Yes," replied George, sustaining his part of the discussion with monosyllables.

"Do you know who makes the best cream, George?"

"I've forgotten the man's name," he said, "but his place is far down town."

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MUTINY AT SEA.

Captain Williams of the Occidental Killed.

The Enraged Crew Take Charge of Ship in Mid-Ocean.

The Murderers Finally Put Ashore at Valparaiso.

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 15.—The American ship Occidental has arrived at Port Townsend from Acapulco, Mexico, after a passage of 38 days. From her officers and crew is learned an exciting story of the sea which has not before been told. On Jan. 29 the Occidental sailed from Cardiff, coal laden, for Acapulco, under command of John Williams, who was accompanied by his wife and two children. The first days of the voyage were pleasantly passed, until March 16, when John Craine, the first officer, issued a petty command which seaman August Lotlock refused to obey. This was the beginning of one of the most thrilling and exciting voyages that has taken place for several years. The officers, excepting the two already mentioned, urged the crew to disobey the master's commands.

On March 16, in latitude 13° 4′ north, longitude 25° 13′ west, while Captain Williams was on the forecastle head, he had some angry words with John Johnson, able seaman, about his insolent conduct and dilatory actions. The captain's attention was engaged aloft, when Johnson came up behind him with a drawn sheath knife, and seizing him by the throat, thrust the blade into his heart. The captain called out, "Craine, I am murdered by Johnson." Jumping off the forecastle's house and running aft to the cabin door he fell in his wife's presence and died.

Johnson was being chased by Craine when Seaman E. A. Malley, with a knife, attempted to stab Craine, who seized an iron belaying pin

To Protect His Life.

Both Johnson and Malley were surrounded by other members of the crew, who threatened the officers' lives if they persisted in arresting the murderer. Williams was found by Craine dead in the cabin. The ship was left to the mercy of the sea. Every one on board appeared to be paralyzed over the cold-blooded and unprovoked murder of the master.

Rumors came that the crew were going to take command of the ship, but fortunately they had no navigator among them. Johnson finally surrendered and was ironed, but was released by the crew. The dead master was buried at sea on the day after his death. First Officer Craine assumed command of the Occidental, and that was about all, as he dared not assert his authority for fear of his life.

The crew allege that Craine was intimate with Mrs. Williams, and that such proceedings were continued until Valparaiso was reached, where both parties were seen on numerous occasions to enter saloons and to appear intoxicated on the streets.

The murder of the master did not end the trouble by any means, and the ship was headed for the nearest port, Valparaiso, where the murderer and principal participants in the trouble were turned over to the American consul and imprisoned, awaiting advices from Washington.

All but three members of the crew were left in Chili.

A New Crew Was Shipped,

and Mrs. Williams and her family came to Acapulco, where the ship was placed in quarantine by the Mexican authorities for 15 days. The Occidental was finally released and her cargo discharged, when John Craine was succeeded by William Taylor, formerly master of the ship Harvester. Craine was attacked with delirium tremens and sent to San Francisco with Mrs. Williams. The carpenter died at sea after leaving Acapulco, of Mexican fever. He was on board the Occidental when her master was assassinated.

The fates appeared to combine against the Occidental. While crossing the Gulf of California a storm came on and carried away over one-half the sails. Before leaving the harbor seven of the crew refused to do duty. They were locked up by the American consul, and finally consented to go aboard and perform their duty. When 11 days out from Acapulco all but four of the seamen were taken sick with Mexican fever. It was with the greatest difficulty that the ship was navigated to Port Townsend. The sailors, prostrated by fever, were taken to the Marine Hospital in that place. The ship is still in trouble. One of the seamen claims to have been kidnapped in Acapulco, and the necessary papers to prove the charge were filed against the master yesterday.

SUGAR REFINERS COMBINE.

The Leading Producers of the Article Will Now Control Prices.

NEW YORK, Oct. 13.—Willet B. Hamlen in their circular letter this afternoon to their customers made the following announcement:

It may be considered a settled fact that a combination has been completed including all the New York sugar refineries and the Boston refineries, with one exception, thus bringing under the management and control of a committee of 11 refiners almost the entire consumption of raw sugar and production of refined sugar in the United States. The combination represents a capital of say $15,000,000, apportioned to the different refineries on an equitable basis for the division of profits. The only sugar refineries in the United States not included in the "trust" or combination are two refineries in Philadelphia, one in Boston, three small refineries in New Orleans, one in St. Louis, but not running, and two in San Francisco. The committee has full control of the production of refined, so that it can always be regulated by the demand, by the running full or closing, or partial closing of any refinery, and will have no difficulty in regulating prices of refined to a paying basis as compared with market prices of raw sugar.

At the office of this firm no further information was obtainable, but from other sources it was learned that the firms in this combination are Havemeyer & Elder, the Brooklyn Sugar Refining Company, Matthieson Wicchers, the Havemeyer Sugar Refining Company, Dock & Meyers, Maller, Sierck & Co., the North River Sugar Refining Company and the Oxnard Sugar Refining Company, all of New York and its vicinity, and the Boston and Standard Sugar Refining Company of Boston.

One Cuban importer said: They won't have as easy a time of it as they think. If they put up the price to any appreciable extent there will be a tremendous cry raised, not only by the consumers but by the importers, whose business will be seriously affected. If we are antagonized we will unite forces and go to Congress and demand the entire removal of the duties on sugar, both raw and refined, and Congress will not, I take it, decline to listen to so powerful a voice as will be thus raised by nearly the entire populace."

CONSUL PHELAN ANSWERED.

His Denials of Destitution in Newfoundland Said to be Untrue.

HALIFX, N. S., Oct. 16.—Referring to denials of the terrible distress in Newfoundland by E. M. Phelan, the Boston agent of the Newfoundland government, the St. John's, N. F., Telegram, the leading paper in that city, reaffirms its previous statements in regard to the condition of the people on that island, and says:

"Multitudes of our people are at this moment in a famishing condition. Thousands of our fellow-men in the Northern bays are at this very hour destitute. Hundreds of families are eking out a wretched life in Green Bay today on dried capelin (used as bait for codfish) and refuse tea. Thousands of Newfoundland fishermen have only caught $25 worth of fish during the whole season, and from this they have to pay for their season's outfit and maintain their families during the entire winter. The whole truth is much more horrible than even this, the fact being that the great mass of people of this wretched island are in a state of starvation."

Laying in a Supply.

[New York Sun.]

Young Featherly—Did you know, Bobby, that I am coming to your house to dinner tomorrow?

Bobby—Oh, yes, I heard ma say so when she told pa to order the turkey. She said he had better get the biggest one he could find.

How Steamship Clerks Acquire Books.

[New York Star.]

"You wonder how I am so well posted in the current literature of the day?" said a clerk in one of the large steamship lines yesterday. "Well, I will tell you. Every steamer that arrives I board as soon as she reaches the dock. When the passengers have gone we—that is, the clerks—gather up the books left behind or purposely cast away by the passengers. They read all the latest English, French and German books on the voyage, and we take care of them after. Yes; I have carried off of one steamship fifty first-class novels that cost from one to five shilling on the other side, and couldn't be bought here for twice that. Sometimes the stewards get them and sell them to book dealers; but more frequently they resell them to passengers who want something to passaway the time."

WHIPPED BY WHITE CAPS.

Some Sharp Work in Harrison County—As Many as 20 Men Publicly Flogged During the Past Week.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Oct. 11.—"Yes, sir, the 'White Caps' whipped me last Wednesday," drawled a pale-faced, lazy-looking young man, as he leaned over a rickety fence in the very wildest part of Harrison county.

During the past week no fewer than 20 men have been taken out in different parts of the county and whipped by the white-capped vigilants. Over in Spencer township last week probably two of the most sensational cases took place. Aaron Bitner, a wealthy farmer over 60 years old, and Squire John Hildebrand were taken out and whipped until they were nearly dead. They live in a small settlement on Big Indian creek. Bitner was a widower, and about four months ago he married a widow with one son about 7 years of age. From the beginning, it is said, Bitner had no affection for the boy, and was continually abusing him. The young fellow was pretty wild, and after getting into several scrapes was, it is alleged, unmercifully whipped by his stepfather. A week ago the boy got into trouble again, and the story is that Bitner took him out to a shed to punish him. The reporter's informant said that 15 minutes afterwards the boy's mother became alarmed and went out to see how the punishment was progressing. To her horror she beheld her son hanging from a rafter with a clothesline around his neck. Near by stood her husband with a fiendish look upon his face. The mother screamed for help, which soon arrived, and after much difficulty the half dead boy was restored to life, but he had a narrow escape, and even now is very ill from the effects of his terrible experience.

The story of the alleged brutal outrage was soon noised about, and on Monday about 20 masked men rode into town, and taking Bitner, gave him a whipping.

Squire Hildebrand threatened to kill his wife and daughter, and otherwise behaved very unbecomingly. He was flogged on the same night, and he was also fined and put under bonds before Squire Slaughter on Friday for abusing his family.

On last Saturday night the "Whitecaps" woke up the wrong man, and, although they nearly killed him, some of them will be sick for many days to come. Fielding Berry is a farmer pretty well advanced in years, with a powerful physique, and lives on Blue River, near Milltown.

Hearing of his whipping, the reporter rode out yesterday to see him. A middle-aged woman answered the summons, and invited the reporter into a very nice sitting-room. "Fielding and myself," she said, "were sitting right here about 8 o'clock, when some one knocked at the door. Fielding got up and opened it. As he did so two men grabbed him and pulled him out into the yard, when about eight men, all masked, surrounded him. They were just getting ready to tie him when my husband picked up a piece of plank and knocked three or four of them down. He kept striking at them, and finally made all of them run. One of them stopped at the gate, where he fired three shots, all of which struck my husband. Two hit him in the right leg and one in the side. The latter is only a flesh wound, however, and will soon heal. The two bullet wounds in his leg are severe. When he fell near the spring house I went into the kitchen and brought out the shot gun. The men were coming back then to whip my husband. I went to where he was lying and put the gun in his hands. Then I helped him up and he told them to go back or he would blow their heads off. They went away, saying they would come back again. We don't know any of them. The only one who spoke said they had come to whip him because he had licked Alf Green's boy. Cole Green is the meanest boy in this section, and he deserved all my husband gave him. We have heard of them whipping three or four men near here during the past week. Mart Luffy and Zeke Kebel were whipped Thursday night. They said the men had been caught stealing."

HIS LIFE A SAD ONE.

Thirteen Cats and Eleven Dogs Make Him Tired of Home.

[Baltimore American.]

"'Squire, she had 13 cats and 11 dogs in the house, and we couldn't agree. I paid a man $5 to come round into the yard and try and make some arrangement with the animals so that I could get some rest, and that's the cause of the disagreement. My wife would have the dogs and cats, and resented any interference with them. We have no children."

This was the answer a man with a sad face made to Justice Warfield yesterday, after his wife had told the magistrate she and her husband couldn't get along. She complained that the domestic breach was widening every day. The man rested his head in his hand and listened to the story, exaggerated to his mind, the wife told of her troubles. She said but little of the dogs and cats, but when her husband spoke of them it was with sorrow and suffering. The 'squire advised them to try, if possible, to adjust their differences lovingly, and not let a little trifle like 13 cats and 11 dogs wreck their happiness. It was evident the animals were a burden on the man's mind. He seemed thoroughly dejected. The couple went out of the courtroom and discussed the situation, but it seemed impossible to come to satisfactory terms. The man consented to try life at home again if the number of animals were cut down in some proportion, say one-half. She wanted all her pets with her. The two left the station. The husband refused to go home to be greeted with those playful yelps and meows, so grating to his nerves, but music so pleasant to his spouse. He stood on the corner the picture of sadness, and looked at the splendors in the western sky as the sun was sinking, and thought, no doubt, of life in the beyond, where neither cats nor dogs disturb the tranquillity of the soul. Something conquered him, it may be the look from his wife on the other side of the street. With the expression of a martyr on his face, he followed his wife down the street, and the two went home together.

THE BROKEN TRYST.

"Meet me a year from today, love,
Here, 'neath the fragrant pines;
Stand as you're standing now, love,
Just where the warm sun shines,
Turning your bright hair to gold, love,
Framed in the swaying vines.

"Think not that time can change, dear,
The love I bear to you—
Or that I could ever forget, dear,
Your trusting heart so true.
Think that a year from today, dear,
Our waiting time is through.

"I know you'd be faithful to me, love,
Until the judgment day.
I know you will count the hours, love,
And wish the time away;
But now the last long kiss, love,
Farewell—I cannot stay."

A cloud has blurred out the sunshine,
The pines moan like the sea.
Since he went the days are longer
Far than they used to be,
And her eyes have lost their brightness
The love-light, too, ah, me!

Like a fleeting dream or vision
The past to her appears—
Oh, woman's love and devotion,
Oh, woman's prayers and tears,
And weary, weary heart-aches,
And bitter, haunting fears!

That day in the fragrant forest
Something the pine trees missed.
Her hair was gold in the sunlight,
Tho' white the lips he'd kissed—
For there came, when the year was ended,
But one to keep the tryst.

Woonsocket, R. I. ISABEL HOTCHKISS.

How Could He See in the Dark?

[Somerville Journal.]

Ethel and Egbert were bidding each other a proper goodby the other evening when the draft from the open front door blew the hall light out and left the two young people in sudden darkness.

"Weren't you awful afraid," asked Ethel's dearest friend next day, when Ethel was telling the story, "to be left alone in the dark like that?"

"Yes, dear, I was," confessed Ethel, frankly, "Egbert is quite bashful, you know, and I was afraid he wouldn't see how perfectly helpless I was."

Not Interesting to Co-Eds.

[Columbia College Spectator.]

There have been published the languages of flowers, stamps, the fan, and handkerchief. Now, for the benefit of the freshmen, we give the language of the high hat and cane. Hitting a freshman's hat with a brickbat—Have I fallen in your esteem? Mashing hat over eyes—You can see me no more. Flipping hat off with cane and jumping on it (the hat, not the cane)—Are you angry with me? Seizing cane and throwing it to other end of campus—You must leave me for a time. Snatching cane and walking off with it—Follow me.

WANTON INSULT.

Mrs. Cleveland Grossly Abused at Minneapolis.

The Tribune Accuses Her of Seeking Social Notoriety.

Editor Bleithen Disclaims Responsibility for the Editorial.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., Oct. 14.—Public sentiment has been at fever heat here and at St. Paul over an editorial which appeared in the Tribune containing a villainous attack on the personal character of President Cleveland, and a cowardly assault on the motives which induced Francis Folsom to become his wife. President and Mrs. Cleveland were in Minneapolis as guests by invitation of the city, and as such there is a prevailing idea that they are entitled to at least the courtesies due to guests. But no sooner are they on their train after a goodby to the fair city, whose hospitality is its boast, than the editor of the only morning paper published here reels off the screed given below:

"And it is extremely hard to respect either member of this family now touring for votes. Mrs. Cleveland is a handsome, mature woman, apparently several years older than she is said to be. At least she was old enough to have exercised her own free choice in marrying Grover Cleveland. It is inconceivable that she should have married him except to obtain the position of mistress of the White House. Such a marriage would never have been thought of but for the astonishing political accidents which in the course of two or three years brought Mr. Cleveland out of the obscurity which is his proper element to the highest position in the nation.

"It is hard to have respect for a woman who would sell herself to so gross and repulsive a man as Grover Cleveland, and one with a private record so malodorous for the bauble of a brief social ascendancy. She is now an object of curiosity and remark for gaping crowds, and her photographs are sold almost, if not quite, as freely as Mrs. Langtry's.

"Such is her record. If she can secure a re-election for Grover, she will have four years more of the gratification which the highest social prominence gives, and of the delights of unflagging newspaper notoriety. After that she will simply have to put up with being the wife of as insignificant and obscure a man as an ex-president could possibly be. One cannot help a pang of sympathy for her, but she has chosen her lot deliberately."

The most radical Republicans denounced in the strongest terms which their command of language could furnish them the insult to the wife of the President, the charming lady of beautiful attributes, who won the heart of every lady and gentleman in St. Paul and Minneapolis, and commanded the respect of everybody outside the Tribune office.

The excitement culminated last night, when A. J. Blethen, proprietor of the Tribune, was burned in effigy by a great crowd.

At about 10 o'clock last evening 100 men and boys repaired to a secluded spot in a side street and fired the usual straw man which has been seen on such occasions from time immemorial. The crowd was led by Mayor A. A. Ames.

THAT MINNEAPOLIS OUTRAGE.

Editor Blethen Disclaims Responsibility for the Editorial.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., Oct. 14.—The burning in effigy of the editor of the Minneapolis Tribune last night is still the one theme of conversation, and the indignation at the wanton insults heaped upon Mrs. Cleveland seems to increase. Mayor Ames, who led the enraged crowd, was present during the burning and afterward, and succeeded in preventing the commission of any lawless acts. The excitement of the immense throng was tremendous, and threats of burning the Tribune building were frequent.

J. Blethen, owner of the Tribune, today disclaims responsibility for the outrageous attack made by the city's official paper on the city's distinguished guest, and says that a certain young man, who was acting as editor in chief, inspired the disgraceful editorial.

MYSTERY OF A SLEEPING CAR.

A Wonderful Transformation which Puzzled a Pullman Conductor.

[Drake's Traveller's Magazine.]

"Queerest thing happened on my car t'other day that I ever heard of," said a sleeping-car conductor on the New York Central. "Coming into the city we were a little late, and didn't reach town until 7.30 p. m., when we should have been in by 6. One of my passengers was a rather elderly and infirm woman, with long, sallow face, dull, sunken eyes, a languid air and tawny hair that was too straight to be pretty. She was plainly dressed and too homely and common to attract any attention from the drummers who sat near her. All the afternoon she kept inquiring if we would get into New York on time, and appeared very nervous about it. Finally I told her we couldn't get in till 8 o'clock, and then she said she wanted the use of the stateroom about half an hour, and didn't want to be disturbed. Well, I didn't pay any more attention to her for some time, but just before we arrived at the Central station I passed through the car, and sitting there in the seat where the old woman had been was a girl—as pretty and bright a girl as I ever saw in my life, with a round, creamy face, bright eyes and golden ringlets, and she was beautifully dressed.

"'Something wrong here,' says I to myself, 'and I'm going to find out what it is.' So I approached her and asked to see her train check. She showed it to me, and it was all right.

"'Do you know what has become of the old party who had this berth last night?' I inquired.

"'I don't know anything about any old party,' she snapped out as I went away.

"'Some mystery here,' says I to myself. 'There's been a murder, or disappearance, or an attempt to ride two people on one ticket, or something, and I'm going to find out what it is.' I hunted all through the car, and even went forward into the passenger coaches, but no trace could I get of my old woman passenger. By this time I was thoroughly excited, and as the train drew into the station I called the company's detective, pointed the young woman out to him and told him the strange facts.

"'Look it up,' says I to him. 'There's been foul play of some sort, sure.'

"The detective accompanied the young woman to a carriage, and I saw him talk to her. She laughed, showing a rosy mouth and pearly teeth, and then he laughed until I thought he would fall to pieces.

"'What's the trouble?' says I, as her carriage drove away.

"'Trouble!' echoed the detective. 'There's no trouble except that you are a confounded idiot. Can't a pretty young ballet dancer make her toilet in your car, when she's pushed for time and has to get right from the train to the theatre, without you suspecting her of murder and insulting her?'"

Couldn't Wake His Bedfellow.

[Providence Journal.]

The Grand Army boys are having quite a laugh over the experence of Commander B. L. Hall at St. Louis. He went to bed one night and after trying unsuccessfully to get to sleep thought that he would engage his room mate in a conversation. He plied him with questions, and not getting any answers reached out to stir up the sleeper. The form was so still that he proceeded to investigate, and to his discomfiture discovered that some one had stolen a stuffed alligator that had been hung up as a sign over the door of the headquarters of the Florida delegation and had put it in his bed.

Lying to a Reporter.

(Henry W. Blake in October Writer.)

Of course nobody has any scruples against lying to a reporter. We heard at the office, rather late one evening, that the daughter of a good, first-family deacon was about to sail for Europe for several years of study. The man who went to verify the report found the family abed, and when he had rung up the night-capped deacon and made his errand understood the irate paterfamilias growled, "Don't know anything about it," and down went the window with a slam. As soon as the reporter had sadly turned the corner of the house, however, a chamber window was softly raised, and the young lady herself proceeded to enlighten him as to the details of her pilgrimage. I remember being present at a church council called to dismiss one minister and install another, when the query was made why the nominal pastor had been allowed to serve another church 1000 miles away, without being granted an honorable dismissal. The leading deacon said that the matter had been arranged "to save expense." Of course it had, for the society held a legacy on condition that they should not be without a pastor more than six months. What wonder is it that "the newspapers never get anything right?"

HELD THEIR LAST TRAIN.

Two Daring Express Robbers Shot by a Messenger—A Case Where "Hold Up Your Hands" and "Throw Out the Swag" Failed.

EL PASO, Tex., Oct. 16.—The meagre reports sent from here Friday regarding the attempted train robbery gave but a fraction of the tale. It was a great victory that one robber should be killed, but what was the astonishment of the public here when the dead body of another robber was brought in yesterday.

The Galveston, Harrisburg & San Antonio express, which should have started east Friday at 4.30 p. m., was delayed till about 8.30 in waiting for the Southern Pacific train from the west. Engineer Lohrer says that when his train had gone about a mile, two men, wearing cloth masks, came over the tender with a revolver in each hand. The engineer tried to stop the train, but the men ordered him to run on to a curve and stop quick.

When he reached the curve he supposed they meant five miles from the city they ordered him and his fireman to get off the engine and took them back to the express car. The robbers in the meantime were firing off their revolvers and shouting and cursing. Reaching the express car one of them threw dynamite against the front door on one side of the car. The explosion knocked a large hole in the door and broke out the glass in the other doors. The robbers called to the express messenger to come out. The messenger was J. Ernest Smith, and with him was J. R. Beardsley, clerk in Wells, Fargo & Co.'s office at Fort Worth.

When they heard the firing they put out the lights and went to the rear of the car. At the command of the robbers they came out, Smith leaving his revolver just inside the door. The robbers ordered Smith and Beardsley to hold up their hands and then searched them. Smith was then ordered to go back into the car and light the lamp. He climbed back and the foremost robber started to follow. Smith seized the pistol, placed it almost against the robber's breast and fired, sending a bullet through his heart. The robber fell back dead, but fired twice at Smith while falling. Smith and the other robber also exchanged shots.

The robber then attempted to get his comrade's body on the engine, intending to uncouple it from the train and run on. While he was trying to lift the body upon the engine, the messenger got his double-barrelled shotgun, leaned out of the car and shot at him. The robber sank down, then sprang up and ran out of sight. The train returned to this city, the express car was repaired and the train went on, Messenger Smith remaining in the city.

Deputy Marshals Van Ripper and Rose at once started for Ysleta, 13 miles east of El Paso, and secured three experienced Mexican trailers and had them at the scene of the "hold up" before daylight. City Marshal Wyett and other officers were also on the ground by sunrise. The hunt was short—less than 50 yards from where he was shot lay the second robber dead. His body was brought back to the city and placed beside his late comrade in crime. An examination showed only one buckshot had struck him; that it entered the front side of the left shoulder and cut the artery just above the heart. The officers are reticent about it, and is learned that they believed they are on the trail of more robbers.

The theory is that the pals of the two men on the train were waiting with horses a little beyond where the train was held up. The shots fired by the two robbers were the signals that after getting their plunder the two robbers intended to run forward with the engine and leave the rest of the train. The two robbers killed were about 25 years of age and powerfully built men. The first one killed had on his person a receipt dated Terre Haute, Ind., Sept. 28, for a trunk marked J. E. Emerson, and received from J. E. Emerson. The second robber is minus the third finger on the right hand. One had about $20 and the other $15. They are recognized here, but their names are unknown. Both were photographed today.

Messenger Smith is from St. Louis, living now at San Antonio. He has been employed by Wells, Fargo & Co. for four years, and runs between El Paso and San Antonio. The citizens of El Paso presented him with a suit of clothes today, and have raised over $100 for a medal. J. W. Nichols, superintendent of Wells, Fargo & Co. for Texas and Louisiana, telegraphed Smith today, congratulating him on his victory and saying that if his example was followed train robbery would be a thing of the past.

HAMMOCKS FOR THE SICK.

A Hospital Physician Says There is No Bed So Good in Cases of Long Illness.

[New York Mail.]

"Put him in a hammock and relegate the bed to the innermost recesses of the garret!"

Strange advice to give, and as bold at it was strange. The art of the practice of medicine, however, is nothing if not progressive, and the young sawbones who delivered himself of the above order instituted a reform in the sickroom which, it is believed, will soon become general in hospitals as well as in private practice. "Put him in a hammock." Only those who have spent three or four months in bed or upon a water couch can form any idea of the relief that comes from even anticipating such a change.

The "him" referred to by the doctor was a helpless paralytic. Months of confinement in the bed had made him almost a wreck. "I recommend the hammock," said the doctor, in explanation of his extraordinary advice, "not only because of its undeniable sanitary excellence, but because of all places of rest, of all couches or beds, I think it the one that conforms best to the various curves and outlines of the human form. It has advantages that no other bed can give. Between it and the ordinary bed slept upon night after night there is no comparison. For bedridden people I believe it invaluable. Consider. The hammock requires only a stout blanket and a woollen sleeping dress. The sanitary difference between it and the bed becomes startlingly apparent at once, even to you who, perhaps, have never considered the subject before. It is so woven that it yields readily to every movement and projection of the body in every direction, except lengthwise, in which the weight of the body establishes its own support. Then, again, a person unable to get in and out of bed unassisted can roll in and out of a hammock without help. The position in a hammock can be varied in many ways to give rest that cannot be had in a bed. Swung about the same distance from the floor as a chair they make excellent seats, and one can make his hammock a reclining chair, a seat or a bed at will. Sitting down, the back can be drawn up to any desired height. Having no heat-generating mattresses to absorb the foul air or bad odors of a room, the hammock is always cool, sweet and ready for occupancy, and to my mind is a bed fit for a king. Therefore I recommend it in this case."

New Boston Music.

The list of new music is mainly composed of arrangements for the voice, and although it ranges according to degree of attainment, there is not a piece that is not well worthy the practice of all singers. Oliver Ditson & Co. publish several of the very choice compositions of E. Meyer-Helmund which are adapted to the most select occasions. They are: "The echo," 40 cents; "The Magic Song," 50 cents; "A Consolation," 35 cents; "Vale Carissima," 30 cents; and "The Oracle," 35 cents. C. Pinsuti has a gem for alto in C, the "Three Wishes"; 50 cents. A new number of the Sparkling Gems is the ballad "Only a Memory," by V. Rev; 50 cents. The beautiful "Egyptian Serenade" of George William Curtis has been arranged for the voice by F. Boott; 30 cents. "The Red Schoolhouse," H. P. Danks, is a tender song for every home; 40 cents. "Silver Locks," song and chorus, by H. P. Danks, is full of sweet pathos, and will move the heart of the hearer; 40 cents. "Thou Seemest Like a Flower," by Isadore J. Moquist, is superior in sentiment and in music, and will gain the admiration of good singers; 30 cents. The songs of J. W. Wheeler are always very popular, and his latest, "Good Night, My Baby Boy," is one of his best; 30 cents. Two new sacred songs for soprano or tenor, by E. N. Anderson, and ranking with the best, are "Hail the Star" (for Christmas), 30 cents, and "Eye Hath Not Seen," 35 cents. The everywhere played "General Boulanger's March" has been arranged for four hands; 40 cents.

White, Smith & Co. publish a new ballad that is likely to have a great run—"Back to My Love on the Shore," a song of a sailor, by J. P. Skelly; 40 cents. The new series of instrumental music for the piano, Shower of Melodies is proving a great success with teachers and their young pupils. Two new numbers are "Bloom and Blossom Waltz," 40 cents, and "Dancieg Flowers Schottische," 40 cents, by Edward Holst.

The Family Supplied.

[New York Sun.]

"You love my daughter?" said the old man.

"Love her?" he exclaimed passionately "why, sir, I would die for her! For one soft glance from those sweet eyes I would hurl myself from yonder cliff, and perish, a bleeding, bruised mass, upon the rocks 200 feet below!"

The old man shook his head.

"I'm something of a liar myself," he said, "and one is enough for a small family like mine."

DEATH'S HARVEST.

The Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman."

Lady Brassey, Author of "The Voyage of the Sunbeam."

Other Noted Deaths During the Past Week.

Mrs. Dinah Maria Mulock Craik, the well-known writer, died in London on the 13th inst. Mrs. Craik, whose maiden name was Mulock, was born in Stoke-upon-Trent, Staffordshire, in 1826. The daughter of a clergyman of the established church, she evinced a strong taste for study and literary work. Her first work, a novel entitled "The Ogilvies," was published in 1849. It was a subtle delineation of character and abounded in graphic life sketches. It was at once popular, as was also the second novel, "Olive," which appeared in 1850. She then turned to the middle classes of Scotland for material for fiction, and her "Head of the Family" was widely read and much praised. Short stories and occasional poems followed at short intervals until 1857, when she published her most mature and important work—"John Halifax, Gentleman." Miss Mulock became a great favorite with American readers, and reprints of her stories were widely circulated. Since 1860 some 20 novels, sketches and volumes of poems have been published by her. Among these are "A Life for a Life," "Christian's Mistake," "Two Marriages," "A Noble Life," "Fair France," and a number of children's stories. Miss Mulock was married late in life to George Lillie Craik, the younger, and in 1864 she was granted a literary pension of $300 a year. Her last book, "An Unknown Country," has just been announced by Harper & Brothers. The first use Miss Mulock made of her literary gains was in providing for her brother's education. At her expense he passed through London University, and was trained for the profession of a civil engineer. She possessed a most amiable and benevolent character, and having no children of her own, adopted a deserted infant.

Lady Brassey.

Lady Brassey, wife of Lord (formerly Sir Thomas) Brassey, the famous traveller and authoress, died recently on board the Sunbeam, her husband's yacht, while bound for Australia, and was buried at sea. Her name is familiar in America as in England for her adventurous tours in the yacht which she has made noted, and for her bright and interesting tales of sea voyages, that thousands have read in both countries. She was married to Sir Thomas Brassey in 1860. In 1869 Lady Brassey and her husband started on their first yacht voyage, and after two cruises took a trip in 1872 to Canada and the United States, sailing up several of the long rivers. Her first essay in authorship was the publication for private circulation of "The Flight of the Meteor," on her return from the Mediterranean. Her American tour was described in "A Cruise in the Eothen." In 1876 she determined to go around the world, and for that purpose the yacht Sunbeam was built, the result of the expedition being the publication of "Around the World in the Yacht Sunbeam." The next trip was to the far East, and a book followed in 1880 entitled "Sunshine and Storm in the East, or Cruises to Cyprus and Constantinople." Three years later a voyage to Madeira, Trinidad, Venezuela, the Bahamas, and home by the way of the Azores, resulted in a book, "In the Trades, the Tropics and the Roaring Forties." For years she was a leading spirit in the St. John's Ambulance Association, and with the assistance of medical men she held classes in different villages to instruct the people in simple surgical methods in cases of accident. The same kind of work was carried on by her in the foreign places she visited. For her valued services she was elected in 1881 a dame chevalier of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem. Among her latest voyages was one in August, 1885, in company with Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, on the Sunbeam, up the coast of Norway.

Minister Manning.

Hon. Thomas C. Manning, United States minister to Mexico, died in New York on the 10th inst. He was born at Edenton, on Albemarle sound, N. C. He fitted for college in his native town, and was graduated at the University of North Carolina. He was then admitted to the bar, and practised for a while in Edenton. In 1855 he emigrated to Louisiana, locating at Alexandria, on the Red river. When the war broke out he had built up an extensive practice. As a State's right Democrat he was elected to the secession convention of 1861, remaining therein on the committee of commerce, revenue and navigation. He was in the Confederate army till 1863, when he was appointed associate justice of the Supreme Court. After the war Judge Manning devoted himself to his profession, refusing the nomination of governor by his party when tendered to him. In 1876 he served as a Tilden elector, and in January, 1867, was appointed chief justice of the Supreme Court. Judge Manning was for years a trustee of the Peabody educational fund. When it was announced that General Jackson had tendered his resignation of the Mexican mission the fitness of Judge Manning's appointment was urged upon the administration with success.

Other Deaths.

Rev. Dr. Nathaniel Burton, one of the foremost Congregational ministers of Connecticut, died at Hartford last week. He was pastor of the Park Church in that city, and was 63 years of age.

John H. Wheeler, late professor of Greek in the University of Virginia, died at Newbury, Vt., on the 10th inst.

Captain Jonathan Cone, the inventor of life rafts, died in Philadelphia last week, aged 64. He formerly resided in Connecticut. During the war he had charge of the government transportation of troops on the Potomac.

The death of the religious Communist Wilhelm Weitling, who made some stir in Switzerland and Germany half a century ago, is announced. Weitling was a Zuricher, and started a Communist movement in his native canton at a time when that very democratic State was experiencing a conservative reaction. He was expelled for blaspheming and insult of the public religion. In 1843 he published "The Gospel of the Poor Sinner" at Berne, for which he was condemned to 15 months' imprisonment. Upon his release he went to Germany, but after a short stay emigrated to America and settled in Illinois, where the old enthusiast sobered down and died a prosperous farmer upon his own estate.

Captain Prince W. Ewer of Nantucket, one of the best known of the old whalemen, died a few days ago, aged 78 years. He went to sea for the first time in 1824 in the ship Constitution.

The widow of Professor Benjamin Peirce died Thursday at her home in Cambridge. Mrs. Peirce was in her 80th year.

Captain Cyrus Sturdivant, the well-known temperance lecturer, died in the Provinces recently, aged nearly 70. He formerly commanded one of the old Portland and Boston steamers. In temperance work he accompanied Francis Murphy for some time. He was known as "the prisoner's friend."

John H. Pearson, one of the oldest journalists in Pennsylvania, died in Lancaster on the 13th inst., aged 70 years. He was the founder of the Age, the Saturday Express and the Daily Express of Lancaster, publishing the latter journal for over 20 years. In his youth he was one of the fastest compositors in the United States.

One of the Pleasures of Rural Life.

[Montgomery Standard.]

We have heard of people riding on oxen, cows, donkeys, bulls, and riding on rails, but the scene which a couple saw while out riding a few miles west of this village last Sunday afternoon, takes them all down.

They had just passed a house in a rear lot adjoining which was a hog lot in which were some large hogs. In the lot among the hogs was a young miss of good size who was amusing herself on a Sunday afternoon riding the hogs around the lot. She would very frequently tumble of, but, picking herself up, would run and mount again, and dig her heels into the animal's ribs to make it run.

She evidently enjoyed the fun.

Shot Meant For-aker.

[New Haven News.]

If you call a policeman a puppy he'll arrest you. But you can apply that epithet to the president of the United States and then whine at getting snubbed.

Because You Can See Through 'Em.

[Burlington Free Press.]

Why do some people resemble a telescope? Because it is so easy to draw them out.

AGENTS WANTED

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COMMERCIAL MATTERS.

THE TEXTILES.

Imports of Wool and Woollen Goods—The Cotton Market.

No end of fault has been found by the wool growers of the West with the tariff reductions made in 1883, on the ground that their industry was affected more than the manufacturing business. As a matter of fact, however, the foreign trade returns show that the conditions are now more favorable to purchasers of foreign goods than foreign wool. This is of course injurious to both departments. The wool growers cannot prosper when manufacturing is depressed, whether the depression is occasioned by too dear material or too much foreign competition.

Late Statistics.

The average importation of all kinds of wool in 1880-3 was 80,633,301 pounds, and in 1884-87 98,017,452 pounds—an increase of 21 per cent. The importation of woollen goods of all descriptions, in like manner, averaged $36,675,998 in the first period, and $40,814,845 in the second period, the increase being 11 per cent. But the imports of wool last year fell off, as compared with the year before, from 129,000,000 pounds to 114,000,000 pounds, while the imports of wool manufactures increased during the same year from $41,000,000 worth to $45,000,000 worth. Whether the tariff is one thing or another, and whether the domestic clip is greater or less, a large quantity of foreign wool is required for consumption in this country. It is, of course, to the interest of the manufacturing industry that its cost should be as low here as in rival countries.

It is noteworthy that the increase in the importations of manufactures of wool since 1880 has been chiefly in the items of knit goods, rags, waste, shoddy, etc., yarns and unenumerated articles. Fewer carpets, fewer dress goods and less plain woollen cloth were imported in 1884-87 than in 1880-83, notwithstanding the tariff changes four years ago. As against an average importation of 67,088,926 yards of dress goods in 1880-83, we imported 66,432,813 yards in 1884-87. A smaller quantity and a smaller value of woollen cloths was brought in in 1887 than in 1884. It may be added, however, that a greater quantity of carpets, dress goods and cloths was imported in 1887 than in 1886, and that the returns of the eight months ended Aug. 31 show a corresponding increase this year in cloths and dress goods.

There is little likelihood of any change in the worsted duties at the Treasury Department. Congress will meet soon, and Congress-made law is vastly more desirable in every way than treasury-made law. It is understood that the great interests involved and the fact that the present practice is based upon a Supreme Court decision, and has been the same for many years, thus being tacitly sanctioned by Congress, make the department reluctant to order a change of such magnitude when Congress is about to convene. If the claim that worsted cloths are subject to duty as woollens is correct, Congress should make it more clear.

Dry Goods Interests.

The various cotton markets in this country are active. At Liverpool the movement continues large and prices are firmer. Latham, Alexander & Co. estimate this year's crop at 6,555,000 bales, as against 6,505,000 bales last year. The Manchester market for cotton goods is steady, with a fair demand. Yarns are firm with sellers asking an advance. In the dry goods trade here business is not quite so active as ten days ago but it is in the main satisfactory. The mills are largely sold ahead. The imports of dry goods at New York during the week ended Friday amounted to $1,775,205.

GROCERY STAPLES.

Price-Making Facts in the Coffee Trade—The Sugar Combination.

Two facts are influencing the coffee market. The first is a marked diminution of stocks in this country and in Europe, and the second is the prospect of increasing receipts at Rio. Stocks there are so far very small. Speculation has been irregular. The tendency of things last week was unmistakably upward, and liberal covering purchases were reported. On Thursday a sharp reaction occurred. Still, holders are no less confident than heretofore. The receipts at Rio from July 1 to Oct. 12 reached an aggregate of only 475,000 bags, and at Santos 286,000 bags, against, in the corresponding portion of last year, respectively, 1,322,000 and 631,000 bags. Last week, however, there was a considerable increase at primary points.

Brazilian Advices.

The Rio papers summarize the position there as follows: We see, if not ample, at least fair stocks abroad; Rio and Santos can throw on the consuming markets upwards of 700,000 bags within a month; and we may be said to have all the Rio and Santos crops yet to be received at the shipping points, and two and a half months of the crop season are past. Certainly this does not look very encouraging to holders, or to the "bull" interest. Holders are accordingly advised to ship their stock to consuming markets.

The latest monthly statistical exhibit of the Coffee Exchange made the aggregate consumption of coffee in the United States and Europe, July 1 to Sept. 30, 1,629,981 bags, against 2,654,729 bags same time in 1886.

Sugar Firmer.

The opinion prevails in the grocery trade that the sugar refiners have finally perfected their proposed combination. It is understood that it will go into operation this week. The scope of this combination is represented as including all the New York sugar refineries, and the Boston refineries with one exception, and having an executive committee of 11 refiners, with a New Yorker for general manager. Refined sugars were quickened into increased demand, partly by the talk of the combination scheme, and to a higher range of values. Granulated is quoted at 6 7-16c. to 6½c. per pound, an advance of 5-16c. within a week. The price a year ago was 5¾c. to 5 13-16c.

At the latest dates the aggregate stocks of sugar in all countries had fallen to 532,630 tons, against 547,264 tons a week earlier and 707,737 tons a year ago. The statistical position thus seems strong, serving to maintain the very firm views of holders and give decided help to values.

TRADE TOPICS.

Dairy Products Firm—Exports of Breadstuffs—Minor Mention.

While the request for butter is in no wise extraordinary, there is a good general demand and prices are firm. This is particularly true of the best selections. The choicest Eastern and Western creamery is worth 26@27c. per pound in round lots. Dairy butter is also in fair demand.

Fresh eggs hold remarkably firm. The request is extensive for Eastern supplies at 23c. per dozen by the quantity. Western stock commands 20@22c.

The following statement puts concisely the recent exports of breadstuffs and provisions:

	Breadstuffs.	Provisions.
September, 1887	$11,094,132	7,545,833
September, 1886	14,284,958	7,129,913
Nine months, 1887	129,892,624	65,136,999
Nine months, 1886	110,832,029	62,727,287

This falling off was to be expected, not merely because of the magnitude of shipments in July and August, but because the foreign demand in those months was to meet deficiencies in last year's crops, and in the countries which now have larger crops coming forward to market. The expected decrease in exports proves to have been considerable; in value of all breadstuffs not less than $3,190,826.

Oil—Copper.

The shipments of petroleum continue to exceed deliveries from the wells, it is estimated, to the extent of about 15,000 barrels daily, which has a bullish influence when it has any. The necessity for curbing production in order to advance prices and the stream of reports of inroads made on foreign consuming markets by Russian petroleum constitute the two bear weights.

Ingot copper is dull in this market. For immediate delivery it is worth 10.85c. The other metal markets are substantially unchanged, though there is weakness at some points in iron. The capacity of the 275 iron furnaces in blast Oct. 1 was the largest in the history of the country.

Fish Firm.

High prices appear to check the consumption of salt mackerel materially. Still the Boston dealers are receiving frequent orders from all parts of the country. On the whole, the condition of business is better than it was a month ago. With light stocks at all points, firm prices are naturally anticipated. The catch still promises to be the smallest for years. Codfish are firm, but pickled herring are weaker.

The New York Board of Trade and Transportation has unanimously resolved that "business men of all parties, whether protectionists or free traders, should unite in demanding early action by Congress to reduce our present enormous revenues in a way which will least embarrass existing industries."

IN LEADING MARKETS.

Prices for Produce at New York, St. Louis and Chicago.

NEW YORK, Oct. 15.—Cotton firm and unchanged; sales, 137 bales; uplands, ordinary, 6⅞c; good ordinary, 8 5-16c; low middling, 9½c; gulf, ordinary, 7c; good ordinary, 8 7-16c; low middling, 9¼c; middling, 9⅝c. Flour, receipts, 21,362 pkgs; exports, 2388 bbls, 4045 sacks; steady and without changes; sales 16,500 bbls, including 5200 bbls city mill extra, $4.15@4.35; 750 bbls fine, $2@2.75; 800 bbls superfine, $2.50@3.10; 650 bbls extra No. 2, $3@3.40; 4500 bbls winter wheat extra, $3@4.90; 4900 bbls Minnesota extra, $3@4.90. Southern flour steady; rye flour quiet but firmly held; buckwheat flour quoted $2.75@2.90. Cornmeal quiet. Wheat, receipts, 1100 bush; exports, 146,044 bush; sales, futures, 77,000 bush spot; No. 2 spring, 82c; No. 2 red, 81½@81¾c store, 82⅝@83⅛c delivered, latter fancy; No. 1 red, nominal, 87½c; No. 1 white, nominal, 87½c. Rye wholly nominal. Barley firm. Barley malt quiet. Corn, receipts, 68,750 bush; exports, 43,776 bush; sales, futures, 112,000 bush spot; options quiet, steady and without material changes, cash firm and quiet; No. 2, 52⅛@52⅜c delivered. Oats, receipts, 56,000 bush; sales, futures, 56,000 bush spot; a shade easier and very dull; spot prices, No. 3, 32¼c; do white, 34½c; No. 2, 32¾c; do white, 35@35½c; No. 1, nominal; do white, 37c; mixed Western, 32@34c; white do, 35@40c. Coffee fair; Rio quiet, 19⅜c. Sugar firm but quiet; refined quiet, firm; C, 5@5⅛c; extra C, 5⅛@5⅜c; do white extra C, 5½@5⅝c; yellow, 4⅞c; off A, 5¾@5⅞c; mould A, 6½c; confectioners' A, 6⅜@6½c; cut loaf and crushed, 6¾c; powdered, 6⅝c; granulated, 6½c; cubes, 6½c; others unchanged. Molasses steady. Rice firm. Petroleum steady. Tallow firm; quoted 4¼c; rumored sales, 50 hhds at 4 3-16c. Rosin steady. Potatoes firmly held and in fair request; prices as quoted last. Turpentine dull. Pork dull; barely steady; sales 100 bbls mess pork quoted $14.25@14.50 old, $15@15.25 new. Beef dull; beef hams firm; tierced beef steady; city extra India mess, $1?@15. Cut meats firm, sales 20,000 lbs; middles dull. Lard 4@5 points lower, dull and heavy; sales, 500 tcs Western steam, quoted $6.77½; 130 tcs city steam, $6.70; refined quoted, $6.90; continent quoted $7.40, S. A. Butter dull. Cheese quiet; State, 11@11¾c; Western, 9¼@11¼c. Freights, to Liverpool, market dull. Pig iron dull. Copper dull; Lake, 10⅜. Lead quiet. Tin firm. Spelter dull.

CHICAGO, Oct. 15.—Flour unchanged. Wheat steady; No. 2 spring, 69¼@69½c; No. 2 red, 72c. Corn dull; No. 2, 41c bid. Oats steady; No. 2, 25¾@26c. No. 2 rye, 49c. No. 2 barley, 68c. Provisions weaker; mess pork, $13.25@13.50; lard, $6.35; dry salted shoulders, $5.60@5.70; short clear sides, $7.40@7.45. Whiskey, $1.10. Receipts—Flour, 11,000 bbls; wheat, 79,000 bush; corn, 202,000 bush; oats, 220,000 bush; rye, 7000 bush; barley, 55,000 bush. Shipments—Flour, 12,000 bbls; wheat, 71,000 bush; corn, 137,000 bush; oats, 133,000 bush; rye, 1000 bush; barley, 45,000 bush.

ST. LOUIS, Oct. 15.—Flour quiet. Wheat quiet; No. 2 red, 71c. Corn dull, 39½@40c. Oats easy, 24¼c. Rye nominal. Barley: Nebraska, 44c; Minnesota, 60c. Whiskey steady, $1.05. Provisions dull; pork irregular; new, $14.25; lard quiet, $6.20@6.25; dry salt meats, shoulders $5.12½; long clear, $7.12½@7.25; clear ribs, $7.25@7.35; short clears, $7.50@7.67½; bacon, boxed shoulders, $6@6.12½; long clear, $8.10@8.14½; clear ribs, $8.25; short clear, $8.75; hams steady, $12@14. Receipts—Flour, 6000 bbls; wheat, 36,000 bush; corn, 30,000 bush; oats, 45,000 bush; rye, 30,000 bush; barley, 31,000 bush. Shipments—Flour, 13,000 bbls; wheat, 8000 bush; corn, 117,000 bush; oats, 8000 bush.

MARKET PRICES OF FISH.

The Mackerel Season About to Close—Quotations Firm.

GLOUCESTER, Mass., Oct. 14.—The mackerel season is fast drawing to a close and but few mackerel have been landed of late, and several of the vessels are already beginning to haul up on arrival. The demand and prices for all kinds and grades of fish continue good, and in consequence prices are well sustained. The arrivals and receipts for the week are as follows: Georges, 35; Grand Banks, 13; Western Banks, 11; Cape shore, 5; Quero, 3; Le Have Bank, 3; Iceland 1; Block island, 15; bringing a total of about 2,395,000 pounds codfish, 267,000 pounds halibut, 1325 barrels mackerel, 495 quintals cured fish, 65,000 pounds pollock, 5000 barrels herring, 12,000 pounds haddock and 52,000 pounds hake.

Following are the quotations:

	Per 100 lbs.	
Georges cod by cargo	$3 00	@ 3 12½
Bank	2 62½	@ 2 75
Smoked halibut	8 50	@ 9 00
Smoked Iceland	10 00	@11 00
Smoked mackerel	11 00	@12 00
Smoked haddock	5 00	@ 6 00
Fresh halibut, Georges	6 00	@ 9 00
Fresh halibut, Bank	5 50	@ 8 50
Fresh codfish	2 25	@ 2 50
Fresh haddock	2 00	@ 2 25
Fresh pollock	0 75	
Best boneless cod	6 00	
One pound blocks selected	6 50	@ 7 00
Hake, haddock and cusk	5 00	@ 5 25
	Per Qtl.	
Georges cured cod, large	4 75	@5 00
Georges cured cod, small	3 75	@4 00
Large Bank cured	4 00	@4 25
Small Bank cured	3 25	@3 50
Flemish Cape	4 00	@4 25
Nova Scotia cured	4 00	@4 25
La Have shore	4 25	@4 50
Hake	2 25	@2 50
Haddock	2 00	
Cusk	3 00	@3 25
Pollock	2 25	@2 50
Pollock, slack salted	3 00	@3 25
	Per dozen.	
Canned mackerel	1 75@2 00	
Canned lobsters	2 00	
Canned halibut	1 25@1 50	
Canned salmon	$1 75@2 00	
Canned trout	1 50	
Canned clams	2 00	
MACKEREL.		
	Per bbl.	
Extra shore bloater	$31	@ 32
Extra shore, No. 1	21	@ 22
Medium, No. 1	17	@ 18
No. 2s	16 00	@17 00
No. 3s	14 00	@15 00
Labrador split herring	6 00	@ 6 50
Nova Scotia split herring	6 00	
New Newfoundland herring	4 00	
Eastport, round	3 00	
Swordfish	7 50	@ 8 00
California salmon	16 00	@17 00
Halifax salmon	18 00	@19 00

BOSTON MARKETS.

Produce.

BOSTON, Monday, October 17.

BUTTER.—There has been a marked falling off in the market for butter the past week, probably on account of the warm rainy weather. Prices have not changed much, however. Choice grades of Western creamery are firmly held. Fine fresh Dairy lots are selling well. Fine imitation creamery is in good demand. The lower grades of butter continue in light supply and moderate call.

We quote: Creamery, Northern, extra, ..@26c ℔ lb; do, good to choice, 22@24c; do, Western, extra, 26@..c; do, 1st, 22@24c; do, choice, 23@25c; Franklin Co., Mass., Vt., extra, ..@26; do, good to choice, 25@25; Dairy, Northern, choice, 20@20; do, fair to good, 18@19; Western dairy, good to choice, 18@19; do, imitation creamery, 20@21; do, ladle-packed, choice, 17@18; do, fair to good, 13@14.

CHEESE.—There has been little change to the market the past week. Demand is light and confined to small lots. Sage is in light request. Liverpool quotations, 58s.

We quote: New York extra, 12@12½c ℔ lb; do, good to choice, 10@11; do, common, 8@9; Vermont extra, ..@12; do, good to choice, 10 @ 11; do, common, 8@9. Western fine, 11½@12; do, common, 10@12; Sage, extra 11@13; Skims, 2@4.

EGGS.—The demand continues good for all choice fresh-laid stock and prices are a shade higher than last week. Eastern and Northern are in steady demand and or Canadian eggs continue steady at quotations. Western eggs are in heavy supply and only extras command full prices.

Quotations: Near by and Cape, 24@..; Eastern extra, 22@23; do, firsts, 20@21; do, Aroostook, 20@21; N. Y. and Vt., 20@21; do, firsts, 20@21; Michigan, extra, ..@21; do, first, .. @ 19@20; Western, 19@20; Provincial, 20@21; ice-house, 18@19.

BEANS.—The supply from New York have increased during the week and stocks have accumulated. Choice Northern pea beans are in moderate demand and steady.

Quotations: Pea, choice Northern hand-picked, $2.45@2.55 ℔ bush; do, New York, hand-picked, $2.35@2.55; do, screened, $2.00@2.25; Medium choice, hand-picked, $2.20@2.25; do, screened, $1.80@2.10; Yellow Eyes, choice, $1.80@1.85; do, flat, $1.65@1.70; Red Kidneys, $1.85@1.90.

FRUIT.—The receipts of apples the past week have been large and the demand only moderate, and the market has been rather quiet, with prices lower.

We quote: Gravenstein, $2.75@3.25; Hubbardston, $2.00@..; Snow, $2.50@3.00; King, $2.50; Greening, $1.75; York State, $1.75; Harvey, Me., $2.00; Fall Pippin, $1.50; Common, 75c@$1.00.

VEGETABLES.—Trade in potatoes has been dull but as receipts were light prices are fairly well maintained. The market is well stocked with sweet potatoes and prices easy.

Quotations follow: New Potatoes—Early Rose, 60@73; Hebrons, 60@80; Burbanks, ..@70; Peerless, 65@70; Provincial, $1.75@2.25.

Sweets—Jersey, $2.25@2.75; Virginia, $2.00@2.25.

Onions, $....@3.00; Cabbage, ℔ 100, $4.00@6.00; squash, ℔ ton, $15.00@25.00.

HAY AND STRAW.—The receipts of hay continue quite liberal. The new hay now coming in sells at very good prices.

We quote: Choice, $17.50@18; do, fair to good, $15.50@16.00; Ordinary, $..@..; Fine, $12@14; Swale, $10.00@11.00; Poor, $12.50@13.50; West, choice, $16.50@17.25; do, fair to good, $15.00@16. Rye straw, $17.00@18.00; do, machine, $..@..; Oat straw, $7.00@8.50.

Groceries.

COFFEE.—The demand during the past week for Rio coffee has been only of fair proportions. Prices are well held. In mild grades the market has been dull and inactive.

We quote: Java, 23@25; Mocha, 23½@24; Rios, fair, ..@19⅛c; do, ordinary, ..@18½; Maracaibo, 22½@23½; Costa Rica, 22@23; Jamaica, 19@21; Guatemala, 22@23½; Mexican, 21@22; Havti, cleaned, 18@19.

FRUIT AND NUTS.—There has been a fair business during the week.

Quotations: Raisins, London layers, new, $2.75@3.00; Muscatel, new, $2.40@2.50. Currants, 6½. Citron, Leghorn, 20@22. Dates—Persian, new, ..@..; do, skins, 5@5½; do, fard, new, 7½@9. Figs, layers, 12@25; do, keg, 6@8. Prunes, French, case, 10@15; do, Turk, new, @3¾. Lemons, $3.50@6.50. Oranges—Florida, box, $....@....; do, Rodi, box, $5.00@....; do, Valencia, case, $6.00@10.00. Peanuts, hand-picked, 5¾@6½; Filberts, 9@11; Almonds, 16@18.

SUGAR.—The market has been quiet the past week for raw sugar, but at the close the market was stronger. The demand for refined sugar has been fair and prices are firm. The London market continues fair for beet at 7½d, and the closing price for cane was 14s 3d.

We quote: Powdered, 6⅝; Pulverized, 6¾; Granulated, 6½; Standard A, 6; Soft White, 5⅝@5⅞; Extra C, 5⅜@5⅝; Yellows, 5⅛@5¼.

TEAS—Following are the current prices: Oolong ranges from 15 to 21c; Formosas, 21@65; Japans, 15@35; Hyson, 13@36; Gunpowder, 29½@31; Twankays, 14@18; Congou, 30@48; Imperial, 40@50; Souchongs, 17@45; Pekoe Souchongs, 25@40; Pekoes, 20@60.

Flour and Grain.

GRAIN—The receipts of the week have been: Corn, 117,470 bush; Oats, 182,998 bush; Shorts, 54,299 bush. Last week: Corn, 102,950 bush; Oats, 248,223 bush; Shorts, 54,737 bush. Exports: Corn, 9884 bush; Oats, .. bush. Last week: Corn, .. bush; Oats, .. bush.

FLOUR—We quote receivers' prices for carload lots, as follows:

Fine Flour, $2.40@2.75; Superfine, $2.90@3.15; Common extras, $3.15@3.15; Choice extras, $3.40@3.75; Michigans, $4.10@4.25; Michigan roller, $4.40@4.50; New York roller, $4.35@4.50; Ohio and Indiana, $4.25@4.35; do, do, strait, $4.50@4.75; do, do, patent, $4.90@5.10; St Louis and Ill. $4.25@4.35; do, do, patent, $4.50@4.70; do, do, clears, $4.90@5.10; Spring wheat patents, $4.70@4.95 ℔ bbl.

CORN—There has been very little change during the week. Demand is quiet and prices fairly well held.

We quote: Yellow, 57@58½c ℔ bush; High mixed, 56¾@58 ℔ bush; Steamer Yellow, 57@58 ℔ bush; Steamer Mixed, 55¾@57c ℔ bush; No Grade, 55@56c ℔ bush.

OATS—Fancy, 39@40c; No 1 white, 38½@39½; No. 2, 36½@37½c; No 3, 35½@36½c; No 1 mixed, 35@36c; No 2, mixed, 34@35c; rejected mixed, 33@34c.

Fish.

FISH—Trade in mackerel has fallen off some during the past week, owing to the scarity of low grades, which the trade most demands. Codfish continue in good steady demand, and prices are unchanged.

Mackerel—Selected 1's, $28.00@29.00; No 1 Shore, $18.00@19.00; do, Bay, $16.00@17.00; N. S. large 2's, $15.50@16.00; Bay large 2's, late caught, $14.50@15.00; large rimmed 3's, $..@13.00; medium 3's, $12.00@12.50; large 3's, $12.50@13.00.

Codfish—Dry Bank, large, $4.50@4.75; do, do, medium, $3.50@3.70; do, N S Shore, $5.25@5.50; Pickled Bank, large, $3.87½@4.00; do, do, medium, $3.50@..; Bank, $..@4.00; Georges, $..@5.00; N S Shore, $4.37½@4.50; Hake, $..@2.25; Haddock, $..@2.50; Pollock, pickled, $2.25@2.75; do, English, $..@3.50. Boneless fish, 3@3½c ℔ lb; Boneless Cod, $4.50@5.50.

Miscellaneous.

HIDES AND SKINS—Following are the current prices: Brighton steers, 9@10; New England steers, 9@9½; do, do, cow, 8½@8¾; Calfskins—deacons, 30@40c; 6@6½lbs, 60@70; 8@9lbs, 90@$1.00; heavy, $1.00@1.10. Galveston dry, 13½@14; Texas kips, 14½@15½; Dry-salted Texas, 10@11; Buenos Ayres, ..@18½; Rio Grande, 19@..; Montevideo, 18@18½; Calcutta slaughtered cow hides, 9@11; do, dead green, 7@9; do, buffalo, 6; Sierra Leone, ..@21.

HOPS—The market is dull and quiet. Demand is mostly for fancy grades, which are scarce.

We quote: New York, 1887, good, 18@20c; do, 1886, good, 10@15c; do, 1885, choice, 6@8c; English, 1886, 15c; California, 1886, 10@15c; Eastern, ..@..c.

Canada malt, 90c@$1.00 ℔ bush; 6-rowed State, 88@92; Western, 65@80.

SEEDS—The market is steady, but the demand light and supplies liberal.

We quote: Clover, West, 8¼@9c ℔ lb; do, North, 8¾@9½; do, white, 15@18; do, Alsike, 11½@12½; Red Top, West, ℔ sack, $1.95@2.10; do, Jersey, $2.00@2.25; Hungarian, $1@1.25; Millet, $1.00@1.25; Orchard, $1.50@1.75 ℔ bush; Blue Grass, $1.40@1.60 ℔ bush; Timothy, prime to good, $2.70@2.50 ℔ bush; do, North, $....@.... ℔ bush; American flaxseed, $1.25.

SALT—The market is firm, demand fair and supplies moderate.

Quotations are as follows: Liverpool, in bond, hhd, $1.00@1.15; do, duty paid, $1.40@1.55; do sacks, c f, 75@85c; Cadiz, in bond, $1.50@..; Trapani in bond, $1.62½; Turk's Island, hhd., $2.25@2.40.

STARCH—We quote Potato Starch at 4¾@5c; Corn, 2½@2⅝c; Wheat, 5@6; Dextrine, 4½@5½c.

TOBACCO—The market has a firm feeling and the demand excellent. Prices are unchanged.

We quote: Havana wrappers, $2.00@3.35; do, fine fillers, $1.10@1.30; do, good fillers, $0.75@1.15; Yara 1 and 11 cuts, 85@1.00; Kentucky lugs, $4.00@7.00; do, leaf, $8.00@14.00; Havana s'd wr's, 30@45; do, 2ds, 15@21; do, binders, 10@17; do, seed fill, 8@11; Conn and Mass fill, 8@12; do, binders, 13@16; do, 2ds, 13@18; do, fair wrappers, 17@22; do, fine wrappers, 22@34; Penn wrappers, 20@35.

TALLOW—The market is steady, and firm. Following are quotations:

Tallow, prime, 4@4½; Country, 3¾@4¼; Bone, 3¼@3½; grease, light, 2½; do, dark, 2¼; do, chip, 1; do, naphtha, 1; do, hard, 4½.

WOOL—The receipts of the week have been 3768 bales domestic and 1925 bales foreign, against 9574 bales domestic and 1312 bales foreign for the corresponding week in 1886.

WATERTOWN CATTLE MARKET.

Arrivals of live stock at Brighton and Watertown for the week ending Friday, October 14:

Western cattle, 975; Eastern cattle, 299; Northern cattle, 383. Total, 1657.

Western sheep and lambs, 1980; Eastern sheep and lambs, 2392; Northern sheep and lambs, 8597. Total, 12,969.

Swine, 38,545. Veals, 918. Horses, 490.

Prices of beef cattle per hundred pounds, dressed weight, ranged from $4.00 to $7.00.

PRICES OF WESTERN CATTLE.

Extra quality	$5.12½@5.50
First quality	4.62½@5.00
Second quality	4.12½@4.50
Third quality	3.62½@4.00
Poorest grade coarse oxen, bulls, etc.	3.00 @3.50

PRICES OF HIDES, TALLOW, SKINS, &C.

Cents ℔ lb.		Each.	
Brighton hides	@7	Dairyskins	25@50
Brighton tall'w	3¾@	Sheepskins	75@$1
Country hides	6 @6½	Lambskins	75@$1
Country tall'w	1¾@2¼	Calfskins	@..
Calfskins	6 @7	Woolskins	@..

FINANCIAL.

Boston Stock Exchange..........Oct. 17.

BEFORE CALLS.

BONDS.		
$1000	Ch,B&Q 4s Den Ex	88
$2000	C.B&No5s	100
RAILROADS.		
930	A,T&S F.	91
337	do	91½
200	do	91⅜
600	do	91⅝
935	do	91¾
50	do	91¼
1500	do	90½
750	do	90⅞
200	do	90⅞
300	do	90⅝
200	do	90¼
350	do	90⅞
750	do	91
50	Cal South	35
25	C, B & Q	126½
100	do	125
175	Cen Mass	15
20	do..pref	34
155	do	33
150	N Y & N E	35
145	do	34⅜
100	do	34⅝
150	Union Pac.	44⅞

RAILROADS.		
50	Wis Cen	15½
MINING COS.		
10	Osceola	19¾
100	do	19½
10	Quincy	47
LAND COS.		
950	Bos Wat P	7⅜
150	do	7½
100	do	7¼
50	Brookline	4½
150	Campobello	2½
200	Fr Bay	6½
100	Newport	3
100	do	3½
10	San Diego	50¼
42	do	50
15	do	49¾
10	do	49½
10	do	49¼
15	do	49
875	West End	23¼
200	do...b10	23
100	do	23¼
350	do	23½
100	do	23⅝
MISCELLANEOUS.		
10	LamsonSts	51

FIRST CALL.

BONDS.		
$2000	C.B&No5s	100
$2000	Ch,B&Q 4s	95½
$1000	do.Den Ex	88
$1000	CR&M R 7s	105
$1000	C,K&W 5s.	90¼
$5000	do	93
$2000	do	90½
$2000	do	90½
$1000	M,H & O 6s 1923	97
$500	So Kan 5s. Gulf Div	95
RAILROADS.		
794	A,T&S F.	91
2	do	91½
25	do	90⅞
450	do	91⅛
300	do	91¼
200	do	91⅜
425	do	91½
100	do	91⅝
350	do	91¾
100	do	92
240	do	92¼
400	do	92⅜
300	do	92⅛
100	do...s60	91
250	do	92½

RAILROADS.		
2	Bos & Me	223
2	C,Bur & Q	126
100	Cen Mass pref	33
50	Fitchburg pref	94½
10	Mex Cen	12
10	do	12½
100	N Y & N E	35¼
100	do	35
5	do	34½
50	Union Pac.	44¾
25	do	44⅜
MINING COS.		
225	Franklin	10
4	do	11
5	Osceola	19½
LAND COS.		
300	Bos Wat P	7¼
200	Fr Bay	6½
40	San Diego	49
200	West End	22⅞
100	do...b10	23
MISCELLANEOUS.		
160	LamsonSts	50½
50	do	50⅝

BETWEEN CALLS.

BONDS.		
$500	C.K&W 5s.	93
$10000	Cal So inc	76
$2000	MexCen4s	64½
$2000	So Kan 5s. Gulf Div	95
RAILROADS.		
1160	A, T & S F.	92½
400	do	92⅜
300	do	92⅛
210	do	92¼
351	do	92¾
1034	do	93
100	do	92⅞
550	do	93¼
200	do	93⅜
935	do	93½
100	At & Pac	9⅝
3	Bos & Alb	199
100	Cal South	36
50	do	37
10	C, B & Q	125½
10	do	125
150	do	125¼
140	Cen Mass	15
6	do	15½
5	Chi & W M	40
19	Fitchburg pref	94¼
85	do	95

RAILROADS.		
100	Mex Cen	12
25	Union Pac.	44¾
210	do	45
100	Wis Cen	15½
MINING COS.		
53	Osceola	19
10	do	18
10	Quincy	47
41	Tamarack	98½
28	do....b7	98½
5	do	99
LAND COS.		
50	Bos Wat P	7⅜
300	E Boston	4¼
200	Fr Bay	6½
20	San Diego	49¼
20	do	50
5	do	50¼
100	do	50¼
100	West End	22⅞
250	do	22¾
400	do	23
60	do	23¼
700	do	23⅛
TELEPHONE COS.		
25	Am Bell	216
MISCELLANEOUS.		
50	Eastman Car Heater	3½

SECOND CALL.

BONDS.		
$1000	C.B&No5s	100
$1000	Cal So inc	76
$1000	C.K&W 5s.	90½
$5000	do....inc	47½
$5000	MexCen4s	64⅝
$1000	do	64¾
$2000	do.deb.10s	96
$4000	OreShL6s	95
$1000	NY&NE 6s	110
$3000	Sonora 7s	99¾
$15000	WisCen2ds	45
RAILROADS.		
100	At & Pac	9¾
50	do	9⅝
30	C,Bur & Q	125⅜
50	do	125¼
1	do	125½
7	do	125
100	Flint & P M	24
100	Mex Cen	12
150	do	11⅞

RAILROADS.		
626	A, T & S F.	93
100	do....s60	92
616	do	93¼
300	do	93⅛
20	do	92½
40	do....s30	92
10	do	92¾
350	do	93⅜
1624	do	93½
750	do	93⅝
203	do	93¾
8	do	94
1	do	93¼
MINING COS.		
100	Osceola	18¼
25	do	18
50	do	17¾
LAND COS.		
100	Aspinwall	7¼
30	San Diego	50
300	West End	23¼

AFTER CALLS.

BONDS.		
$6000	A&Pac inc	24¼
$3000	Ch,B&Q 4s Den Ex	89¾
$4000	Cal So inc	77
RAILROADS.		
106	A, T & S F.	93½
300	do	93¼
28	do	93
210	do	92¾
695	do	92⅝
1875	do	92½
200	do...s60	91
200	do	92⅜
480	do	92
200	do	92¼
100	do	92⅛
100	At & Pac	9⅝
15	do	10
200	do	9¾
5	C, B & N	62
130	C, B & Q	125
25	Cleve & C	7
50	do...pref	22

RAILROADS.		
100	Flint & P M	24
25	N Y & N E pref	105
7	Rutland pf	39
170	Union Pac.	45
MINING COS.		
2	Cal&Hec	194
25	Osceola	17¾
LAND COS.		
50	Boylston	2
50	E Boston	4⅜
20	do	4¼
10	Fr Bay	6¾
10	San Diego	50
100	Bos Wat P	7⅜
500	West End	23
10	do	23¼
100	do	22⅞
TELEPHONE COS.		
2	Erie	33
MISCELLANEOUS.		
3	LamsonSts	52
10	do	51¼

DEATHS.

SMITH.—In Dayton, O., 6th inst., Edward H. Smith, 59 years 5 months 1 day. [He was a soldier, belonging to Company B, Thirty-fourth Regiment, Massachusetts Volunteers; occupation, moulder; 6 feet high, fair complexion, blue eyes, gray hair and chin whiskers; nativity, N. Y., U. S. Relatives can obtain information by addressing Cass J. Houck, N. Daller st., Dayton, O.] New England papers please copy.

THE SECRET SERVICE

Engaged in a Man Hunt in the Mississippi Bayous.

A Deserter's Love for Whiskey Costs Him His Precious Life.

Prize Money that Came from a Youngster's Garrulity.

In the early part of June, 1862, a small sailing sloop was making its way under the shelter of the land towards one of the numerous bayous between Mississippi City and Biloxi, on the Mississippi sound, in the State of that name. The two persons that composed the crew were evidently desirous of avoiding the observation of a large Union gunboat, which was leisurely steaming about three miles from shore, in the direction of Deer Island. She had been changing her course several times during the afternoon, apparently undecided whether or not to run in shore and pick up the little sloop. A cat's-paw of wind filled the sail of the vessel, and putting her helm to starboard, the point of the bayou was passed and safety from the pursuit of the Yankee steamer was found in the shoal waters of the small inlet. Running the nose of the pigmy into a projecting bank, one of the occupants jumped on shore and tied her securely to the trunk of a tree. Judging from the few words that passed between the persons on shore and his shipmate, they were evidently Spaniards, and a close scrutiny would have revealed the fact that they were decidedly dark dagos, wearing the costume so prevalent among boatmen of that nationality living in the States of Mississippi and Louisiana. Their boat proved by its freight of groceries, etc., that theirs was a commercial excursion, and the Northern gunboat would have had a valuable prize if she had thought it worth the trouble to capture them.

Having secured the vessel so as to prevent any possibility of its floating away, the two men busied themselves in preparing their evening repast, and when in the act of eating the loneliness of their surroundings was broken by a hail from some one on land who, in Southern dialect, shouted: "Where are you fellows from?" The elder conveyed in very broken English the information that they came from Lake Ponchartrain, had been in Mississippi City, were bound for Biloxi, anxious to dispose of their load of merchandise at fair prices, and in the possession of a sailing pass, signed by the Confederate authorities of Mississippi City. The information appeared to be satisfactory, as the interrogator stepped on board the craft, and with evident relish partook of the contents of a suspicious-looking bottle without evincing symptoms of mistrust toward the crew of the sloop. Being offered a cigar, he became confidential and told them that he and a comrade who was in the neighborhood were part of a scouting party belonging to the Third Mississippi volunteers, and that their colonel had a portion of the regiment stationed at Biloxi; that groceries, especially liquors, were scarce around there, and that in his opinion the sloop's owners would have no difficulty in disposing of their cargo upon reaching their destination.

"But be very careful," he added, "two of the Yankee gunboats are skulking around every night close in shore and may capture you."

Expressing their thanks for the kind advice given, in a polyglot which required many gestures to make intelligible, the occupants were relieved of the company of the Mississippi soldier and appeared to be somewhat rejoiced at his departure, and well they might have been, as they were two secret service officers, in the employ of the United States government, engaged in a man-hunt.

A non-commissioned officer of a Northern regiment, of German birth and more than ordinary intelligence, had been left behind on Ship Island, in the Mississippi sound, when the troops of General B. F. Butler departed for New Orleans; this man had been employed as confidential clerk to the colonel of his regiment, and had in that capacity gained knowledge of an important nature as to the future movements of the Union forces in the Southern States. He was an able machinist, and one night, some two weeks before the evening the sloop made her appearance in the bayou, had stolen a little dugout and paddled himself across the sound to Biloxi, and was now in the employ of the rebel authorities there, engaged in the supervision of the construction of torpedoes, etc. The secret service officers had instructions to look up the deserter, return him alive if possible to Ship Island, or close his career as a supporter of the rebel cause. One feature of the character of the Union deserter was given to his pursuers; he loved whiskey inordinately, and there was no doubt felt as to the success of the interesting expedition, as they knew by previous experience that a sober, intelligent hunter invariably has the odds in his favor.

Slowly and carefully the next few days were spent in visiting all the plantations between Beauvoir and the destination of the sloop.

A lack of energy had somewhat curtailed the monetary success of the trip, as they were desirous of retaining as much as possible of their stock in trade till arriving at Biloxi, where they would probably have to spend several days before the last act in the drama could be finished. Before reaching their journey's end and while lying peacefully at anchor close in shore, their nerves were considerably strained by receiving a friendly visit of a boat's crew of the Confederate steamer Carondolet, who, like most blue-jackets ever met, could smell a bottle filled with poteen if a league to windward. The boys were very friendly and their conversation diplomatically guided and often repeated, as the foreigners were believed to be ignorant dagos, furnished mental charts for the planning of future movements of sloop and owners. The young lieutenant in charge of the cutter stated that two Confederate gunboats, in addition to his ship, were patrolling the sound and keeping a lookout for a valuable blockade-runner from England, which was expected to attempt to enter Mobile bay by a channel between Petit Bois and Dauphin island, to supply the Confederates with a cargo of arms, ammunition and medicines. The youngster's garrulity cost his government dear, as 10 days later a Union gunboat stationed in that channel prevented the English vessel, fitted out in a neutral port, bringing aid and comfort to the boys in gray, and Yankee tars divided considerable prize money in consequence.

By the time the sloop reached Biloxi, their owners were in possession of information that, if brought to Union headquarters, would have been considered fully equivalent to the trip and its dangers, but to return without the coveted passenger was not thought of. So the vessel was secured to the wooden pier of the little town with the determination not to flit away until the human cargo was safely on board. Biloxi was found to be a typical Southern town, inhabited by a rabid crowd of secessionists, whose mental capacities had not been sharpened by the use of books, and even if the visitors were not employed upon a political mission, they learned sufficient to guarantee them, if discovered, a speedy passage to another clime.

The cargo of the little sloop was welcomed by the populace as the gurgle of the desert spring is by the thirsty Arab. They were in need of everything in the shape of provisions, and a bottle of "Old Kentuck" could not be procured for love or money, a situation of affairs which made the examination of credentials on the part of authorities very hurried and superficial, and which brought the arrivals immediately upon a familiar footing with the most august civil potentate in town, the mayor, who assured them that his palate and throat were as dry as a drumhead, and whose immense swallowing capacity proved the assertion.

A few companies of the Mississippi regiment were holding the town, and soon one of the sloop's crew was circulating around among them with the bashful astonishment of a yokel depicted on his physiognomy, and the determination to locate the deserter in his mind. As humanity of the Dago class was despised and looked upon as of less consequence than a negro, the stroller's movements were not noticed, and the object of his wanderings, the deserter, had good reason to curse the photographer's art or his own stupidity in sitting in front of a camera at Ship island, as within 24 hours after the arrival of the sloop at the wharf two men who meant business were discussing the ways and means by which his career as a traitor to the stars and stripes could be closed, and Colonel Deason, commanding the soldierly, unconsciously supplied the incentive to bring the desired prize within the reach of his pursuers. A command was promulgated that no liquor should be sold to the soldiers except upon a written order from a commissioned officer, and as the fluid portion of the ship's cargo was not large enough to fully supply the officer's demands the privates did not have much chance to enjoy the luxury of having a strong pull at the bottle.

It happened that the deserter, knowing that liquor was in the vicinity, felt his appetite invigorated, and in a short time was standing on the wharf, in company with scores of others, longingly eyeing the sloop which carried the coveted corn-juice. He was speedily seen boarding the vessel and innocently inquiring the price of plug tobacco. The article was not too high for his exchequer, and a hint shrewdly given brought the statement that he would make an effort to come around after taps to plank down a $10 gold piece for a bottle of Monongahela, if the article was procurable without a piece of paper. Enough English was scraped together by the two foreigners to advise him not to bring a crowd, after which the deserter sauntered towards town, little dreaming that his own base appetite was sharpening the sword which was suspended over him as by a thread.

At 10 o'clock that night two individuals were cautiously sneaking toward the vessel, and they seed too eager to board her decks to notice that her position had been changed and that she was now headed toward the outer end of the wharf. Upon their arrival on board they were earnestly entreated to be very quiet, as the slightest noise was liable to bring the patrol, discovery of them, and subsequent confiscation of sloop and cargo. As the request was backed by a very large goblet of whiskey, the twain sat down on the edge of the cuddy, and enjoyed the proffered hospitality of the sloop's owners, who were not in a hurry to send them back to their quarters. The darkness prevented the guests perceiving that their host did not imbibe any of the liquid; having the knowledge that it had been sufficiently doctored for the occasion, the contents of his glass found its way between the chin and his shirt. Within half an hour the deserter was in a helpless state of intoxication, but the liquid was not having the same effect upon his comrade, who seemed to be blessed with a cast-iron interior department, was apparently as sober as a judge and deplored the condition of his companion.

As the wind was northwest and blowing pretty strong, the sloop owners thought that the moment had arrived to put an end to their stay in Biloxi, and the sudden placing of a muzzle of a large revolver to the temple of the sober visitor, induced him to join his comrade in the small apartment called the cuddy, in the forward part of the sloop. In a few seconds the sail was hoisted, the ropes which kept the vessel to the wharf cut, and the return trip commenced.

One of the crew after assisting in hoisting the sail was stationed above the sober prisoner, informing him that his existence would be shortened by a bullet if he opened his mouth, and the second owner guided the little craft to the southeastern point of Deer island, intending, when having passed that point, to run due south for Ship island The sloop was doing nobly, and nobody in Biloxi seemed to be interested in her departure, but just when rounding the point a large rowboat shot out from the shore and hailed the sloop, ordering her to lay to and be interviewed. Of course visiting at that time of night was undesirable, and the sloop held her way, but soon observed that the rowers had an earnest desire to make the acquaintance of the sailing craft's crew, as they bent to their oars with a will, and hoisted a sail to aid the speed of the boat. For a mile or so the race was kept up, the distance between them becoming shorter at each successive stroke of the oars. They decided upon what they considered the best thing under the circumstances, and the sober passenger was ordered to make himself ready to take a swim. He objected emphatically, but as a revolver is a very strong argument, and a large pine box was to be thrown after him to keep him afloat, he made the plunge, and the crew of the pursued sloop observed with deep satisfaction that the boat picked up the floating soldier and in so doing lost distance sufficient to make further pursuit unproductive. The boat gave up the chase, and the sloop with its prisoner arrived safely at Ship island, where the deserter, awakening from his debauch, found that Uncle Sam's officials were terribly in earnest. A court marshal was convened, and at 5 o'clock the following evening a convicted traitor of the Union cause paid with his life for an offense committed in the hope of pecuniary gain.

ALBERT DE LEUR.

MR. BOWSER'S MISTAKE.

He Tries to Become an Orator and Speaks in Public on the Stage for About One Minute.

[Detroit Free Press.]

I hope the public has not conceived the idea that Mr. Bowser and I are constantly quarrelling, or that he is a failure as a husband. No family is happier than ours, and Mr. Bowser is one of the best husbands in the world. He is simply a little bit queer. That is, we haven't been married quite long enough for me to tone him down. Like many other young husbands he wears a much larger hat now than he will a couple of years hence, but that is a fault instead of an evil. The other evening he came home in a state of excitement, promenaded around the house with his nose in the air for a while, and then inquired:

"Did those books come up, Mrs. Bowser?"

"There was a package came up. Have you been getting another batch of useless books?"

"All books are useless to some people, Mrs. Bowser! If you were like some wives I know of you'd encourage your husband instead of insulting him."

"Well, I shall be glad to have you read every evening. History or politics?"

"Neither. They are works on oratory."

"What?"

"Mrs. Bowser, I have been advised by my many friends to take a few lessons in elocution and delivery, and to then accept some of the numerous invitations tendered me to address this or that society or organization."

"Richard Moses Bowser, you can't be in earnest!"

"That's it! Yell out at the top of your voice and tell everybody in Detroit that my name is Richard Moses! Maybe it sounds better than major. Why shouldn't I pluck the laurels from the field of oratory? If some people are satisfied to grovel in the dust they needn't try to prevent others from soaring to the clouds."

"But you have no presence—no voice."

"I haven't, eh? I was present enough, and made myself pretty well understood when I asked your hand in marriage! You don't know me, Mrs. Bowser. See here."

And he drew himself up to his full height, which is a trifle over five feet, swelled his stomach out, and as he lifted himself up on his toes he waved his arm and began:

"Gentlemen may cry peace, peace, but there is no peace. The next gale which sweeps from the North will bring to us the clash of arms."

"Yes, Mr. Bowser, but your voice is squeaky, and you are very, very short. Please give it up. I should feel awfully bad if you made a failure."

"Squeaky voice! Very, very short! Make a failure! Mrs. Bowser, you want to choke me off, but you can't do it. You will yet be deafened by the plaudits of the multitude who cheer my oratory."

He had five or six books of speeches, dialogues and lessons in preparatory greatness, and as soon as supper was over he locked himself in the library and began. He was still going it when I went to bed, and at midnight I was awakened to see him before the glass on the dresser and hear him saying:

"I tell you, gentlemen, that the bulwarks of American liberty are tottering to their foundations. A few more such acts as these and—a few more—a few more—a few more such acts as—as—"

"If you wake up the baby he may have cramps," I said.

Mr. Bowser was so indignant that he would not utter a word in reply, nor did he address me until after dinner next day. He continued his labors for a week or 10 days, ranging in his outbursts of oratory from "The Dying Child" to "An Appeal for Liberty." Then, from what I could overhear, I made up my mind that he was preparing an address for a special occasion. He couldn't keep the news to himself, but soon informed me that he was to soon address the Young Men's Liberty Club.

"Mr. Bowser, please give it up. If you should make a failure of it you would feel far—"

"Make a failure of it! Mrs. Bowser, you don't know me! Just attend to painting your old pottery and drumming on that piano and I will take care of myself!"

I pity the poor man when I look back over those days. He wrote and rewrote. I think he prepared as many as six or seven addresses before he got one to suit, and he spent at least 14 hours per day trying to commit it to memory. He looked upon me as his enemy, and refused to have any further conversation on the subject until the day of the evening when he was to speak. Then, being apparently very nervous, he remarked:

"Do you think my voice has improved?"

"I hope it has."

"There you go! Do your very best to discourage me!"

"Mr. Bowser, can't I prevail upon you to give up this idea of making an address tonight?"

"Never! If I can succeed with my wife seeking to drag me down the honor will be all the greater."

At midnight they brought Mr. Bowser home in a hack. He was in a nervous chill. He went upon the platform to deliver his address, and began:

FELLOW CITIZENS—Let me assure you that I highly appreciate the great honor paid me by this club in selecting—in choosing—in picking me out to deliver—deliver—picking me out—in—in—.

That was as far as he got. one boy yelled out: "Go it, Shorty!" and others told him to take his nose off, put a brick on his tongue, etc., and he broke right down. The papers next morning charitably refrained from even mentioning his name. I was looking to see if anything was said, when Mr. Bowser came down to breakfast. I smiled at him kindly, but he shook one fist at the baby and the other at me and hoarsely replied:

"It's all right—all right, but I'll pay you off if I have to wade in gore knee-deep!"

TALKING ABOUT BEANS.

Peleg Asks His Grandpa an Inconsiderate Question.

In Consequence He Gets a Romantic Indian Story Full of Love.

The Blissful Legend of Chink-a-Pin and Old Squawkee Hill.

[Ed Mott in New York Sun.]

"That pig'll be ready to kill in a couple o' weeks more," said the Old Settler, as he and little Peleg stood by the sty looking at the fat grunter eating his evening meal. "He's fit enough to kill now, fer that matter, fer he's ez fat ez a fall b'ar, an' durn nigh ez big. I only wish he were a b'ar, Peleg. Jeewhizz! Mebbe I wouldn't bounce inter that pen nor nothin'! I'd show ye a rassel, sonny, an' give ye an idee how I usety shet the wind offen b'ars w'en I took it inter my head to bother with 'em. I gener'ly had 'em laid out cold, if I felt that way, 'fore they had time to claw. I unly wish that shoat were an' ol' he b'ar, Peleg, so's I could git in that pen an' show ye one o' the leetle reecryations I usety hev durin' play spells w'en I were a boy."

Peleg gazed at the pig. He was silent and seemed lost in reflection. By and by he said:

"Grandpop, I wish you'd tell me, as near as you can figure 'em up, how many bears you ever tackled and got the best of. I don't mean the woods full and woods full that you've shot, but the bears that you've just walked up to and ketched by the neck and shut their wind right off, or thumped 'em into conniption fits before they knew they were hurt."

"Gosh, sonny!" exclaimed the Old Settler, after recovering from the surprise Peleg's request had given him, "ye don't want me to spend a hull evenin', and fill both sides of your slate a figgerin', do ye? I can't do it, sonny, but arter yer gran'mammy goes to the sewin' circle this evenin', over to the 'Squire's, I'll tell ye a nice Injin story that sumpin' called to my mind today. I think it'll please ye."

That was all satisfactory to Peleg, and when they were left alone in the kitchen, the Old Settler began:

"Squawkee Hill," said he, "is one o' the highest p'ints o' the Wolf Tongue mountains. Ez ye circle in to'ards the Wolf Tongues goin' sou'west f'm Sugar Swamp, ye kin see ol' Squawkee raisin' in front o' ye right up inter the clouds almost. Ye mowt think ye could chuck a stun an' hit ol' Squawkee squar in the face, f'm the way he looks to ye, an' so ye could, pervidin' ye could chuck the stun a leetle matter o' nine miled or better, fer the hill hain't an inch nigher to ye th'n that. The top o' Squawkee Hill is so hard to get to th't nobody was ever thar, 'cept the few indyviduals ez I'm gointer tell ye 'bout, an' they was all Injuns. If ye sh'd ever climb that hill, Peleg, ye'd find that jist 'fore ye got to the top of it y'd come to a split in the rock more'n 50 foot wide, an' so deep th't ye can't see the bottom of it. Ye can't go around that big split, fer it makes a sort o' half circle around the top o' the hill, an' its two ends opens in the west side o' the hill a mile apart, the west side bein' nothin' but a straight up an' down ledge. So the crown of old Squawkee hain't much better'n an island up in the clouds, an' one that ye can't git onto unless ye throw a bridge 'crost the gulley.

"The time I'm tellin' ye 'bout, sonny, th' was quite a bit o' woods on that island, an' 'mongst 'em some dead ol' pines th't riz up like spooks, they was so white an' naked. They was the nestin' places of the biggest eagles th't ever lived, an' even to this day thuz eagles lays an' sets an' hatches up thar on the top o' Squawkee, an' steals lambs an' chickens down below at the clearin's. In them days, Peleg, the Sugar Swamp deestric' wa'n't the home o' civilization th't it is today. Th' wan'n't no tavern thar then, an' the citizens was all Injins—real red Injins. They had a King, an' f'm all accounts th't has been handed down about 'em, they must ha' ben a tol'able jolly an' com'fable congregation. The King o' them air Ingins had a son th't he thought a heap on, an' he wanted him to marry a gal th't were the darter of one o' the way up Injins o' the gang. The gal didn't hev no objections, ez the young Prince Gungle-jib-goggle-eye were a dandy, but the young Prince had a sneakin' notion arter another piece o' savage caliker, and his heart didn't thump agin his ribs a durn bit fer the fust gal."

"Grandpop," said little Peleg, as the Old Settler filled his pipe, "didn't young Prince What-d'yz-call-him have an English name?"

"No, sonny," replied the Old Settler. "English names would ha' gone about ez fur 'mongst them Injins ez a pint o' rum would at a Sugar Swamp barn raisin'. The meanin' o' Gungle-jib-goggle-eye's name in English, though, Peleg, I kin giv ye. It meant Snatch-a-scalp-quicker'n-a-houn'-pup-kin-lick-a-skillet. I sh'd jedge, 'cordin' to that, th't the young prince wa'n't no slouch. But all the same he had to mind his pap, an' about the time my story opens th' were a heap o' trouble on his mind. The gal he had a hankerin' for wa'n't in society at all, an' they said th't she was act'ley so short o' clothes th't all the difference 'twixt her week-day an' Sunday-go-to-meetin' toggery were th't on Sunday she trimmed her finger nails. But she were pootier th'n a new buckboard painted red an' a sheepskin on the seat. She were the color of a red heifer in June, an' had a name that suited her to a dinktum. She answered to Paw-paw-chink-a-pin, an' if ye'd ha' called on her an' ast fer her in English y'd ha' inquired for The-custard-pie-that-hain't-got-no-flies-on-it. That were her Christian name in our mother tongue, Peleg, an' she were a wild Injin maiden, sich ez the sun don't shine on nor the stars don't wink at nowadays.

"One day Prince Gungle-jib-goggle-eye's pap sent fer him, and w'en the young prince went afore the king the ol' man says:

"'Well, Gungie, my son'—he alluz called him gungie, the king did, 'cause he were gener'ly pressed fer time—'Gungie, my son,' says he, 'sling on another eagle feather er two, put a couple o' more coats o' red on yer nose, tetch up yer cheeks with green an' yer forrid with blue, an' look ez scrumptious ez ye kin, fer thuz gointer be a weddin' at our house t'night, an' you're to be the fort'nit bridegroom.'

"'Ugh!' said the prince, in a deep, bass voice. Injins alluz says Ugh! in a deep, bass voice, Peleg, if they'm real ginywine hand-painted Injins. 'Ugh!' said the prince. 'An' who's the unfortnit bride?'

"'Calabingo-bungo-bang,' replied the king.

"That was the gal the king had picked out for the prince, an' the one the prince didn't want to marry. She was a proud an' high-steppin' Injin gal, an' that's w'at they called her Calabingo-bungo-bang fer, ez that means, Carries-her-head-so-high-she-eats-clouds. Prince Gungle-jib-goggle-eye were knocked clean out by this order of his pap's, but he braced up an' didn't show it.

"'Ugh!' said he to his pap, 'I'll be in time fer the funer'l!' An' with that he walked out. He went straight to his sweetheart Paw-paw-chink-a-pin, an' tol' her the jig were up ez fer ez their gettin' spliced were concerned.

"'The ol' man's giv his orders,' said the prince, 'an' that settles it. If you only had some winter clothes, now,' says the prince, 'me an' you'd cut sticks outen this,' says he, 'an' dig fer Canady.'

"'Say, Goggly,' says Paw-paw-chick-a-pin, 'do you know th't you make me very tired? Ye hain't got no more backbone th'n a cattypillor,' says she. 'I tol' you long ago th't I were goin' ter hev half o' that wigwam o' yourn, an' I'm agoin ter hev it, too, an' don't you forgit it!' says she. 'I don't know e'zac'ly how, at this present writin',' says she, 'but th' hain't no redskin gal th't hoes corn agointer sheer that wigwam with you but me,' says she, 'an' ye hear me, Goggly! I hev shouted,' says Chink-a-pin, and she strutted away ez sassy as a banty rooster.

"But the prince didn't feel jest right. He were all broke up. He walked an' he walked, an' the fust thing he know'd he found th't he had clim right up the east side o' Squawkee hill, an' stood plumb on the edge o' the big yawnin' gulley. If he'd ha' took one more step he'd ha' gone down inter it, an' I wouldn't ha' had no story to tell ye 'bout him, sonny. But he didn't take the step, though he stood thar for a spell an' had a notion to. Then he turned to go back, w'en his eye fell onter a tree ez had been blow'd down an' laid clear across the gulley, makin' a sort o' bridge from one side to t'other. Gungle-jib-gobble-eye hadn't no sooner see the tree layin' thar, th'n he ups an' walks over it, an', I guess, were the fust human bein' or Injin th't ever pressed a foot on that island top o' Squawkee. The prince sot down an' the lonely place only made him feel wuss th'n ever. Bimeby he got up to go, an' at that very minute w'at sh'd heave up in front of him but a whoppin' big painter, with eyes like balls o' fire, an' his jaws a-workin' an' his tail a-lashin', showin' th't he were good an' hungry an' bound to hev a supper. The painter stood on the fallen tree on one side o' the gulch, an' the prince had his foot on t'other end. Ez luck would hev it the Injun didn't hev a consarned weepon with him, comin' away from hum like he did, an' thar he were, on the edge of a gulch a mile or so deep, an' a hungry painter disputin' his gettin' away from it. The painter, seein' th't the Injin didn't make no move to come over to him, picked hisself up an' commenced to go over to the Injin. Gungle-jib-goggle-eye looked down at the tree whar it rested on his side of the gulch, an' noticed fer the fust time that th' wan't more th'n an inch of it restin' on the edge. All he were thinkin' of jist then were to save hisself from the painter, an' he begun to kick with all his might at his end o' the tree. Little by little he could see it give, an' jist ez the painter had got within 10 foot of him, an' were crouchin' fer his last spring, the tree give way, an' boom! boom! boom! crash! crash! crash! it went inter the gulley, carryin' the painter with it. It wa'n't until the sound o' the crashin' tree had been swallowed up in the dep's o' the gulch th't it struck Gungle-jib-goggle-eye w'at he had done. He had done up the painter, but now how was he gointer git offen the top o' ol' Squakee? Thar were the gulch on three sides o' him an' the straight up-an'-down lege on t'other. The tree th't he had kicked down were the only way he had had to git back from the island, an' thar he were.

"'Jee whizz!' says the prince, bimeby. 'It's tol'able sartin th't th' won't be no weddin' to our house t'night,' says he, an' he laid down under a tree an' went to sleep. He was woke up by eagles a-screamin', an' noticed th't a couple o' the biggest eagles he had ever see had a nest in the top of a tall dead pine clus by him.

"Wall, Peleg, three days went by, an' Gungle-jib-goggle-eye begun to git hungry up thar on the top o' ol' Squawkee. He had trapsed the hull length o' the circlin' gulley, but th' wa'n't no way to git 'crost it. Not havin' any weepons he couldn't kill nothin' to eat, an' roots an' berries not bein' over plenty, he begun to feel th't a squar' meal would set tol'able cheerful on his stomach. On the even'n' o' the third day he were layin' on his back lookin' up to the eagle's nest, a listenin' to the great big birds a screamin' an' watchin' 'em tear up a young deer the ol' he feller had just fetched in, w'n all of a suddent an idee struck him so hard th't it knocked him inter a settin' p'sition. The very day th't he had wandered up onter Squawkee Hill, Pawpaw-chink-a-pin had tol' him th't if he'd rig her up a trap she'd trap an eagle an' make him the swellest kind of a head fixin' outen its feathers. He rigged up the trap. Now the idee th't hit him were: S'pose one o' them eagles nestin' in the ol' pine sh'd be trapped by his gal? Mebby ye mowt say, sonny: Wall, s'pose it were? Aha! That's w'at the Injin prince ast hisself, an' then he done sumpin' else. He s'arched all over his clothes, an', ez luck 'd hev it, he foun' a sheet o' writin' paper."

"Writing paper, grandpap?" said little Peleg, looking up in surprise. "Why, Injins didn't have writing paper as long ago as that."

"Peleg," replied the Old Settler, solemnly, "who's the oldest, you or yer gran'pap?"

"Why, you are, grandpap."

"Then who orter know best whuther Injins had writin' paper or not the time my story happened? I'm old enough, hain't I, to 'member back fur enough fer that?"

"I guess so, grandpap. Bill Simmons says th't if he could remember back as far as you can he'd think Methuseler was a kid 'longside of him."

"He would, hay? Bill Simmons is a bright boy. He knows a heap. He knows so much, b'gosh'lmighty! th't mebby he knows this story, an' so ye better go over an' let Bill Simmons tell it to ye!"

It took a good deal of coaxing and a great many rash promises on the part of Peleg before the Old Settler was placated so that he would go on with his story, but he finally resumed his narrative as if nothing had happened.

"Arter findin' the sheet o' writin' paper," he said, "the Injin prince writ the follerin' letter to Chink-a-pin, ez nigh ez I kin call it off:

DEAR CHINKA—I take my pen in hand to inform you that I am well, an' hope these few lines will find you injyin' the same blessin', but I am in a very oncomfertin' fix, which, if I don't git out of it, I'll be a dead Injin soon. I am on the top o' Squawkee Hill. If I'd tell this to some folks they'd call me a liar, and then th'd be a fight, but you know me, Petey, an' th't I hain't no kind of a wild roamin' son o' the wilderness fer prevaricatin'. I tell ye I'm high an' dry on ol' Squakee, an' unless sumpin' turns up to get me off, I'll be chasin' the boundin' deer an' the rampagin' b'ar in the happy huntin' groun's 'fore half a moon kin roll around. Mebby you kin think up some way o' fishin' me down. No more at present. The 'skeeters is bad. Love to all, an' keep a big hunk fer yerself. Your'n, thirsty an' hungry,
GOGGLY.

"Arter writin' that, the Injin prince waited till the eagles had gone to roost in the top of the ol' pine tree, an' w'en it got dark he clim up the tree an' tied the letter to the he eagle's leg. Then he slid down, an' in a few minutes were snorin' like a tired-out houn'.

"The sudden goin' away and the not comin' back o' the young prince made a heap o' excitement 'mongst the Injins. The king durn nigh went crazy, an' at last, on the third day of his son's absence, he sent out word th't whoever recovered Prince Gungle-jib-goggle-eye could have anything the king had to grant. As most everybody wanted sumpin' they didn't have, the hull tribe went lookin' fer the prince. Chink-a-pin were consid'able shook up by the disappearance of the prince, but she sot her eagle trap all the same ev'ry day, but she didn't ketch nothin' till the fourth day, an' then she foun' a slammin' big eagle fast by one foot in the trap. She were jist about to send an arrer through it, w'en she see sumpin' hangin' to its leg, an' she made up her mind she'd investigate a leetle 'fore she killed the big bird. She lassoed the eagle an' bound it down, an' then got the piece o' paper that was hangin' to its leg. That paper were Goggly's letter. Sure enough, the eagle had happened to get in Chink-a-pin's trap. The Injin gal give a little yell w'en she red the letter, an' then closed up tighter'n a drum.

"'I'll hev sumpin' to ask fer f'm the King afore two days,' says she, 'an' I'll get it, too.'

"Chink-a-pin sot down an' writ an answer to the Prince's letter, tied it to the eagle's leg and let the big bird outen the trap. Away it sailed up to'ards the top o' ol, Squawkee. The Prince, hungrier th'n ever, ever, war layin' on his back, wonderin' w'at war gointer become o' him, w'en the ol' he eagle come back to the dead pine screechin' an' screamin' and makin' a great fuss.

"'He hain't ben ketched,' said the Injin, with a groan.

"The prince noticed that the eagle kep' a peckin' an' a peckin' away at his leg, an' bimeby he see sumpin' white droppin' down outen the tree. It come a zigzaggin' an' a shakin' down, an' fell right at Goggly's feet. He picked it up. It was Chink-a-pin's letter, ez follers:

DEAR GOGGLY—Your'n received, an' were glad to heer from ye. I were 'feered mebby ye were lost. 'Scuse haste an' a bad pen, but I'm going out to kill a fawn. I'll see ye t'morrow an' tell ye all about it. Yer pap is well. Your'n lovin'ly, CHINK-A-PIN.

"'Crazier th'n a bed bug on a boardin house cot!' yelled the prince, an' he clawed the ground an' kicked. 'I'm a gone Injin, and I mowt ez well git ready to feed the crows.'

"Gungle-jib-goggle-eye rolled an' groaned an' cussed his luck till 'long to'ards noon the next day, an' then he jumped up an' marchin' to the edge o' the gulch, made up his mind to end his misery by jumpin' in. Jist ez he were gointer make the spring, one o' the big eagles come a sailin' up with a deer in its claw.

"'I'm a gointer climb that tree an' make a fight for some o' that deer!' says the prince, an' he stepped back f'm the gulch an' starts fer the tree. He had got to the foot of the pine when he heard a shout, an', lookin' up, see sumpin' a slidin' down the three like a flash, an' the next second he was bein' hugged an' kissed by Paw-paw-chin-ka-pin, The-custard-pie-that-ha'n't-got-no-flies-on-it! The eagles soared around an' screeched, for that gal two minutes afore were the young deer the eagle had carried to the nest.

"'Shot the fawn!' said Chink-a-pin between hugs. 'Carried it home. Cut it open. Cleaned it. Crawled inside. Mother sewed it up. Stood the deer in the woods. Eagle swooped down. Up I go, an' here I am. Left a letter for yer pap the King. Th'll be some one up here to get us off o' here 'fore an hour, an' me an' you'll move right inter that wigwam o' your'n, an' it's me a tellin' ye so!'

"Sure enough, a gang o' Injins soon come a-puffin' up the side o' ol' Squawkee. They cut down trees an' made a bridge, an' over went the Prince an' the gal that had saved him. His dad gave Chink-a-pin her Goggly without a murmur, an' if he hadn't ha' did it, pap or no pap, king or no king, Gungle-jib-goggle-eye would ha' scalped him ez quick—no, not quick, but almost ez quick, ez I would scalp Bill Simmons."

Did You Ever Do This?

[Buffalo Courier.]

A young woman who was compelled to walk through a dusty street around a building in course of erection, smiled sweetly when her escort expressed regret that her shoes should be covered with dust.

"Oh, that's nothing," she said gaily; just stop here for a moment."

A halt was made, the young woman touched her gloved hand to her escort's shoulder, a convulsive movement in the direction of her skirts was noticed and then—see there," she said, showing two polished patent leather tips.

The escort wondered much but said nothing. In the evening after supper he drew his fond mother to one side and narrating the occurrence asked for an explanation.

"Why, there's nothing phenomenal about it," said the older lady, laughing heartily, "she wiped her shoes off on her stockings, that's all."

Location Is Everything.

[Chicago Tribune.]

House owner—How many children have you, madam?

House hunter—Five.

House owner—That alters the case. I can't let you have the house.

House hunter—You are more particular and exclusive, sir, than the kingdom of heaven.

House owner—Possibly, madam, possibly. This house fronts on Prairie avenue. Good morning.

POTATOVILLE SKETCHES.

Luke Connors Visits the Eastman Estate.

Potch Gallagher Gives Him a Cigar of Powder and Sweet Fern.

Caught in the Thunder Storm—The Big Barn Destroyed by Fire.

Sunset in Potatoville. Crimson streaks still clinging to the western horizon and slowly dripping into the calm waters of Pine pond. A cool white sky with a star or two pinned here and there, and the burnished disc of a big, chilling moon. A swift breeze sweeping down from Jerry's hill, waving over the meadows, nestling among the walnut leaves in Tim's woods and whistling through the apple orchards that surrounded the low-roofed mansion of the Eastmans. And toward the Eastman mansion Luke Connors is trudging, a small tin pail in his hand. Luke is going to buy some milk, and the three-cent piece which he rattles in the pail is the money given him by his mother, who bade him hurry, as she was anxious to prepare supper for Luke's big brothers, Hugh and Christopher.

Making his way up the path that led to the house, Luke saw before him the faded yellow building with its huge chimney from which the smoke was curling in big clouds that were soon broken by the evening wind. Front and side of the house were covered with woodbine, which, beneath the mysterious alchemy of autumn, had changed its verdant hue for one of gold and garnet. A flat stone imbedded in the withering grass lay just in front of the door and upon it Luke soon paused and shifting the pail from the right to the left hand, knocked and waited a response to his summons. In less than 30 seconds a female servant admitted Luke.

The Eastman servant, like all her predecessors, was a study. She was selected primarily for her intelligence and secondarily for her alacrity. She was less a servant than a member of the family and under the tuition of her employers soon became adept in the performance of household duties and proficient in all the family whims. To be sure she had to stand frequent draughts of religious doctrines that blew over her heart like the unwelcome east wind. Yet in return she was given a good home and the companionship of honest, industrious and educated people.

The Eastmans were and are a study. They never change. What the youngest grown up Eastman is today, the oldest Eastman is, and such was Deacon William Eastman, who kept the old town library years and years ago. Of old Deacon Eastman, the librarian, a writer has said: "He was a man of great simplicity of manner, heart and doctrine. His wife was of the same spirit, pious, kind, obliging. Of the old Puritanic style of people they were models; vigorous in opinion, yet indulgent in respect to those who disagreed with them, and ever ready to encourage such as had an aspiration for improvement."

Yes, I can believe old Deacon William Eastman was such a man and that his good wife was such a woman. For of all the Eastmans whom I know, and I know a Grandfather Eastman, a Deacon Eastman, his son, a Lawyer Eastman and two journalistic Eastmans, his grandsons, I know none who is not always ready to encourage virtue and progress.

And into the old home of such a stock Luke Connors entered to buy a pint of milk. Luke beheld a glowing fire, a floor spread with big braided rag mats, a low whitewashed ceiling and neatly papered walls, hung with several pictures, chiefly religious, but of a kind that Luke could not interpret, but which a sort of instinct told him were not the kind his mother would have in her humble home. Through the open door of the sitting-room on his left he saw more pictures, and ones that filled him with an admiration he could not explain. Engravings of Washington and Lincoln were there and one of a United States senator, whom Luke had often stared at on the street, for the senator had lived in Potatoville, and, in the walnut grove which could be seen from the Eastman kitchen, the afterwards senator, with the trees for an audience, practised that style of declamation which, if not perfect elocution, had a convincing ring about it.

Luke also saw books in cases and on the tables, but beyond their covers the volumes had no attraction for him. While he sat staring and musing, Julia re-entered, followed by Mrs. Eastman. Julia gave Luke the pint of milk and Mrs. Eastman handed him a copy of "The Child at Home," a Sunday school publication which, not content with inculcating principles that everybody ought to cherish, now and then became dogmatic and sneered at what to many were sacred things. Luke did not know whether he ought to accept the "Child" or not. Something told him that he was a bona fide customer; that he had paid for his milk and that to accept the "Child" gratuitously would make him a mendicant. And he knew also in his crude way, of course, that the same spirit which had in Ireland denied him the right to attain knowledge and then called him and his countrymen ignorant, had, in free America, devoted much time to the misrepresentation of his race and belief. But in the comely face of Mrs. Eastman, Luke saw a light that was the very radiance of kindness. I, too, have seen that face, always illuminated by a smile which inspired implicit confidence in man and boy. And those sparkling eyes enhanced by a brightness which is given only to a mother! Hers was a face and form that drew its beauty from within, although nature had not neglected to impart sweet and enduring touches without. Her voice, too, possessed something that set suspicion at ease, for its notes were attuned to the gentle key of a mother's sincerity. How could Luke decline? She would not give him anything dangerous, and even had she handed him a lighted bomb, he could not refuse it.

So he tucked the "Child" beneath his flannel jacket and with an humble "Thank yer," left the Eastman domicile. Luke was now thinking of his mother's command to hurry, but he was also thinking of the slaughter-house between the mansion and barn and he could not resist the temptation to inspect it. Turning from the homeward path he passed under several pear trees and soon stood in the doorway of the slaughter-house. A big pig which had been killed the day before was hanging by a rope from a cross beam. His legs were spread out and kept separate by sharpened sticks passed through the muscles and his severed breast open wide enough for Luke to get, Jonah-like, inside of him. Pig looked more alluring to Luke than a heroic statue fresh from the hand of the sculptor. Pig had all his hair scraped off and looked so white and pure that the lad's mouth moved as though he was partaking of a sweet morsel.

Something that cannot be explained always brought the members of the gang or a majority of them together. The present proved it. For Luke had been examining Pig only a few moments when Curly Parker and Mel Griffith came along. Three pairs of eyes were now levelled at Pig, and three boyish tongues began to discuss him.

While the trio was thus engaged, the chief point of debate being as to who had seen the largest pig, the tall woods began to bend before the wind, the orchards dipped and the grass seemed trodden by the feet of the breeze. Big clouds collected around the moon, and flags of black veiled the eastern horizon.

"It's goin' ter rain," said Luke, "an' I musht go home ter my moother wid this milk."

It was now after supper time and as Luke started to carry out his good intention Buck Phelan, Potch Gallagher and Denick Collins came along on their way home in an opposite direction to that in which Luke was going. They were not members of Luke's gang, in fact they comprised a hostile gang. Now were met the Capulets and Montagues of Potatoville. Buck and followers were puffing sweet fern cigarettes, and together they sent up a huge volume of smoke as they neared the slaughter-house. Luke thought he should have to fight, but the first words of Buck dissipated that suspicion.

"Want a sweet fern cigar, Luke?"

"Yis," said Luke, surprised and gratified at the invitation.

"Here's one," said Potch Gallagher, taking a supposed "sweet fern" and offering it to Luke. Luke placed the milk pail on the ground and accepted the cigarette.

"You're a good feller, Potch," he added, "I'll remember ye fur this."

Luke was really thankful.

"Gimme a loight, will yer?" he asked, and put the cigarette in his mouth.

"Put the other end in yer mouth," said Potch, lighting a match and giving it to Luke.

Luke did as he was bidden. The cigarette was about a foot long. Luke touched a match to it. Whizz! a red flame! a cloud of black smoke! The cigarette had been half filled with powder! The flames singed Luke's hair and eyelashes, the vapors blackened his face, and, terrified, Luke fell upon the ground. Potch and his friends set up a laugh, then, afraid some punishment might be visited upon them, scampered home across the cabbage field.

Curly and Mel attended their captain, who was not hurt, but nevertheless thoroughly scared.

"Oh. I musht hurry home out o' here," said Luke. "My moother is waitin' fur the milk, and Chris 'll lick me."

But now there was not a spot of the sky that was not dark with rain clouds, and in a second the big drops came down, the lightning flashed on the faces of the lads, and a loud blast of thunder awoke the echoes of the grove. Without consultation the lads retreated into the slaughter-house and closed the door. The old window frames rattled, the rain drummed upon the panes and beat an incessant tattoo upon the decayed roof. It was dark now, and as the flashes of the lightning shot into the slaughter-house for a second the form of the pig was brought out distinctly before the eyes of the frightened boys. They huddled together in a corner. Then another peal of thunder and the old slaughter-house trembled.

"What'll my moother say?" said Luke.

"Ill ketch it," said Curly.

"What if the lightnin' hits us," said Mel.

In reply there came three claps of thunder that seemed to raise the foundation of the building. Through the many cracks entered streaks of storm fire, and revelling breezes blew in the chilling rain upon the trio. And the apple-tree branches writhed, the pear-tree limbs twisted as if in torture, and even the big oak across the road could be heard sighing and sobbing.

Finally, after several hours, there was an interval of calm, and the boys rose from their corner and, looking through the window, beheld the grounds flooded and several trees uprooted. But the storm king was not yet satisfied with his devastation, and as the lads looked across the fields there came a bolt of lightning and a peal of thunder that outlighted and outcannoned every previous accompaniment of the storm.

"That strook somethin'," said Luke, in tones half stifled by fear.

Then there were more peals and more flashes, and the gusts of wind made the old slaughter-house topple. And again the rain beat upon the roof and drummed upon the window. Again the trees twisted and moaned, and the old oak sighed and sobbed aloud.

In 10 minutes there was another calm, and the clouds breaking, revealed linings of silvery white, imparted by the moon, which struggled to free itself from the darkness. A star peeped out and twinkled upon a landscape of stripped and fallen trees, soaked grasses and flooded roads. Then the moon came out to view the picture with the star. Gradually the constellations joined in and the curtain was lifted from the sky.

Luke and his companions started again from their corner and opened the slaughter-house door. To their surprise and horror they were met by a curling mass of smoke that completely obscured their vision and nearly stifled them. The barn, which was only a few feet from the slaughter-house, was afire! As Luke had conjectured, the lightning had struck something! What were the lads to do? The slaughter-house was filling with smoke, and their exit through the door was cut off. If they remained, they would be suffocated. Their eyes smarted from the hot vapors, and their throats and nostrils were parched.

"Let's get out through the winder," cried Luke.

And setting an example for the others, he slid the window back, and crawling up to the opening jumped into the puddle of water below. Curly and Mel came immediately after, both receiving a ducking that Luke by care had avoided. Then they started toward the brook that ran through the clover field.

When they had crossed the brook they turned and looked toward the barn. Out of the windows were leaping masses of smoke followed by big tongues of flame. The dry hay within had needed but a spark to set it ablaze, and now it was burning in every quarter of the barn. Soon roof and sides were burning, and above the crackling of the blazing boards could be heard the piteous bellowing of the cows and neighing of the horses stabled within. Over the flooded fields the firelight shone, showing the grove in gloomy splendor. As the fire spread upward, the flames to the boys seemed galloping to the sky. In mute astonishment they watched the fury of the fire.

Now the church bells ring out in affrighted and frightening tones. An alarm has been given. Now hear the fire trumpet and the rumbling of the fire tubs coming up the town road. Men and women are seen running about the grounds of the Eastman estate, all unable to rescue the terrified animals or to prevent the havoc of the flames. And the poor beasts perished. The fire had gained too great a headway to be quenched by streams of water, and the firemen directed their efforts toward keeping it from the surrounding buildings.

"Oh, I forgot my pail o' milk," said Luke, who with Curly and Mel had been holding their breaths in awe of the scene. "My moother 'll lick me. I musht go back and get it."

"Doncher do it!" exclaimed Mel. "They'll think you set the fire. Let's clear fur home."

He cleared and the other after him. No formal partings were made, but each one struck out for himself when the main road was gained, and never paused till home was reached.

Next day a man returning from the ruins of the Eastman barn, and pausing to look into the slaughter-house, espied Luke's pint of milk in the corner. He wondered how it came there.

E. F. BURNS.

ABOUT A BRAKEMAN.

Eccentric George Plainly and How He Made His Fortune.

[Morris Waite in Puck.]

A few days ago I was returning home and had taken my seat in a train on one of the Western roads. We were soon bowling merrily along, and, as usual, I was on the lookout for the fiend. Presently he appeared. His first act struck me as unusual. He closed the door before shouting. The effect of this would be to shut out the whirring, rushing noise of the wheels rolling over the rails and thus make his utterance more intelligible. I did not understand why a railroad brakeman should wish to do that.

After closing the door he advanced to the centre of the car, stopped, cleared his throat, and in a deliberate, clear, resonant voice, whose distinct tones penetrated to every part of the car, he cried:

"Dun-kirk, Dun-kirk! Passengers-for-the-New-York-Lake-Erie-and-Western-road-change-cars—Dun-kirk!"

As he commenced the sentence it was curious to observe the expressions on the faces of the passengers—surprise, wonder, incredulity; as he proceeded these expressions deepened, and when he had reached the end and turned to leave the car, a general hum of conversation ensued, in which could be heard such comments as: "Well, I never!" "Oh, what an elegant brakeman!" "Didn't he say that beautifully!" "He's a perfect jewel!" An old farmer nudged him and said: "Bub, I heerd every word you said; here, have an apple!"

The brakeman took the apple.

A commercial traveler on the other side of the aisle handed him a cigar, saying: "You are the first one of the kind I ever met. There's a very fine Havana; smoke it after supper."

A middle-aged lady told him to wait a minute, and, opening her reticule, she took out a handsomely-bound volume of Tennyson's poems, and said she hoped he would accept it as a gift from an admirer.

As the brakeman thanked her and moved toward the door, a portly old gentleman touched him on the arm and said:

"What is your name, sir?"

"George Plainly," said the brakeman.

"Well, Mr. Plainly," said the old gentleman, "I am happy to know you. Bertha, this is Mr. Plainly. Mr. Plainly, my daughter, Miss Bertha Specie;" and, as the lady smiled bewitchingly upon him, the old gentleman continued: "Here is my card, sir; and if you are ever in New York, I hope you will make my house your home while you remain in the city. You will be treated as one of the family. Now, mind, sir, and do me the honor to visit us."

The brakeman passed out, and the passengers settled themselves in their seats and talked about him. At each station the experience was repeated, and when we had finally reached our destination, all of the passengers had made themselves known to the brakeman. He had his pockets full of the choicest cigars, a dozen books and magazines, and one old granger gave him a new jack-knife with two blades and a corkscrew. We all shook his hand at parting, and wished him continued success in his noble work. Altogether, is was a strange experience, and the pleasant memory of it will linger with me always.

The Quantity a Man Eats.

[The Cosmopolitan.]

It has been calculated that on the average each man who attains the age of three score and ten consumes during the course of his life 20 wagon loads of food, solid and liquid.

At four tons to the wagon this would correspond to an average of about 100 ounces of food per day, or say about 120 ounces a day during adult life, and about 80 ounces during infancy and youth.

Most modern doctors agree in regarding 120 ounces of food per day, corresponding to five or six half-pints of liquid food and seven or eight pounds of solid food, as in excess of the real daily requirements of a healthy man or woman.

The Nervous Old Deacon's Blunder.

[Albany Journal.]

A good Baptist deacon residing in a certain town in the old Bay State has the misfortune to be exceedingly nervous and excitable. On one occasion, it being the Sabbath evening prayer meeting, he startled the congregation by saying: "Not one tit or jottle of his word shall fail," when, noticing a suppressed titter among the audience and conscious of a blunder, attempted to mend the matter by saying: "No; I mean not one tottle or jit."

HEAPS OF MONEY.

Wealth Deftly Handled by London Bank Tellers.

The Quickest Manipulators of Coin to be Found in the World.

The Annual Loss from Wear and Tear of Gold Money.

[New York Tribune.]

A London bank teller always experiences a feeling of relief when he finds his money correct at the close of Friday's work, and this feeling is usually shared by the rest of the staff, who cannot leave the bank until he either discovers his error or satisfies himself as to the actual shortage. The great bulk of the shortages made across bank counters in England are believed to occur on that day. Whether or not there is any truth in the superstition concerning Friday being an unlucky day for the teller, or whether the errors are caused by the carelessness which is always more or less the result of a slack day, is an open question. The belief is simply recorded as an acknowledged and experienced fact.

Next in the order of bad days for the teller, or cashier, as he is designated in London, comes Saturday, but there the bad luck is intelligible. Saturday is wages day, and no sooner has the teller filled his till and loaded up his shelves with silver in £5 and £10 bags than the day's work sets in like a flood. Until 12 o'clock he is paying away with both hands; after that hour, if he is a receiving clerk as well, he begins to receive heavily, for Saturday is also the last day of the week and every one elects that the bank should receive his deposits rather than that he should keep them in his own less secure custody over Sunday.

In beginning work on Saturday the London teller faces an open mahogany counter, of which the portion controlled by his desk is probably six feet long by three feet wide. He likes to have a good square view of his customer, and it is one of the canons of British banking that the eyes of the staff shall command the counter. There is this to be said in defence of the system, it requires considerably more hardihood to perpetrate a swindle in the open view of an English bank than it does at a pigeon-hole in a fenced-in counter, and, in addition, a well-trained bank staff, accustomed to each others' ways by long contact and familiar as well with the customers of the establishment, are often able to render valuable aid to the teller and the bank, for that matter, in a variety of ways.

With such an open counter the chief clerk is also able to keep the whole field under his eye at one time, and to relieve the overstrain at any particular desk. The effect of the exposed condition is beneficial too on the staff, the members of which preserve a steadier demeanor and attend more closely to business while thus under the eyes of the public. But such an exposed situation demands a steady nerve on the part of the teller, who will sometimes have as many as a score of customers waiting at one time. He need, however, only observe the golden rule in order to insure correctness: "No hurry, and finish one transaction before you begin another." His great temptation will be to endeavor to get rid of the press of people by cashing the checks demanding coin without entering them in his money book at the moment, leaving that for the first lull in the day's business. In doing this he is depriving himself of almost the only safeguard against loss.

The London teller is probably the quickest manipulator of coin in the world. This is largely owing to the fact that the smallest note issued in London is of the value of £5, or $25. When asked for gold in a greater amount than his eye can count at a glance, the teller, after counting it quickly with a pianoforte action, throws it with his copper scoop into his faithful scales, and so checks his count. The weights of these scales are arranged in suitable numbers. The teller also checks the gold which he receives by weight, and here his knowledge of his business will be tested. One hundred new sovereigns are of full weight, rather more, in fact, but the same number taken at haphazard will be found to be nearly half a sovereign (or ½ per cent.) short in weight, while £100 in ordinary half-sovereigns are sometimes 20 shillings (or 1 per cent.) short in value. The teller can quickly satisfy himself as to whether the deficiency is caused by shortage in the weight or the count by dividing the amount and weighing one moiety against the other. If they balance evenly the count is correct and the difference is due to underweight. If the latter exceeds the average stated the coin will need to be specially examined; there is probably something wrong. This question of light gold is an important one. One large London joint stock bank paid to the Bank of England £30,000 ($150,000) for deficit weight in its gold for one year. A practical teller knows heavy or full weight gold by sight. The best test afforded by inspection is found in the strings of the Irish harp on the reverse of the coin. If they are frayed the coin is under weight, but if untouched by wear and tear it is full weight.

The edge of the English bank counter is provided with a lip to prevent the coin from rolling over and to aid the teller in scooping up the money. The teller usually counts with the first two fingers of both hands, simultaneously; sometimes he uses six fingers, and a teller has been known to count 450 sovereigns in one minute working against time. An expert teller will count £100 value of silver in seven minutes. When it is remembered that the coins are always mixed and consist of sixpences, shillings, florins, half-crowns and crowns, with never a decimal convenience among them, this will reasonably be considered as a remarkable feat. There is no selection of coins possible in such a count. Were that observed the count would take fully 30 minutes. The four fingers of the teller seize all the coins as they come, and if their action is bewilderingly quick what must be that of the eye and brain which can so promptly assess and add up those disjointed values so as to keep pace with the mechanical action of the hands? And all the time an outlook is kept for base coin, of which such an expert will sometimes throw out fully half a dozen in counting £100.

The annual loss from wear and tear of gold coin in England by reason of the absence of small notes is almost incredible. In Scotland the issue of £1 notes displaces gold to a great extent, and it is almost as rare there as here. The Scotch teller excels in counting paper money. In handling gold and silver he is altogether behind the age, keeping those metals before him in little old-maidish piles which would make a London teller shriek with derision. But in fingering a bundle of notes he is a king of men. Placing the packets upright against his left palm and seizing the top corner between the finger and thumb of his right hand he will turn over the notes so quickly that an ordinary observer will be as entirely deceived as by the three-card trick and will probably count only 16 or 17 to the teller's 20. Then, to check his count, he will either alternate his hands, or, placing the notes horizontally on his counter, he will count them toward himself with the same paralyzing speed.

One great advantage which the English teller possesses over both the American and the Scotch teller lies in the fact that he issues clean notes only. The Bank of England has the exclusive privilege of note issue in London and within a radius of 60 miles, a right conferred for a certain valuable consideration granted to the government in years gone by. All the notes received by the London teller are sent into the Bank of England, and they are not reissued. The average life of a £5 bank note is two or three weeks, that of a £100 bank note three days, that is, the interval between its issue and return to the bank and finally death. "The Bank," be it noted, always refers in London to one institution, "the Bank of England." The advantage in issuing clean notes is this: They are all numbered consecutively, therefore all that the teller has to do in recording the numbers is to enter the first and last, thus, 87,560 to 87,574 18-6-87 £10, would represent £150 in ten-pound notes. The smaller numbers represent the date, June 18, 1887. The London teller has the trouble of entering numbers of his notes which neither the Scotch nor American banks have, but if he gives away too much either by wrong count or through a mistake in the denominations he can usually locate his error at the close of the day and generally recover the money.

It must not be inferred from this reference to errors that they are frequent. On the contrary. Nor are they always paid for by the teller when they do occur. A teller who made a "short" and paid it out of his own pocket without reporting it would be infringing the rules. He may inadvertently be cloaking an office thief by so doing. But although he does not always pay for his own losses they appear regularly in the weekly returns to the directors with his name against them, until they become a very weariness to the flesh. They are written off against the profit and loss account on quarter day when the books are made up, but not before the directors know all about Mr. Jones' mishap. A succession of losses of £10 each for three consecutive Saturdays has driven a teller into a lunatic asylum and caused his death. But the mere question of mechanical correctness in his cash would not—in the absence of other qualifications—lead to the promotion of a teller. He must be possessed of a suave yet dignified manner, a temper not readily ruffled and be an accurate judge of the human countenance. He must be infallible in the matter of signatures. A teller has been known to detect a forgery when the man whose name was forged could not tell whether the forged signature was his own or not.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

Friends.

[J. L. in Life.]

We'd climbed up to a rocky nook,
Were hidden well, so none could look,
For I'd resolved to know my fate,
And was impatient, could not wait.
So round her waist I put my arm,
(She said she thought there was no harm),
And told her, trembling, of my love,
Called her "sweetheart," "dear" and "dove."

"I *like* you very much," said she,
"And hope that we shall always be—"
"Please stop!" I cried, "pray say no more,
I know the rest; you're number four."

Gleams Through Wind Clouds.

[George S. Burleigh.]

What is more dreary than the cold, bright sun
Strewn in sharp splashes on the cold, gray deep?
When black storm-wings magnificently sweep
The shuddering waters, though their thunder stun
The timid ear, the veins heroic run,
Thrilled with a grandeur that long years shall keep
In glorious memory; but here they creep
With a dull misery as of death begun!
The sun burns icily and mocks the trust
His beams had kindled; through this mask of lead
His smile is treason, and the bitter gust
Is not more chilling, as it crisps the dead
And gray-green ocean's melancholy face,
Marring with livid blots its old titanic grace!

Song of Content.

[Joseph Whittin in Cheer.]

I wouldn't be bothered with wealth
And the care that its keeping attends,
But I want what is richer—good health,
And a bevy of bonny good friends.

I choose not to grieve o'er the past—
What is Grief but the soul of Decay?
Let me live on Life's joys while they last—
What is Life but the stretch of a day?

Away with Ambition!—a dream—
A shadow that shrinks with the light;
Or a bubble that, born on the stream,
Lives a moment, then bursts from the sight.

But give me Content—'tis a crown
Ne'er the kings of the earth yet possessed—
And the prince and the courtier and clown,
If they wish, they may take all the rest.

Waste.

[Kate Vannah.]

To one he sent his strong man's heart laid bare,
Quivering with hope and fear. A cruel hand
Seemed pressing hard upon a torn, hot nerve!
Nothing he kept, not even his fierce pride.
Unfaithful to another—to her true,
Complete surrender of his heart and life.

The second letter was indifferent,
Save for an old-time name he knew she loved;
He snatched a fading flower from his coat
And crushed its purple blood against the words,
That she might know, for all his city life,
He still recalled her love for violets!

The one to whom he wrote with lashes wet
(His pleading was so strong and passionate),
Read with fierce scorn his letter—flung it by—
And, later, answered in a mocking tone.
The other died. Upon her broken heart
Was found a locket with his face inside—
A tender word, cut from his letter—and
A violet.

Margery and I.

[Texas Siftings.]

'Tis twenty years since first I walked
With Margery on the sand,
Her baskets full of shining fish,
Her landing net in hand.

I watched her self-reliant step,
Her brown hands used to toil;
I noticed her complexion, too,
Not fair enough to spoil.

I was a rich man's younger son,
And delicately bred,
And I had rather starve than work
To earn my daily bread.

I said to her, "Dear Margery,
If you'll work for me, too,
I'll marry you"; and so I did,
Like any lover true.

I'm growing old; but still I sit
And smoke beside the sea,
Where Margery, faithful to her word,
Still catches fish for me.

Loyal to the Core.

[Chicago Tribune.]

I've had
A fad
Of late, in puffing at a hubble-bubble,
Chiboque, nargileh, hookah—what you will—
Dreaming the pleasure double
Inhaling smoke through perfumed water; still
I am not quite assured; I only know
That, as I lie while smoke-wreaths upward curl,
I make a striking Oriental show
And deeply have impressed the hired girl.
I caught her talking with the girl next door,
Who thus a vaunting testimony bore:
"*My* master smokes a meerschaum pipe as brown
As coffee; 'tis the finest pipe in town!"
Then Norah, tossing back her hair unkempt,
Replied in tones of withering contempt:
"Meershom! Phwat's that? It's not worth while
to talk
The day wid ye!
Meershom be dom'd! Bedad, I'll hear no more!
Me master's got some sthoyle about 'im, for
He smokes a hose fixed on a cushpidor!
Go 'way wid ye!"

Quits.

[S. D. S. Jr., in Puck.]

Miss May and myself had been sitting
In the sofa *tete-a-tete* chair;
She was busy with "tatting," or "knitting,"
Or some such device of the fair.
I had tried to supply conversation,
But the warmth of my manner was feigned,
For our previous tender relation
Now was strained.

We were both in an awkward position,
We'd neither been lovers nor friends,
And our state had defied definition,
(It usually does—till it ends);
But the erstwhile diaphanous fetter
Had grown to be irksome, and so
I longed to be free, and 'twas better
She should know.

But before I could speak she was saying
The words that my trouble assuaged,
While blushes her cheeks were displaying,
She said she was (lately) engaged.
I detected a slight exultation
In the silence that followed her sigh,
So I said, with no little elation,
"So am I."

Transfigured.

[Carlotta Perry in New Orleans Times-Democrat.]

To careless eyes she is not fair;
This verdict careless lips declare,
And wonder why, against the charm
Of beauty vivid, rich and warm,
The face they deem so cold and dull
To him should be so beautiful.

Are they too dull to see aright?
Hath he a quicker, keener sight?
Or is it that indifference
Than love hath clearer, truer sense?
Nor is he right or wrong? Oh, say,
Doth he behold her face or they?

Her eyes into his own eyes shine
With strange illumining; a sign
Is on her brow; a palimpsest,
To his own gaze alone confessed;
On him, in gravely gracious mood,
She smiles her soul's beatitude.

This is the face she turns to him,
O say not 'tis a lover's whim
That finds it fair; nor are they dull
Who say she is not beautiful.
For, strangest of all mysteries,
They never see the face he sees—
The face no artist's skill can limn,
The love-fair face she turns to him.

Illogical.

[Ella Wheeler Wilcox in Cosmopolitan.]

She stood beside me while I gave an order for a bonnet;
She shuddered when I said, "And put a bright bird's wing upon it."

A member of the Audubon society was she,
And cutting were her comments made on worldly folks like me.

She spoke about the helpless birds we wickedly were harming,
She quoted the statistics, and they really were alarming.

She said God meant His little birds to sing in trees and skies,
And there was pathos in her voice and tears were in her eyes.

"Oh, surely in this beauteous world you can find lovely things
Enough to trim your hats," she said, "without the dear birds' wings."

I sat beside her that same day in her own home at dinner,
(Angelic being that she was to entertain a sinner!)

Her well-appointed table groaned beneath the ample spread,
Course followed appetizing course and hunger almost fled.

But still my charming hostess cried, "Do have a reed bird, dear,
For they are so delicate and sweet at this time of the year."

THE IMPRINT OF A HAND;

OR,

A MYSTERY UNRAVELLED.

By GEORGE C. REYNOLDS.

[Copyrighted, October, 1887, by H. W. Fuller.]

CHAPTER II.—CONTINUED.

The distance was long, and the snow which blocked the streets rendered the progress of the carriage exceedingly slow.

Jeanne was absorbed in thought. Her eyes were dry now, and a singular resolution manifested itself in the expression of her pale face. This expression died away and gave place to a vague, dreamy look. Her thoughts wandered back over her past life. She had hardly known her mother, a feeble, sickly woman, who was always shut up in her chamber, and who died in giving birth to George. Her whole existence and her happiness were bound up in her father, and she was the joy and pride of that excellent man.

She recalled how good he had been to her, with what generosity he had gratified all her caprices. Every morning he rode on horseback with her before going to his bank. In the evening he accompanied her to balls and parties, and was happy in seeing her the most beautiful and the most admired.

And then, in recalling these worldly fetes in which she reigned an uncontested queen, she evoked the image of another who also held a dear place in her heart—a lover chosen by her and tenderly beloved.

Why was he not with her at this cruel moment?

She had known Raoul de Viverols for two years. He belonged to an old family, and had served in the Prussian war with distinction. From admiration for his heroism her feelings merged into love, and her father had warmly approved her choice. The marriage was to have taken place in a few weeks.

The carriage turned the corner of a street. Jeanne started and trembled as if awakened suddenly from a dream, and looked out of the window. Then she sank back upon the seat pale and agitated.

She had started upon this expedition, carried away by the agony of suspense; she had scarcely reflected upon the frightful undertaking she had entered upon.

Now that the gloomy walls of the terrible building arose a few feet from her, she felt herself seized by a horrible fear, and she drew back in the carriage, as if she felt she could go no farther.

But her energetic nature speedily overcame this weakness.

An anxious curiosity dominated her. Was she about to solve the frightful mystery of this sudden disappearance?

The carriage stopped and she slowly descended. The crowd stationed before the door contemplating the photographs exposed, looked with astonishment at this beautiful girl, who came alone to such a place.

She lowered her head in order not to see the photographs and the collection of garments which were exhibited at the entrance.

An officer directed her to the office, and she opened a little door on the left and entered.

An odor of carbolic acid, coming from the adjoining rooms, pervaded the apartment. Jeanne sank half fainting into a chair. An old employe raised his white impassable face and asked her politely what she desired.

In a few words and in a broken voice, she stated the object of her visit.

"You say this person was named?"

"M. Desire Lacedat, a banker in Paris."

"His age?"

"About 60. He had long white hair and a tall figure."

"Any particular marks?"

"None—Ah! yes, my poor father had a scar on his forehead, over his left eye."

"When did he disappear?"

"He went out Sunday, the 23d of November, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. We have not seen him since."

The old man consulted his notes.

"We have no one, absolutely no one, who answers that description," he said, after a few moments, which seemed a century to the unfortunate girl, "unless possibly among the bodies brought here today, and which have not as yet been exposed."

He took up another list and examined it. In spite of himself an involuntary exclamation escaped him.

"Ah! Monsieur, in pity speak!"

"Calm yourself, mademoiselle, I beg; this does not correspond exactly with the description you have given. The body of a man has just been brought here which was found in a house at Clamart. The unknown is noted as being about 60 years of age; he has long white hair and a scar on his forehead."

"It is he—there can be no doubt—it is he—my poor father! Where is he? Show him to me; I wish to see him!"

"Although an experience of thirty years had accustomed him to scenes of this kind, the old employe was deeply moved by the despair of this unhappy young girl.

"Ah! mademoiselle," he said, "you had better send some relative—a friend—"

I tell you I wish to see him. Do you not comprehend that this uncertainty is killing me? And yet you tell me to wait!"

The old man made renewed efforts to turn Jeanne from this resolution, but he had to yield to the energetic will of the young girl.

"Well, follow me then!" said he, shaking his head sadly.

The old man opened a door and introduced her into a large hall lighted from above. On a table covered by a white cloth lay a body.

Slowly the employe raised the covering. Jeanne approached. Her face was frightfully pale. Then she uttered a terrible cry, and sank on the floor the prey to a frightful nervous attack. She wrung her hands and sobbed, calling, "My father! My poor father!" in a heartrending voice.

It was necessary to tear her from the frightened spectacle.

They bore her to the office. When she became calmer the employes asked her address, and desired to know when they should take the lady to her house.

On her return to her home Jeanne was completely prostrated. It was impossible for her to collect her ideas. She was overcome by grief and by the memory of the horrible sight she had seen.

As she alighted from the carriage, she told the domestics that their unfortunate master had been found. They informed her that Madame De Viverols and her son were awaiting her return.

CHAPTER III.

A FRIEND IN NEED.

Madame de Viverols was a proud, haughty woman. Cold and distant to all with whom she came in contact, she nevertheless adored Raoul, who was her only son, the last representative of the noble family of Viverols. She had had another son; but she never spoke of him, and every one believed him dead. He had disappeared suddenly five or six years before, having nearly ruined his parents, who had been obliged to make enormous sacrifices to save their name from dishonor.

"Well! my poor child?" said Madame de Viverols, rising, with the air of a queen, as Jeanne entered the room.

"Jeanne, Jeanne, have you learned anything?" cried Raoul, hastening to her side.

"My father is dead; I have just seen him—he has been murdered."

"Murdered! What! You have seen him! You have had the courage! Why did you not ask my father to accompany you?"

"I was wild with anxiety. I could not wait."

"I knew well," said Madame de Viverols, "that the disappearance of M. Lacedat could not have been caused by any act of his own. He was very prosperous in his business affairs, was he not, my child?"

Jeanne did not hear. She had abandoned her hand to her lover, who pressed it tenderly and covered it with kisses.

The door opened and a servant appeared.

"M. Raveneau desires to speak to you, mademoiselle," he said.

"We can see no one. Do not let him enter," said Mme. de Viverols, who already gave orders as if she were in her own house.

"M. Raveneau is my father's cousin, madame," said Jeanne; "he is, besides, an old friend. I will receive him."

She made a sign to the servant, and a moment later M. Raveneau appeared.

"Pardon me for intruding, mademoiselle," he said, taking Jeanne's hand.

Then, unable to restrain himself, he burst into tears, murmuring:

"Ah! it is frightful! it is frightful!"

When this first burst of grief had passed, the old cashier wiped his eyes and continued:

"I have come," he said, "for this reason. We have a heavy payment to meet tomorrow, and your father was to have brought me a large sum of money today; it is doubtless in his private box here."

"Well, you know the way, Monsieur Raveneau. Go to my father's cabinet. You have, I believe, the key to the safe, and know the combination?"

"Yes, mademoiselle, your father had entire confidence in me."

Bowing to Madame de Viverols and Raoul, he opened the door leading to M. Lacedat's private room and disappeared.

Silence reigned in the drawing-room. Madame de Viverols ventured a few casual remarks, but a look from her son implored her to spare Jeanne this pain.

In a few moments M. Raveneau returned.

"Excuse me for troubling you again," he said, "but I wish to know if you have the key to your father's secretary."

"No, my father had all his keys with him—they are doubtless—"

She could not finish, and burst into tears.

"I will then, with your permission, send for a locksmith, I wish to make further search in this secretary."

Then after a moment's hesitation:

"His private box is empty," he said in a low voice.

Jeanne did not seem to comprehend.

"Do what you wish, my dear Monsieur Raveneau," she replied.

But Madame de Viverols had raised her head on hearing the revelation of the cashier, and she shot an expressive look at her son, who did not appear to notice it.

"You need rest, my poor child," she said rising. "We will leave you."

"I was going to ask a favor of you, madame."

"Ah! If there is anything we can do?" cried Raoul.

"Thanks," said Jeanne, grasping her lover's hand. "It concerns my brother, my poor little George. I do not wish him to remain here during these sad days. He is still ignorant of this frightful occurrence. Would you be so good, madame, as to take him with you and keep him for a few days?"

"Certainly, it would be a real pleasure to us."

Jeanne rang, and when Clara appeared she asked her to call George.

At the same time she rapidly wiped her eyes, and when the child came in she turned her back to the light, that he might not see her tears.

The boy came in. His pale face, surrounded by long, fair hair, had a sad, sickly expression. His delicate complexion, the mournful inheritance left by his mother, had always troubled Jeanne, whose untiring tenderness had not ceased to surround the child with most vigilant care.

His sensitiveness was extreme; he had a veritable adoration for his father and his sister.

As soon as he saw Jeanne he ran to embrace her, and pressed her passionately in his arms.

"And how is papa?" he cried.

Jeanne shut her eyes to restrain the tears ready to escape.

To explain the absence of their father, she had told George that he was sick.

"He is no better," she replied in a calm voice and with superhuman courage. "The doctor has ordered perfect quiet; the least noise may make him worse. So, as I cannot prevent your playing, my poor little George, I am going to send you away for a few days with madame, who will take care of you."

The boy clung to his sister, a little frightened by the majestic air and haughty expression of Madame de Viverols.

Then Raoul approached him and promised all sorts of fun, and Jeanne added that he should see her every day.

The child finally consented to go, but he made his sister promise that she would not fail to go to him every day.

"Be perfectly easy," said Raoul; "and I beg you, if you have need of my father or myself, do not hesitate to appeal to our devotion—and my love," he added in a low tone.

"I thank you, Raoul," replied Jeanne, in a grave tone; "I know that I can rely upon you."

A few moments later she found herself alone in that house of sorrow.

She was presently recalled from her painful reflections by the sound of the door-bell rung as if by a timid hand.

She arose at once to say that she could receive no one, but she met at the door a servant who handed her a card.

"I do not know him; I cannot see him," she said, returning the card upon which she had read this unknown name:

"M. BIDACHE."

She returned to the drawing-room. But the servant followed her to say that the gentleman insisted upon speaking to her. He said that he had seen her that morning.

Jeanne trembled, and felt for a moment all the frightful agonies she had experienced in the morning.

She thought that perhaps it was the employe she had seen, and who had doubtless something of importance to communicate to her. She ordered him to be introduced.

But great was her surprise when, instead of the old man who had received her in the morning, she saw enter a young man, who, turning his hat in his hands, gazed at her with an embarrassed air.

"You doubtless think me very bold, mademoiselle," stammered M. Bidache, "for daring to intrude upon you at such a moment. Excuse me. I cannot tell you how deeply I am interested in your misfortune."

It seemed to Jeanne that she had seen that intelligent face somewhere before, but she could not recollect under what circumstances.

"Sit down, monsieur," she said. "If you have anything to say to me, say it quickly, I beg. But first tell me who you are."

"You do not recognize me? This morning I wore another costume. I wore a blue blouse and an india-rubber apron."

"Ah!" said Jeanne, shuddering; "you were one of the men at work there—and who caught me as I fainted."

"It was I, yes, mademoiselle." But to dissipate the horror which he saw expressed upon the girl's features, he added: "I am not what you think. That dress I wore for the first time in my life. I will tell you presently why I assumed it."

"Then, monsieur, who are you?"

M. Bidache hesitated, and twirled his hat in his fingers. Then he finally decided to reveal to Jeanne his old profession as a detective, and the love he still preserved for that occupation. In ending he stated that he had been present the evening before at the discovery of the body of her unfortunate father.

"You were there!" cried Jeanne. "Ah! monsieur, speak; tell me all you know."

"I know nothing yet, mademoiselle, but I hope soon to discover something, and that is why I came to see you. I do not doubt that the mystery of this crime will soon be cleared up by the authorities. But I felt that under the circumstances all means ought to be employed. I bring you, mademoiselle, my entire devotion and the little experience I have had in matters of this kind. I come to ask you if you will encourage my efforts?"

"Ah! monsieur, you are welcome," cried Jeanne, with enthusiasm. "My father must be avenged, and all those who will aid me in my work will be blessed by me. Speak, I beg you, and ask of me any details which may be useful to you."

CHAPTER IV.

A NEW DISCOVERY.

A knock upon the door interrupted their conversation.

It was M. Raveneau, who returned, accompanied by a locksmith.

"I am going to have your father's secretary opened," he said. "Believe me, I regret troubling you so much at such a moment, but it is of the utmost importance. I must ask you, if it will not be too painful to you, to be present while it is being done."

"I am now the head of the family, Monsieur Raveneau," said Jeanne, gravely, "and I must have courage to undergo much that will be painful. I will follow you."

They passed into the adjoining room, which had been fitted up by M. Lacedat as a private office. Jeanne made a sign to M. Bidache to accompany them.

The secretary was opened, and the papers which it contained were rapidly examined by M. Raveneau. As he advanced in his work his emotion became plainly visible, his hands shook nervously, and a cold perspiration moistened his brow.

"Nothing, nothing," he said finally. "The private box was empty, and this secretary contains nothing of value. His checkbook has disappeared. My God! what does it mean? Your father was to have brought us 500,000 francs today to meet a payment which we have to make tomorrow. Are you sure that his valuables are not in some other place?"

"I do not think so."

"We must surely have that amount tomorrow. Without it they will say—"

The old cashier pressed his hand upon his eyes as if endeavoring to banish some fearful thought.

"They will say?—" asked Jeanne, with emotion.

"Do you not see. M. Lacedat disappearing on the eve of an important payment—will it not be supposed that he wished to evade it—even at the cost of his life?"

"My father dishonored!" cried Jeanne. "Oh! that cannot be, it is impossible. Search again, Monsieur Raveneau. You must find this money. My father had a large fortune. He lived the purest, most upright life. He worked hard—"

"We had perhaps better visit his sleeping room."

"Yes, yes, go up there. Search everywhere. Ah! my God! is it possible that another drop is to be added to my cup of agony. Excuse me if I do not accompany you, I have not the strength!"

She sank into a chair and bowed her head.

When Raveneau and the locksmith had withdrawn Mr. Bidache approached her and said gently:

"Reassure yourself, mademoiselle; I can swear that M. Lacedat did not commit suicide. He was murdered."

"Ah! we must prove that now. You see it is my father's honor which is menaced."

M. Bidache, whose timidity seemed to have disappeared, briefly related to the young girl what he had seen the evening before in the little house at Clamart. In concluding he spoke of the imprint of the hand upon the door.

"Yes; your father was killed by some one who robbed him, notwithstanding the thirty-seven francs which the commissary of police discovered. All the pockets in his garments had been turned inside out; of that I am sure, for I found in them traces of that hand stained with blood. I do not know who his murderer is, but I assure you, mademoiselle, I will discover him. I have already discovered something—"

"Something? What? What?"

"The man who killed your father was a sailor. The razor which he used was kept open by means of a string strongly knotted, and these knots could have been made only by a sailor. Besides this, he was left-handed, for the bloody hand which committed the crime and searched the victim, the imprint of which is visible upon the door, is a left hand. Now, mademoiselle, it will be of great assistance if you can give me any facts as to your father's past life. But perhaps you would rather defer this until another day?"

"No, monsieur, I will answer your questions now. You saw me this morning weak and feeble; it was because the shock was so terrible. But now my courage has returned. I feel I must be strong."

As she uttered these words the door opened and M. Raveneau entered. Jeanne read upon his face the bad news which he bore.

"Nothing," said the old cashier, "I have found nothing. Tomorrow morning I will go to the Bank of France. Perhaps your father deposited his money there."

And as he descended the stairs, after taking leave of Jeanne, he murmured:

"My God! my God! It is ruin! it is ruin!"

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"You asked for information concerning my father," said Jeanne to M. Bidache, as soon as the cashier had gone. "I will tell you all I know. He was an energetic, resolute man, whose life, when he was young, was a wandering one. He belonged to a poor family. At the age of 20 he embarked to try his fortune in America. He first settled in New York, and then went to California, where he remained several years. When about 30, I think, he went to Buenos Ayres, where he lived two years, and where he entered into some fortunate speculations. He then returned to Paris, married, and, some time later, founded the bank of which he has been the head, until this horrible event—"

She did not finish, but stopped short and burst into tears.

"You do not know that he had any enemy?"

"He could not have had. My father was goodness itself. His heart and his purse were always open to the unfortunate."

"These voyages—these frequent changes from place to place," said M. Bidache, as if speaking to himself; "it is not astonishing that one finds the hand of a seafaring man in this crime. But how shall we discover him?"

After a moment's silence, he continued:

"We ought first to occupy ourselves with the fact announced just now by your father's cashier—the disappearance of the valuables usually kept in his private box. Would you permit me, mademoiselle, to examine the safe?"

Jeanne made a sign of assent. M. Bidache entered the private office and raised the curtains so as to throw more light into the corner where the box stood. Then he approached it. A gesture of astonishment escaped him and he got down upon his knees to examine it more closely.

"Have you discovered anything?" asked Jeanne, who had followed him.

M. Bidache arose; he was silent.

"It is singular," he said finally.

Then turning to Jeanne—

"Mademoiselle," he continued in a firm tone, "some one has entered this private room of your father's and attempted to break open this safe."

"What do you say, monsieur?" cried Jeanne, greatly moved; "Why, it is impossible!"

"There, upon the iron cover, are marks which could only have been produced by some burglarious instrument. Are you sure of all your servants?"

"Absolutely sure. They have all been in our family fifteen years, and have been faithful and devoted to us."

"Will you permit me to question them?"

"Certainly, but I beg you will do it in such a way that they will not think themselves suspected."

"You may rest assured on that point, mademoiselle."

Jeanne rang, and Francois, the valet de chambre, presently presented himself at the door.

"Come here, my good fellow, said Mr. Bidache; "I know that you loved your master, that you were devoted to him, and you will, I have no doubt, do all that you can to aid those who wish to avenge him and to discover his murderer."

"Oh! yes, monsieur!" cried the servant with vehemence.

"Well! I believe that at some time, I cannot tell when, some one introduced himself into this room with a criminal intention."

"This room? Oh! monsieur, it is not possible."

"Everything is possible, my friend," observed Mr. Bidache coldly.

But the servant was positive in his denial and Jeanne herself thought that M. Bidache was on a false track.

"Recall your memory. Have you never heard any unusual noise in the night?"

"Never, monsieur. Besides, Tom, M. Lacedat's little dog, always slept here upon a rug, and he certainly would have been awakened."

"This information is important. If that is the case, some one must have entered in the daytime."

And, as the servant's face expressed an incredulity which he could not conceal, he added:

"That seems to you unlikely?"

"Why, monsieur, it is utterly impossible!" cried Jeanne. "What do you mean?"

"Wait," continued M. Bidache quietly, "I will make myself better understood. I have only one last question to ask you, my good fellow. Have you, or the other servants, never opened to any one you did not know, who asked to enter your master's office, and who remained here for a while alone?"

"Not that I can remember," said Francois.

"You are sure?"

"The only person who has entered this room for two weeks, in master's absence, was an employe in the bank, sent by M. Raveneau to look for some papers."

"And what was his name?"

"I do not know. He only told me he was in master's employ, and naturally I let him enter."

"Did he remain here long?"

"An hour, perhaps."

"Should you recognize him again if you saw him?"

"Certainly, monsieur. He had a dark complexion and wore whiskers. If he had not said that he was an employe at the bank, I should have taken him for a sailor."

Jeanne trembled, and M. Bidache modestly bowed his head, after casting a significant glance at the young girl.

"Very well," he said to Francois, "you can retire. I am much obliged to you."

When the valet had gone out, Jeanne went to M. Bidache and took him by the hand:

"Ah! monsieur," said she, "how grateful I am to you for the interest you manifest in us. If you knew what a consolation I feel in my sorrow in knowing that I can rely upon your devotion and your astonishing skill."

M. Bidache blushed, stammered, and again became the timid man which he habitually was.

"I am really confused, mademoiselle. I certainly do not merit your praise. But I must leave you now. I am going back to Clamart. I have some inquiries to make."

He walked towards the door; then, turning, he said:

"I have not yet explained to you why you saw me at the morgue this morning. When a man has committed a crime, it is often the case that he hangs about his victim, and that he enters the place where the body is exposed. I therefore asked the superintendent to allow me to remain there and examine the visitors who presented themselves. But, as soon as the body was recognized, I had nothing further to do there; I am going now to direct my searches elsewhere. I will see you again, mademoiselle, in five or six days. If you wish to communicate with me you know my address, 'M. Bidache, Clamart.'"

And M. Bidache bowed, left the room, and descended the stairs.

CHAPTER V.

A GENEROUS CREDITOR.

Every morning, at five minutes of nine, no matter what the weather was, M. Raveneau entered the baker's shop in the Rue de la Victoire, and bought a roll for two sous, and at nine o'clock exactly he left the shop to go to the office.

But this day, for the first time in his life, he was later, and it was ten o'clock when he found himself at his desk.

"Has anyone been here to inquire for me?" he asked with a certain anxiety.

"No one, monsieur," replied one of the clerks.

M. Raveneau wiped his brow, which was covered with perspiration, then turning to his books he seemed to be absorbed in the figures.

In truth the poor cashier was thinking of something else than debits and credits. The figures danced before his eyes like straws whirled by the wind.

He had been to the Bank of France. There he learned that, a week previous, M. Lacedat had deposited the sum of 120,000 francs, which with the amount already credited to his account made a sum total of 2,500,000 francs.

A few days later some one had presented two checks signed by M. Lacedat, one for 500 francs and the other for 2,500,000 francs. These checks were presented to the cashier, and he recognized perfectly the signature of M. Lacedat.

The strange mystery of this affair tormented poor M. Raveneau. How could he explain the withdrawal of such important sums made by an unknown person, by means of checks signed by M. Lacedat? Had he before dying wished to dispose of his fortune in favor of strangers? How reconcile this singular resolution with the affection he had always shown for his children. M. Raveneau knew perfectly well that no clerk in the bank had been charged with the drawing of the money. Who was the man who had presented himself at the Bank of France, saying that he was sent by M. Lacedat?

These reflections were interrupted by a light knock upon the glass window behind which the cashier sat.

He trembled.

"Can it be he?" he murmured.

He arose and opened the window.

A little, old man, wearing blue spectacles, whose long white hair fell over his shoulders, stood before him in a modest attitude.

M. Raveneau recollected that he had seen this individual on the same morning at the Bank of France. He stood beside him awaiting turn when he asked for information regarding the deposits made by M. Lacedat.

"Pardon me, monsieur," said the newcomer: "pardon me if I disturb you. I belong to the Police Department of the Seine, I desire to know the names and addresses of your employees."

At the same time he drew from his pocket a long book covered with blue paper.

As it was dark outside the window, M. Raveneau invited the man to enter the office. He seated himself at a table and gave him the desired information.

"All these gentlemen are here, are they not?" asked the little old man when he had finished writing.

"Yes, Monsieur. No one is absent."

"I am obliged to you, Monsieur."

The stranger then withdrew, bowing politely, and before closing the door he examined with a rapid glance the clerks assembled in the office.

Reaching the stairway M. Bidache, for it was he, took off his wig, which he folded carefully and put into his pocket with his blue spectacles.

"Decidedly," he murmured, "it is not here that we must seek. I thought so. Ah! we have an affair with an audacious scoundrel."

He was almost thrown off his feet by a tall man who ascended the stairs rapidly.

This man with a deliberate step entered the bank and knocked with his cane upon the cashier's window.

He was a strong, well-built fellow of about 30, with broad shoulders and a clear complexion.

M. Raveneau raised the window. When he saw before him the face of the young man he grew pale, and his hands, which rested upon the counter, began to tremble.

"Monsieur," said the new arrival, with a slight foreign accent, "my name is Robert Cairnes. I deposited here a fortnight ago the sum of five hundred thousand francs, which I desire to withdraw. I notified you by letter that I should want it."

"Certainly, monsieur," stammered the poor man, who felt his head turning round and round.

He went toward the safe and played with the combination while endeavoring to compose himself; then, seeing that he could not avoid the terrible confession, he returned to the window and begged the stranger to enter a small private office.

"Monsieur," he said, after offering the young man a chair, "I have sad news to tell you. M. Lacedat is dead."

"Dead! why I saw him two weeks ago and he appeared to be in perfect health," cried Cairnes. "How did it happen?"

"It is supposed that M. Lacedat was murdered," said the cashier, lowering his voice.

"Murdered! my God! it is frightful!"

After a moment's silence the young Irishman continued:

"It is a deplorable event, but I do not suppose that it will have any effect upon the affairs of the bank and this deposit."

"Certainly, monsieur, you are right," said the unhappy cashier, who still put off as long as possible the fatal confession, but you understand that after such an occurrence matters are somewhat confused."

"Would you prefer that I should call again tomorrow?" replied the young man. "I cannot wait beyond then. I must certainly have the money tomorrow."

"Tomorrow — tomorrow," repeated the poor man.

Then summoning his courage:

"Ah! monsieur, I had better tell you all, he cried. M. Lacedat's affairs, which, while he lived, appeared to be in the best condition, will perhaps be difficult to settle. The assets are large, but we have not yet been able to ascertain of what the available funds consist."

"Ah! this is fatality!" cried the Irishman rising. "Do you know, monsieur, that this money is of the utmost importance to me! And you tell me that it will, perhaps, be lost?"

"I do not say precisely that," said the poor cashier, trembling before the threatening look of his visitor.

"Ah! fool that I was to trust to the honor and probity of that man. He was ruined when he asked me to make the deposit, and he hoped to save himself at my expense. This fortune which I confided to him he has lost at play or in stocks, and, in a moment of despair, he doubtless blew his brains out."

"Ah! monsieur, do not say that, do not say that, I beg you," supplicated the cashier. He has been the victim of some inexplicable crime ——"

"Yes, yes, that is easy to say. But I consider that I have been robbed. You do not know, but I will tell you what will perhaps be the consequence to me of this loss. But no it is impossible; there must be some means," he continued with increasing emotion. "I cannot accept such a terrible misfortune. M. Lacedat had property; he owned a house in Paris. That must be sold and my money paid me."

"Monsieur, monsieur," implored the old man, who could not find words to express his despair.

"I shall go at once on leaving here, and make a complaint. I will see if the law can help me."

"Wait, I entreat you. Think of M. Lacedat's children; have some pity for them."

"This money was destined to relieve misery more bitter than theirs," cried the Irishman, with irritation. "They do not merit pity!"

And leaving the unhappy cashier overwhelmed by grief and shame, Robert Cairnes left the office.

Reaching the street he hailed a carriage and drove to a lawyer's office, where he had a long consultation as to the best thing to be done. Then he returned to the Hotel Mirabeau, where he lived, and wrote some important letters.

He was engaged in this occupation when a servant announced to him that a lady desired to speak to him.

Greatly surprised at this visit, Robert asked her name, and was informed that she had given none.

He saw appear, presently, a young woman dressed in black, whose face was concealed beneath a heavy veil.

When, after seating herself, upon the invitation of the young man, she raised her veil, Robert was struck by the admirable beauty of her pale features.

"Monsieur," she said, "I ought first to tell you my name. I am the daughter of M. Lacedat."

Robert made a gesture of surprise.

"M. Raveneau came to me after the interview you had with him this morning. He told me all. I came to seek you, first, because I do not wish you to feel for an instant that my father acted dishonestly towards you, and then because I wished you to know that from today M. Lacedat's children have nothing for themselves. All that my father possessed belongs to his creditors."

Jeanne's beauty and the dignity of her attitude seemed to make an impression on the young Irishman. He was touched by her pleading, sorrowful expression. If he had a somewhat violent nature his heart was always tender and accessible to the best sentiments.

"It is true," he said, courteously "it is true, mademoiselle, that I spoke angrily to the cashier at the bank. But you will understand and will, I am sure, excuse my emotion when you learn that the money deposited with your father did not belong to me."

"What, monsieur —?"

"It was a trust, a sacred trust confided to my honor. This money came from subscriptions received in France for my unfortunate Irish brothers."

"Monsieur, at this moment I cannot give you any positive assurance that you will be repaid. I can only hope that you may be. My father has been the victim of a crime; that I swear to you. We are now seeking the assassin, the robber. He will be found, I am sure, for God will not allow such an infamous deed to rest unpunished. But this search may be a long one. Monsieur, I supplicate you not to add to our pain, to our grave embarrassment by making a complaint, which would only compromise the interests which you wish to defend; for the liquidation of my father's affairs must be made under the best possible conditions."

"Say no more, mademoiselle," said Robert, who appreciated the noble nature of the young girl. "I have faith in your word, and am sure that hereafter my interests could not be in better hands than yours."

Then, rising, he walked rapidly up and down the room. Then he abruptly seated himself and buried his face in his hands.

After a short silence, he raised his head and observing the astonished expression upon Jeanne's face, he said:

"Excuse me, mademoiselle; but this misfortune could not have come at a worse moment. I was just about to depart for Africa for a lion hunt. My friend and my rival, John Fitzgerald, is already on the way. I have an important bet with him, £5000, that I will kill the greater number. I have a revenge to take, for last year John Fitzgerald beat me by one lion. I don't care for the money, but my honor is at stake."

Then realizing that these facts, absorbing as they were to him, could hardly, under the circumstances, interest the young girl, he added:

"Pardon me, mademoiselle. I have the bad habit of speaking sometimes very foolishly, but I assure you I am not a bad fellow. I feel deeply for your misfortune. I knew your father, and esteemed him. You may be sure that if this money belonged to me I should feel very differently."

"I thank you," said Jeanne, rising, "I only hope that all my father's creditors will show themselves as generous as you."

She lowered her veil, bowed to the young man, and went out comforted by this visit which she had made in fear and trembling.

CHAPTER VI.

A FAITHLESS LOVER.

Three days have passed since the discovery of the terrible event. M. Lacedat has been laid in his untimely grave.

The morning after the funeral Jeanne went to see George.

"Take me home, take me home, little sister," he cried. "I wish to see papa!"

George's existence at Madame Viverols' had been very different from the happy life at his father's house. As the countess could not bear children, the boy had been confided to the care of one of the servants, who treated him cruelly.

Jeanne's arrival was a deliverance for him. He would not leave her. He attached himself to her, begging her to take him away.

"Tomorrow, tomorrow," said the young girl, who in the generosity of her heart could not suspect the manner in which the poor orphan was treated in that noble family. "Tomorrow, I promise, I will come and get you."

She was obliged to tear herself from his arms.

On returning to her home Jeanne found M. Raveneau awaiting her.

"I did not wish to trouble you yesterday, mademoiselle, you were so unhappy," said the cashier, in a sympathetic voice. "Besides, bad news travels fast enough."

"What is it?" asked Jeanne.

"The trouble is we cannot satisfy our creditors. Every day new demands are presented. Unless a miracle intervenes we shall be forced to fail. Here is a list of the most pressing creditors."

He handed her a sheet of paper upon which a dozen names were written.

"Why, these gentlemen were all friends of my father," cried Jeanne. "They have been at the house often. Leave this list with me, I will go and see them."

"I hardly dared to ask you, mademoiselle, but you succeeded so well with the young Irishman, our heaviest creditor."

"And he scarcely knew my father, and these gentlemen were his intimate friends."

"It is only a matter of a little delay. I only want time to realize on some of the assets. It seems impossible that your father's fortune can have disappeared thus. We must have time to clear up the mystery and to settle under the best possible conditions."

The next day Jeanne commenced her visits, but she found anything but a friendly reception awaiting her from those who had been her father's friends. They all received her coldly, and she was unable to obtain any promises to wait from any of them.

What humiliation and pain she suffered from these fruitless journeys.

She, Jeanne Lacedat, the daughter of a millionnaire, would have received from these men, but a few days before, the most respectful homage, but as she now presented herself before them, timid and suppliant, she had no right to anything but cold disdain. Often, even, she had to struggle against the bitter anger of a man who felt his interests menaced, and wished to employ every means to save them.

To all her supplications the reply generally was:

"Certainly, your father was my friend, but business is business. I will make no promise."

She went on, however, to the end, sustained by the hope of saving her father's honor and keeping intact and spotless the name which George would one day bear. As for herself, what imported the loss of fortune? Would she not presently have a loving, faithful protector? The luxury in which she had lived was nothing to her. She would willingly give it up, for a calm and peaceful life with him she loved.

"Ah! Raoul," she murmured, "without your love what should I do? It is the one ray of sunlight which pierces the darkness which surrounds me."

When she had accomplished all that it was humanly possible to do to save her father's bank, when she saw that ruin was inevitable, she resolved to sell at once the house and furniture in the rue d'Offemont, unwilling to retain for a moment longer property which she felt belonged to the creditors. She sought for some cheap apartments where she could live with George until her marriage.

During the last five days Raoul de Viverols had called at her house but twice, and she had not met him at his mother's, for the hour at which she visited George was always in the morning.

She was happy then, on the evening of the day she had visited the last of her father's creditors, when a servant announced that Madame de Viverols was in the drawing room.

She thought that Raoul must have accompanied her. But she was greatly surprised when she saw her brother seated beside the countess. Her first thought was that he must be ill.

So before embracing him or saluting Madame de Viverols, she said:

"George, you are not sick?"

"No, little sister," he replied.

"Ah! I feared you were," said Jeanne, looking at Madame de Viverols as if seeking an explanation. "I so little expected to see you—"

She was struck by the serious air of the child, and she saw that his eyes were red from weeping.

"Jeanne," he said, with a serious accent, which made her shudder, why did you not tell me that our father was dead?"

"Ah! madame," cried Jeanne, "you have then told him"

"No," replied Madame de Viverols, greatly surprised; "I did not know that he knew it."

"Yes, George," said Jeanne, "our poor father has left us. You have now only me in the world to love and take care of you."

The child buried his head upon Jeanne's breast and burst into tears.

"I shall be obliged to you, madamoiselle, if you will have this child taken from the room," said Madame de Viverols in a dry, harsh voice, which recalled them to themselves. "I wish to talk to you seriously."

Jeanne was astonished at hearing the countess speak thus, and wondered what she could have to say. Nevertheless in accordance with her request she rang for Clara and told her to take George away.

When they were alone, Madame de Viverols said:

"Mademoiselle, what I have to say will doubtless pain you, but it concerns the happiness, the future of my son, and my feelings as a mother compel me to speak. You doubtless are not ignorant that since M. Lacedat's death certain reports have spread. Oh! I wish to say to you that we have denied them indignantly. But now what they say is so serious that we have felt obliged to make a thorough investigation. We have unhappily acquired the conviction that the rumor is not due to malevolence or calumny. Your father left his affairs in a bad condition, and your fortune is doubtless compromised."

"You might say, madame, that we are completely ruined," replied Jeanne, simply.

"I did not suppose it was as bad as that, mademoiselle," said Madame de Viverols, shrugging her shoulders.

There was a short silence. Jeanne did not dare to conjecture what the countess was driving at. But she did not have to wait long for the explanation of this preamble.

"While your father lived," continued Madame de Viverols, playing with her eye glasses, "there had been a projected union between our two families, and I need not tell you with what impatience my son awaited the happy moment when he should become your husband. So, it is not without the greatest grief, believe me, that he has taken a decisive resolution, which I am charged by him to make known to you."

"Do not finish, madame, do not finish, it is useless," said Jeanne, shuddering and rising suddenly. "I understand what you are going to say. Your son designed to love me while I was rich and happy. Today when I am poor and in sorrow he abandons me. I have heard that such actions are sometimes committed, but I did not expect it of him. Ah! I have seen so many things during the last few days that I ought not to be surprised at anything," she continued, with an indignation which she did not seek to restrain. "All is ended between us, madame, it is useless for you to remain longer in my house."

She dismissed her with an imperious gesture. And, as Madame de Viverols, overcome with astonishment, did not move, the young girl turned to her and, with a look of contempt, cried:

"I do not wish to see your son again. I will never see him. Tell him that I despise him more than I ever esteemed him; that I hate him more than I ever loved him. Tell him that I have only one wish, and that is that he may one day be as unhappy and abandoned as I am at this moment; and return him this, which soils my hand!"

On uttering these words she threw in Madame de Viverols' face her engagement ring, which she had torn from her finger.

"Mademoiselle," cried the countess, indignantly, taking a step toward her.

But Jeanne had run to the bell, and when Francois entered, she pointed to Madame de Viverols and said:

"Show that woman to the door."

At the same time she disappeared, casting upon the countess a look of supreme contempt.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SOMEWHAT, SOMEWHAT, SOMEWHAT TIRED.

[W. C. Edgar in Puck.]

Weary of sowing for others to reap,
“ “ earning “ “ “ keep,
“ “ thinking “ “ “ gain,
“ “ pleasure and weary of pain;
“ “ falseness, of dulness, of care,
“ “ all of the burdens I bear;
“ “ victories, sweets turned to gall,
“ “ serpent's trail over it all;
“ “ matching and weary of betting,
“ “ sighing “ “ “ fretting,
“ “ losing “ “ “ winning
“ “ praying “ “ “ sinning.
“ “ sickness “ “ “ health,
“ “ poverty “ “ “ wealth,
“ “ hoping “ “ “ fearing,
“ “ trusting “ “ “ sneering,
“ “ idleness “ “ “ work,
“ “ worker “ “ “ shirk,
“ “ laughter “ “ “ tears,
“ “ months as they run into years,
“ “ spending and weary of hoarding,
“ “ housekeeping “ “ boarding,
“ “ waking and sleeping and dining,
“ “ croaking “ growling “ whining,
“ “ limpness “ weary of starch,
But, gods! how I'm weary of Boulanger's March!

Evidence that Ruskin is Insane.

[Judge.]

John Ruskin wrote that no man should marry until he had made himself worthy of a good wife. Now that was quite unreasonable. Of course he could not make himself worthy until the good wife had shown him how.

MOSES AND HIS TIMES.

Second Lecture in Rabbi Schindler's Series.

First Signs of the Life of Judaism Centring About the Great Lawmaker.

Israel's Leader One of the Greatest Benefactors of Humanity.

Rabbi Solomon Schindler delivered his second lecture in the "Dissolving Views" series at Temple Adath Israel last evening. The topic was "Moses and His Times." The rabbi spoke as follows:

The mode of examining a witness in a lawsuit was during the time of the second Jewish Commonwealth far different from what it has been in any other country, or is now among us. Witnesses were restricted to the answering of two sets of questions; one in regard to time and place, the other in regard to relevant circumstances, and the testimony of at least two witnesses, agreeing with each other in the smallest details, was required to establish a fact as true. It is, therefore, not surprising that Flavius Josephus, the Jewish historian of the first century, should have applied the same rule to the scrutiny of history in general, and that in his answer to Apion he should have established the following remarkable proposition: "the characteristic of true history," says he, "is the concordance of several writers as to subject, time and place."

Should we not expect of a historian who seems to have been so well aware of the unreliability of history that he would accept no statement as true unless it should have had the support of at least two writers who would have been in strict accordance as to subject, time and place, that he would have flagrantly contradicted the statements of a book which he himself describes as written with utmost caution and by the most reliable persons? Should we not expect that such a writer must have had a superior evidence for his version of the same event? If Josephus had been familiar with the Bible—and about this there can certainly be no doubt—or, if the Bible read in his time as it reads today, and if, furthermore, this book has been considered then to contain the truth and nothing but the truth, as it is in our time, it is utterly inexplicable how he could have produced a history of.

The Life of Moses,

such as he has. He differs so materially from the Biblical record, he takes so much away from one side and adds so much to the other, that if he should be taken as a second witness, his testimony would contradict that of the first witness in such a measure that, according to his own rule, a judge could place little reliance in either.

You are all familiar with the short sketch of the life of the great law-giver as contained in the Bible. You have been told already, when on your mother's lap, how a cruel Egyptian king had desired to check the unprecedented increase of a subjected people by a law demanding that every new born child of the male sex should be drowned; how one child had been miraculously saved by the daughter of that very king and educated under his very eyes; how, afterwards, having accidentally killed an Egyptian officer, Moses had fled from the country, had lived for 40 years as a shepherd in Midian, and, upon a call miraculously received from God, had returned to Egypt, liberated his people from bondage, brought a desert into a new land and transformed it by wise legislation into one of the most cultured nations on earth. Josephus must have heard and read the stories exactly in the same version as you have, but he who demands as a characteristic of true history the concordance of several writers as to subject, time and place tells a still more romantic history of the ancient legislator.

He is informed that the king was advised by a dream that a Hebrew child would bring

Calamity Upon Egypt,

and that, therefore—and for no such reason as given in the Biblical record—he had ordered the massacre of all male children; that one child, on account of its extraordinary beauty, was saved, hidden, educated and protected by his daughter, whose name he even does know and gives us as Thermutis. He knows nothing of his quarrel with an Egyptian overseer, but he tells a long story of how Moses has been made general by the king to repel an invasion of the Abyssinians; how he defeated the hostile armies in several battles, and even carried the war into their own country; how he besieged their impregnable capital and captured it, because his personal beauty had won the heart of the Ethiopian princess, who brought him the city as a dowry; how the Egyptians had become envious of him on account of his marvellous success, and had forced him into a voluntary exile.

After such a departure from the Biblical text Josephus returns to that source and relates the rest in a similar manner, though frequently differing in regard to numbers and to time from the original. From what source he had taken his biography of Moses, and what reason he has had to ascribe a better authority to them than to the book, which must have borne already the stamp of divine authority, we have no means of determining. From a book written by Manetho, who flourished during the reign of Ptolemy, he must have obtained some of his points, but why he has preferred the statements of so late a writer, and one whom he has found occasion to contradict several times, to the statement of the Bible, remains an unsolved riddle.

I have promised to present to you tonight a picture of Moses and his time, for it is evident if we intend to embark for a research into

The History of Judaism

we must find some beginning and start from some place. It is furthermore evident that the first distinctive signs of the life of Judaism gather around the time and the person of a man who has become known to the world by the name of Moses. It is rather unfortunate for us that we have no other sources from which to obtain a true description of the man and his time than the two which I have mentioned—the Bible and Josephus; and whereas the latter, in spite of his theory that the characteristic of true history must consist in the concordance of several writers in regard to subject, time and place, has not transmitted to us the least reason nor the least authority why he, as a later writer, has dared to set aside older records in so many points, his testimony receives condemnation from his own mouth, and consequently only one witness—the Bible—remains on the stand.

Whatever is known of the biography of Moses you know as well as I do. I am not able to add one iota to it. It is little enough, and to augment the number of hypotheses by new conjectures might gratify our imagination, but would bring us not one inch nearer to the truth. It is, therefore, immaterial to us to know when and where Moses has lived; how he has come by his name; whether or not he has written and left a biography of himself. A man must have lived in the early times of Jewish history who has left such an imprint upon his time that it never faded away, but on the contrary became the nucleus for his apotheosis. What I consider more important for us to know is what were the general religious views current at that time among

The Primitive Hebrews

and among their neighbors. In what relation did they place themselves to the universe, and what was the particular germ which produced in that small nation the development of an idea so far different from the rest of peoples.

The results which so far have been gleaned from a knowledge of ancient Egypt annihilate a theory formerly in vogue that the Israelites have merely copied Egyptian customs, and that whatever is good in Judaism has been derived from Egyptian sources. Judaism, though a near neighbor and contemporary of Egypt, shows in its vital points the exact reverse of its religious principles. Egypt, though its more intelligent inhabitants may have believed in one God, was given to idolatry and has filled its temples with representations of their divinities. Judaism opposed idol worship. Egypt believed firmly to its last day in the immortality of the soul and its return to the body, and, therefore, always preserved so carefully the corpses of the deceased that we find them intact even today. Judaism shows but few traces of such a belief, and they even die out in course of time. Sacrifices, rare among Egyptians, are customary among the Jews. The regal authority, held in the highest respect in Egypt, finds a barren soil in Palestine, where democratic institutions flourish and kings rise only temporarily to general acknowledgment.

It would be utterly impossible to trace from the meagre sources at our disposal the origin and time of every law or to give a better description of

The Prehistoric Life

of the nation. You may as well try to describe the imperceptible growth of a plant and to fix the second when the first leaflet has burst from its bud. What we may learn from an unprejudiced study of our only witness—the Bible—may be classified as follows: The world was to the primitive Israelite of a very small circumference; he knew but a few neighboring tribes, and of a few people beyond his confines; what lay beyond the Mediterranean sea was unknown to him; he represented the forces of nature by many divinities, rocks were worshipped and holy places abounded in the land. Every tribe had its own deity, and in Dan, Bethel, Bersheba, Shilo on Mt. Gerisim and Karmel were gods worshipped even in the latest times, not to speak of the mountain tops and vallies where people would assemble to offer sacrifices to the gods. Out of the number of tribal gods Yahweh finally arose as the national god of all Israel.

The knowledge and introduction of this god was ascribed to Moses, the most prominent of all leaders. Yahweh was considered a god more powerful than the rest; a god who could successfully compete even with the strong gods of Egypt and Assyria; he was described as a god who had taken special interest in their nation, had given them their land; he had accompanied them in their former wanderings, and had therefore a right to their acknowledgment. Yahweh would not have been more than any other of the many gods of antiquity nor would his culte have produced a higher standard of morality had not two attributes raised him above the rest; different from other gods he was invisible; no person could see him and live, and even Moses, his favorite, had never beheld him. He would not suffer any representation of his form, nor would he allow that any other god should be worshipped by his side. This struck the death-blow to idolatry and paved the way for

A Purer Conception of God.

In the second place Jehovah was identified with the principle of morality; he loved goodness and hated iniquity, and desired man to strive after holiness and perfection. Thus Yehovism contained the first germ of an ethical plant which in after years should develop into a tree, under the shadow of which the nations of the earth could find room. It is not absolutely a necessity that the great men of antiquity must have anticipated the wants of the future, or that they must have possessed the knowledge we possess today, or that they must have possessed as pure and lofty a conception of God and religion as we do. The greatness of a man stands in proportion to the time in which he has lived and of which he has been the child. It may be true that a genius will prove himself a genius at all times, and if, for example, Moses could be reborn, and could live among us, he would become as great now as he has been among his contemporaries; that is, that he would overreach us all in his conceptions and aspirations, but we should deny at once the ability of humanity for progress should we allow that we had not risen far above the Moses who lived 3000 years ago in science, art, and not less in religion.

To sum it up, we find that Judaism or Mosesism in its earliest stage meant and stood for something else from what it meant and stood a few hundred years later; that it was then the very first glimpse of a better knowledge of God, the very first attempt of rise from superstition. A person might have been considered then a religious man if he promptly offered his sacrifices, paid his tithes, kept Sabbath and new moon, asked no other oracle for advice but Yahweh, and offered homage to no other divinity. Intermarriage was then common, circumcision optional and even neglected, and the identity of religion with ethics had just begun to dawn upon the inhabitants of Canaan. It took

Several Hundreds of Years

before the tribes had exchanged their roving and nomadic disposition for the more settled state of agriculture. The more the different clans and tribes were drawn together from political necessity, the more victoriously arose the Yehovistic idea, until it triumphed with the political amalgamation of the tribes into one nation. Greater and greater grew the numbers of those who objected to idolatry, and found comfort in the belief in the one invisible God of Israel. More and more became apparent the feebleness of gods of wood and stone and the absurdity of worshipping them, and higher and higher rose the perception of man's duties to God and his fellow-beings.

When the battle was over, when, with the return from Babylonian captivity a new state of development was reached, the internal labors and struggles of five centuries were treated by the writers of that age not retrospectively but prospectively. An old age was assigned to the earliest acquisitions, and out of the crowd of men who had contributed to the success and final triumph of Yahweh arose the grand figure of Moses, the leader, the legislator, the servant of God, the hero who had sacrificed the greater part of his life to the welfare of his nation, the modest man for whom had been reserved not even a grave in the land of Israel.

At such a distance of time, and with so meagre sources as are at our disposal, it is difficult to determine how much humanity is indebted to him, but if he had done nothing else but hurled into mankind the ideas that God, no matter whether tribal or universal, is invisible, that he must not be represented or symbolized in any form, and that he is identical with morality, such alone would entitle him to a high rank among the benefactors of humanity and to the gratitude of all mankind.

My next lecture shall treat on Ezra and his time.

DEATH OF AN AGED TWIN.

Remarkable Family History of Mrs. Mary A. Woodward—Early Reminiscences of Her Life.

NASHUA, N. H., Oct. 16.—Mrs. Mary A. Woodward, mother of Colonel Dana A. King, register of deeds for Hillsboro county, died suddenly today of heart disease, aged 85 years. For years she had lived on the old Jim McKean place, on the South Merrimac road. She, with her sister, Mrs. John Chickering of Worcester, Mass., were born at Nottingham, in this State, nearly a century ago. They were twins.

Mrs. Woodward spent her declining days in peace and comfort here in the pure country air with her daughter, Mrs. McKean, and her two grandchildren.

When THE GLOBE correspondent called on her a few days ago she welcomed him heartily, remarking that she loved to talk over the olden times and its many changes. She was a pleasant-faced old lady, apparently as healthy as the majority of us 30 years younger, and at that time bid fair to live long enough to be the oldest woman in town. Her step was firm and steady; her hearing good, her voice as easy as any person's half her age. Her only sign of failing were her eyes. They were not quite as good as in the "days of auld lang syne."

She was the oldest twin in the city of Nashua and her son, Colonel Dana W. King, as far as I can find out, the oldest twin on the men's side. He is 56 years old.

"I was born," said Mrs. Woodward, as she settled back in the easy chair, "in West Nottingham, this State, March 20, 1802. My sister Martha, now Mrs. John Chickering of Worcester, Mass., was the twin with me. My father, whose name was Richie, had a large family and we were not rich. The town was very small and we did the work on the farm that is expected of every girl brought up on one. Much more, too, in those days than now. We worked harder, content with food and clothes. Now they flock to the city when they reach their teens.

"My twin sister married John Chickering, and after some wandering they settled in Worcester, Mass., where they now live. He is a very popular man there, and is a manager of excursions. I have been married twice and have had 12 children. My first husband's name was William King, and Colonel Dana W. King, now register of deeds for this county, is his son. Dana has been register of deeds nearly all the time since the war. Dana and Dr. D. W. King of Belden, Col., are twins. They were born in 1831.

"After the death of Mr. King, I was married to Mr. Woodward, and Oct. 15, 1851, moved from Alstead to Nashua with my nine children. Mr. Woodward enlisted in the war of 1812, but only served a few days, as the war closed. He was worth property when we married, but lost it. I had lived in North Chelmsford, Mass., a year and in York State 14 years. I have always had good health and worked hard. My girls worked in the Nashua mill and the boys on Water street."

Didn't Fool the Colt.

[Hartford Courant.]

A gentleman who keeps a two-year-old colt in a lot where there is fruit has been particular of late to have all the fruit that fell during the night gathered before the colt was turned out in the morning, thinking the fellow would get all that his system required if he ate what fell during the day. Yesterday afternoon one of the family heard a year tree rattle, and, slipping to the window to see if the tree was being molested, she saw the colt rubbing against it. Directly a pear was started and the colt at once made for it. Then he repeated the rubbing operation till another fell, which he secured and ate. He had been seen rubbing against the tree before, but his movements were not watched, and his owner has no doubt but that he has secured his share of the fruit and didn't take up windfalls either.

The Wherefore of a Family Jar.

[Deer Isle Gazette.]

A farmer not 1000 miles from here got his wife to help him lower his mowing machine from the barn loft where it had been stored. He fastened a rope to it, and passing it over a pulley asked his wife to hold the end until he descended. She had just then taken a hitch with the rope around her waist, when the mower crashed down to the floor and simultaneously she shot up where the mud wasps do their nest hiding. There has been only one subject of conversation in that family since, and she has done all the talking.

Bostonians Call It a Trowsers Bible.

[Judge.]

We shall pay nothing for a breeches Bible. Some people are very particular about these things, but the new version is good enough for us.

IMPERSONATING WIDOWS.

An Old Pension Swindler Hunted Down.

James H. McGindley Arrested at Cleveland, O.,

After a Career of Crime in Illinois, Missouri and Canada.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct. 14.—On the 30th of September James H. McGindley was arrested by Special Examiner Jacobs of the Pension Bureau, on a charge of forgery and other frauds in connection with pension claims. On the some day he was brought before United States Commissioner A. J. Williams, at Cleveland, O., where he waived a hearing and was sent to jail in default of $10,000 bail.

This month the grand jury of the United States Court for the northern district of Ohio found against him ten indictments, embodying 42 independent counts, and he is now imprisoned awaiting trial. This apparently ordinary announcement proves to be, in fact, only the headlines of an extraordinary chapter in the history of crime.

James H. McGindley was born in the north of Ireland, April 21, 1826, and came to America with his father, Manneseh McGindley, when very young.

McGindley settled in Martin county, Ind. James H. was given a collegiate education, and graduated with honors in the fall of 1855, and in December of the same year was admitted to the bar of Martin county, Ind. In April he was commissioned justice of the peace by Ashel P. Willard, the governor of Indiana. He remained in Martin county until the breaking out of the war, when he removed to Quincy, Ill., and continued to practice his profession, having been admitted by the Supreme Court to practice in said State.

In the year 1864 he began to prosecute claims against the government, making pensions a specialty. He was very successful, and did a large and lucrative business, but soon began a career of crookedness unparalleled in the history of the pension bureau.

He provided himself with the records of soldiers who were killed or died in the service during the late war, and, after ascertaining that they left no one surviving entitled to a pension, he would manufacture a bogus widow and file a claim in her name. He would also continue to draw the pension of genuine widow pensioners long after their decease.

Many years ago it was discovered that McGindley was engaged in swindling the government, and United States officers were put upon his track, but he managed to elude them, and left Quincy for parts unknown.

Soon after leaving Quincy McGindley's friends circulated a report that he had died at New Orleans of yellow fever, and for a time the report was credited by the government officials. But subsequently it was discovered that McGindley was in St. Louis practicing his old schemes under the name of L. Carpenter & Co. This was in the year 1880, and steps were then taken to secure his arrest; but, before the officers arrived in St. Louis he had again disappeared without leaving the slightest clew behind him.

For several months General Black, commissioner of pensions, has been engaged in verifying the pension roll, with a view of purging it of all pensioners not entitled to pensions; and also, of ascertaining whether pensions were being illegally drawn in the names of the deceased pensioners, as had been alleged in some quarters.

During the investigation it was discovered that a number of widow pensioners were credited with a residence in Toronto, Ont., who drew their pensions through the Chicago pension agency. This fact caused him to look more closely into the matter, when it was learned that the supposed Canada widows had at one time been enrolled on the Quincy, Ill., agency, before the latter was consolidated with the Chicago agency, some years ago.

It was learned that the attorney in all the Toronto cases was none other than the long-lost McGindley.

General Black held a consultation with his chief of special examiners, and as a result, Special Examiner Jacobs was provided with extradition papers and dispatched to Toronto to effect McGindley's capture and transportation to the United States. It was supposed that he was a member of the "boodle colony" across the line.

Upon arriving at Toronto, Special Examiner Jacobs learned that a man answering McGindley's description had resided for some years at No. 55 Jarvis street where he was known as "James Harvey," a manufacturer of a patent medicine known as "Holy Land Oil."

From Toronto McGindley, alias Harvey, was traced to Cincinnati, O., and thence to Cleveland, O., where all trace of him was lost for a time. On the 22d of last month the pension agent at Chicago received two vouchers for the payment of pensions in the cases of Elizabeth M. Geddes and Catherine O'Haran. In the case of Geddes the pension agent was directed to send the check to the post office at Newburg, O., and in the O'Haran case the check was ordered sent to Brooklyn Village, O. These cases were some of the McGindley series. The day after these checks had been mailed, Special Examiner Jacobs arrived in Chicago, and upon learning the fact, departed at once for Newburg, O., where he found the letter containing the Elizabeth M. Geddes check at the post office.

The O'Haran letter was found at the Brooklyn Village post office; and, after placing that post office under surveillance, the special examiner took up his residence in the Newbury post office, awaiting the arrival of Mrs. Geddes, the alleged widow pensioner.

After waiting five days, an old man appeared and presented an order to the postmaster, requesting that the mail addressed to Elizabeth Geddes be delivered to the bearer, H. B. Mason. In compliance with the order, the postmaster handed the letter from the Chicago pension agent to H. B. Mason who, placing it in his pocket, strolled leisurely away.

Just as Mr. Mason reached the street he was confronted by Special Examiner Jacobs who addressed him as McGindley (for such he really proved to be), and being taken off his guard, he unwittingly responded to his name. He was put under arrest and acknowledged his identity, and fully confessed his long career of crime.

Upon being searched an order was found on his person addressed to the postmaster at Brooklyn Village, instructing him to deliver to H. B. Mason letters addressed to Catharine O'Haran.

Other documents found on him disclosed his place of residence to be 313 Broadway, Cleveland, O. The above place was found to be a hotel and saloon, of which McGindley, under the name of H. B. Mason, was the proprietor. The place was searched, and among the proprietor's effects was found a bogus notary public seal, which had been used in executing pension vouchers, and a mass of papers, which clearly established the fact of McGindley's wholesale swindles.

Besides the Geddes and O'Haran cases, McGindley's papers showed that he had also been personating widow pensioners named Huldah Furman, Celia Lewis, Pauline Schmidt, and Rachel Scanton. Further investigation is being made, which will undoubtedly show a still greater list of rascalities.

It has also been discovered that McGindley did not confine himself to the pension business exclusively, for evidence is in the possession of the pension bureau tending to show that he is interested in some of the biggest land swindles in the country.

The Wilberforce Wit.

[St. Louis Magazine.]

Mr. William Wilberforce, who died not long ago in England, transmitted the family wit to a daughter, who is a worthy niece to the Rt. Rev. Samuel Wilberforce, one of the wittiest as well as ablest prelates of modern times.

Mr. Wilberforce once contested a large Yorkshire borough, and when he mounted the hustlings on the day of election, he left his daughter seated in the carriage. The Conservative mob recognized her, and surrounded her with shouts of: "Miss Wilberforce forever!"

The lady let down the carriage window and replied, with a laugh, "No, my friends, not Miss Wilberforce forever!"

An eminent English divine has said of Mr. Wilberforce that "he entered a room with all the sweetness of an angel and all the agility of a monkey."

That Would Work with Some Men.

[Judge.]

"Which of all the girls that you know do you like the best?" she whispered sweetly.

"The one I'm usually with," was his heartless reply, and now he wonders what made her mad.

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HOWARD'S LETTER.

High Life and Low Life in New York.

Tracing a Relation Between the Moral and Physical.

More Crime Among the Poor Than the Rich,

Because the Poor Drink Rum in Grog Shops,

While the Rich Drink Champagne in Club Houses.

NEW YORK, Oct. 15.—I wonder if there is any connection, psychologic or otherwise, between the moral and physical conditions existing in communities.

For instance, let us take New York of today.

What do we find? A condition of morality absolutely unprecedented, a condition of physical upsetment which is a text for universal complaint from one end of the town to the other. Absurd as it is in fact, for the sake of argument, we will concede that our city government is the fountain from which flow streams of influence, of power, of example. A fountain which is filled with impurity, into which have been for many years emptied the mean, the poor, the ambitious, the avaricious, the corrupt elements which have risen like the scum from the bottom of citizenship to the top. Continuing the assumption for the sake of argument and illustration, what could have been expected from a fountain so corrupt, different from that which we find along the line of crime and of general infelicitous existence? All history shows that as nations grow in power they grow in wealth, and as they grow in wealth they lapse into habits of luxury, effeminacy, disregard of principle, and indulgence in criminalities great and small. Decadence of this nature is the certain precursor of ultimate ruin. Recurring to fact and leaving out assumption, we find that corruption has ruled in our places of authority for years, to such an extent that the interference of an outraged press has been invoked, the courts have been appealed to, and bolts and bars have been utilized to separate men once high in office from those over whom they wickedly dominated.

And society?

Still disregarding assumption and adhering to fact, it may be truthfully asserted that never has New York society been so weak, so vacillating, so effeminate, so frivolous, so capricious, so vain, so sickeningly silly as it is today, the cap and climax of a decade of idiocy.

And wicked?

Yes. Those who have dared to be wicked were wicked, are wicked, and indeed all vain, frivolous creatures are wicked, judged by a lofty standard, but I use the term "wicked" here as applicable to those who commit heinous and punishable crimes, to those who thwart the lower laws, who steal, who murder, who commit offences so gross that even blunted consciences are aroused to punitive action.

New York, as I have repeatedly told you, is divided into two classes only—the rich and the poor.

We find here so few of what are ordinarily known as the middling class, by which term are indicated men and women who toil and work for a little more than their absolute necessities, who live in comfort without show, asking favors from none, independent in thought, fearless in action and with sufficient laid by to meet the day of cloud and storm. We have so few of that grade of men in this city that they are not worth speaking of as between the two great distinctions of rich and poor, the rich being men who have attained success in business, or occupation of whatever nature, the poor being those who are literally dependent upon others for employment inadequately remunerative, and generally of a nature from which true manhood necessarily shrinks. The crimes of the very rich and the crimes of the very poor spring from a common nature. There are not as many murders among the rich as among the poor.

Why?

Because the source of crime, brutal in its type, is drunkenness, drunkenness produced by over-indulgence in inflammatory liquors. There are grades in drunkendess. All drunkards are abhorrent, but all are not violent, and it is rare that the rich man, drunk from champagne, rolls or staggers or violently pushes through the streets, insulting his fellows, maltreating men, women, children, horses, assaulting the police, or indulging in deeds of violence upon the highway. His debauch is in his club, in the house of his friend, in the gilded restaurant, in his own apartments. On the other hand, the drunkenness of the poor is as a rule born of excessive drinking in a corner grocery, in some lower haunt of vice, in a series of convenient ginmills, whence the poor man can be ejected as soon as he is full or his money gone, whence he can be thrown upon the sidewalk and hauled unceremoniously to the nearest station house by a passing policeman. It is a very different thing to get drunk in a club house, or in your own apartments, and to be put tenderly and carefully into bed by your valet or your friend, from what it is to get drunk in a ginmill on a corner, to be kicked into a street at midnight, to become involved in a brawl with some insulted passer, and then, after brutal beating, to be hauled to a station house, pitched into a cell with a stone for a pillow—dirty, unkempt, wallowing in your own destruction—to be aroused the following morning and taken, with a score of fellow-unfortunates, before a sleepy and careless magistrate.

Some difference there.

New York Society, High and Low,

is in a condition of ferment abnormal, unique. What do you find our rich men doing? They work. Many of them work more hours in a day than the humblest dirt slinger in their employ. They bring to bear intelligence, study, research, thought, patience, and evolve from the crucible of their machination enterprises in the interest of their fellow-men.

But then?

But then they start, with many an honorable exception, upon a career absolutely unbridled in its license, with a boundless scope affecting men, women, customs, defying laws of God and man, breaking down the barriers of decency, utterly regardless of the teachings of the Bible, the suggestions of their own conscience, the example of their fathers.

And the women?

Look at them.

Come with me to the Metropolitan Opera House and see the shamelessness of the women. Women who started in the humble home of a laundress. Women who never until the rising and setting of the present sun knew the meaning of a five-dollar bill. Women to whom but recently the feeble flicker of an imitation was as beautiful and as worshipful as the magnificent radiance of a most symmetrical reality. It is no exaggeration to say that in that superb temple of music, at a time when its manager is providing, though his expert artists in the orchestra and on the stage, material for thought, for feeling, material which should excite the imagination and make your heart glow with enthusiasm, these shameless creatures, with their bare backs turned to the stage and their equally bare bosoms exposed to the view of thousands, giggle and flirt and whisper behind their fans so as to attract the attention of the thoughtless and secure the calm, indignant look of the judicious. Our papers are filled with stories of scandal in what they are pleased to term "high life."

High life in New York means plenty of money.

Read in our conspicuous metropolitan dailies the lists that are published day in and day out of the high-lifers who attend this wedding, that reception, the other occasion of festivity. Do you find ever, in either of those lists, the name of a man noted along the path of science, to whom the world is indebted for an inspiring thought, whose heart has ever pulsated in the interest of a common humanity, whose hand has ever been outstretched with a generous palm to the suffering and the poor? You know you don't. You know you read the same everlasting string of sickening nobodies, their money being left out of the calculation. The women, as a rule, are frivolous in manner, heartless in conduct. They imitate the weaknesses of foreigners, and disregard the homely virtues of the good wherever they are found. Men who can find exhilaration in chasing another man with an anise seed bag in his coat-tail, who think it's the proper caper to be known in an intelligent community by reason of a peculiarly cut collar or an idiotic stare, men whose moral nature sends forth as absolute a stench along the line of existence as that which issues from their cigarette polluted mouths, and sons of these rich men respect virtue nowhere. They recognize honor nowhere, save that they pay what they are pleased to call their debts of honor. A man who will cheat his tailor out of $100 would scour the city to raise $1000 that he lost at cards. These "scandals in high life," with which our papers are filled, ramify the entire realm of dirt, domestic infidelity, dishonor in all its many phases. Indecent men, dishonorable women, seek refuge in our divorce courts.

Now and then some one of them has wit enough to blow the top of his head off with a pistol ball.

Many of them find their way to our asylums, and jibber and chatter in unconscious idiocy, precisely as in earlier days they have jibbered and chattered like foreign monkeys with such sense as God originally endowed them. What sort of society can be expected among women to whom the cut of a dress, the law of a feather, are of more consequence than all else in life? What can be expected of women who regard the birth of a child as a calamity, who look forward to the careful tendering and nurturing of a God-given son or daughter as the greatest curse that could happen, because forsooth it necessitates the taking of some time away from a group of magpies, a company of dissolute associates?

High life in New York is dancing toward the pit of infamy.

And How About Low Life?

Read the papers. Aldermen in jail, courts filled with stories of dissipation and crime of every nature, Blackwell's island absolutely swarming with men and women so bad that the strong hand of the law was compelled to push them beyond the pale of civilization. Sing Sing is packed. The Tombs is overcrowded. As certain as the sun rises after its going down comes the daily brawl, the nightly murder. Burglars, thieves of every nature, dissipations of every sort and kind, thrive in the corrupt soil provided for them by men and women in "high life," who set bad examples, differing from those in low life simply in the altitude of the tree in which they nest.

Why, we have got to that point of morals in this city that the universal press are holding up for office a young man of no special ability, of no experience whatever, simply because he is presumed to be honest, and he is presumed to be honest because, having charge of the prosecution of certain prominent cases in court, he did his best to convict the men who were accused of crime. That he differed from his chief, that he differed from his associates I doubt very much any one will dare to claim, and yet, having produced the impression that he is honest, the press seek today to elevate him at the expense of his chief and at the expense of his associates, using that single, solitary, all-alone argument, "he is honest." There is no pretense that he has unusual ability, although he is a bright, straightforward, promising young man. There is no pretense that he has had experience, because he was taken without practice by the favor of his present chief, who made him a trusted assistant, and as such assistant he has done remarkably well for so young a man. And the only pretense that he is any more honest than anybody else is that he has evinced a very proper zeal in the prosecution of cases left in his charge.

What a comment upon the morality of this great city, where there are lawyers of unusual ability, of wide extended experience and hitherto unquestioned integrity, that this young man, without any especial qualification, and without any experience whatever, save that which he has obtained by the favor of his present chief, is made an almost unanimous choice because he is honest.

Well, that's a good sign after all.

It begins to look as though there was something besides money, something besides slavish imitation of foreign absurdities, but this is the only indication, and that I am sure you will say is not over much.

But we started with a suggestion as to whether there was any subtle connection between the

Moral and Physical Conditions

of communities. That we are upset morally is clear enough to any man who cares to study the situation. We pay $20,000 a year to clergymen who can fill churches, not with the poor, not with men of humble means, but with rich men. Some of our churches look more like opera houses inside than they do like temples of the Most High. A ragged coat would soon be turned from the doors of our fashionable churches. Our sleek divines have no words of condemnation for present ills. They bombard the Jews and the nations of antiquity. They hold up to scorn the unbelieving infidels, but they say nothing against the swift flowing tide of corruption which washes up and down their carpeted broad aisles as vigorously and as pushingly as those which fill the channels of our rivers. They have nothing to say about the vanity of this pew, about the rascality of that, of the selfishness of the other, or the avarice of them all. They preach Christ and him crucified, but not that his imperial example should send humility through the jeweled audience from A to Z, not that his habit of ministration to those beneath him should be followed by them, not that his character should be their example, but simply that a calm and sensitive influence might reign throughout the place, that the salary shall be paid regularly, and the services of the church be made as unctuous and charming as money and experience along the line of art can secure.

A great wedding, a marriage in "high life" is announced.

The papers are full of it.

Well, do they tell of the worth mental, moral, of the groom?

Do they speak of the deeds he has done, of the accomplishments that make him an example to his fellows?

Oh, no, they tell about his money.

And the bride? Is she spoken of for the loveliness of her character, the charm of her maidenly modesty, the excellence of her charity? Oh, no. The magnificence of her toilet is exploited, the costliness of her jewels is commented upon, and a long list of presents, often humbugs at that, is printed, with the names of the donors and the cost of the articles.

Oh, it is silliness running rampant; it is idiocy growing silly.

And as it is in our morals, so it is in our physical conditions. From one end of the city to the other, from one side to the other, the town is absolutely turned up by the roots. Mayor Hewitt is as powerless and as devoid of executive ability as imbecility itself. Neither he nor the Common Council, nor the corporation counsel, nor all the newspaper press combined, can overthrow the power that comes from a felicitous combination of wealth, audacity and averice. Years ago the order came, "take down those wires." Well, are they taken down? Years ago an ordinance was passed, "Trenches shall remain open so long." Well, with the exception of a single trench dug at the side of Mayor Hewitt's house, there is not one that has not been open from three to 10 weeks, and some of them three months. There are laws regulating the number of passengers to be carried. Are they obeyed? Packed in with the other human hogs, packed in with the restless tides of humanity, going up and down our streets, answer the question. Our streets are filthy, our pavements are burlesques, our sidewalks are cumbered, impudent drivers rule the streets, there is not one single physical condition on all fours with the law.

Bad place to live in, isn't it?

No, it isn't. There is not a more delightful spot in this great beautiful country than New York city as a residence, winter or summer. But it has reached a crisis. It has reached a point in morals which is appalling, and a condition of affairs physical which is absolutely disgusting.

What is the remedy?

Oh, well. I am not answering conundrums; I am putting them.

HOWARD.

THE NEWS IN BRIEF.

The New York Evening World appeared for the first time on the 10th.

The Treasury Department is largely adding to the sums held by depository banks.

Yellow fever continues to spread at Tampa, Fla. One death occurred on Monday.

The Halifax people do not anticipate that any good will result from the fisheries commission.

At a village election in Alford Centre, N. Y., on Tuesday, the votes of the women were accepted by the election officers.

A new political club was organized at Washington, D. C., Thursday night, to be known as the Republican National League.

The city of Baltimore loses $130,000 and Johns Hopkins University $60,000 by the passing of the Baltimore & Ohio dividend.

The talk of an extra session of Congress to be called in November is considered absurd by well-informed people in Washington.

Five women were terribly clubbed by a burglar at Fond du Lac, Wis., Wednesday. All are expected to die. The thief secured but $3.

The burning of the Boston & Maine freight depot at Newmarket, N. H., Wednesday night, involves a total loss of $35,000 to $50,000.

A Washington despatch says that congressmen who have arrived there agree that legislation must be had looking to the control of the telegraph.

The net gold in the national treasury has increased $1,500,000 during the current month, and the gold certificate circulation has decreased $1,000,000.

Cashier R. S. Hicks of the Stafford National Bank of Stafford Springs, Conn., is a defaulter to the amount of nearly $200,000. He was arrested last week.

Latham, Alexander & Co. of New York estimate that the cotton crop of the United States for 1887-88 will amount to 6,550,000 bales, as against 6,505,000 bales for 1886-87.

Lieutenant Henn's yacht, the Galatea, sailed for England on the 11th inst., with the lieutenant and Mrs. Henn on board. Eighteen days is set for the voyage across.

The Scotch cutter Thistle sailed for home on the 13th inst. She was saluted by American and British yachts in the bay. Her captain expects to be in Glasgow in 16 days.

British steamer Roman, which arrived at Boston on the 12th inst., brought in the crew of the British schooner Happy Home of Truro, N. P., which was abandoned on the 10th inst.

A child 18 months old died of cholera on Swinburne island, New York harbor, last week. This made the 17th death on the island among the Alesia's passengers, and a total of 25 deaths in all.

Emma Abbott's conduct in rebuking a minister for charging actresses with criminal lives was rewarded by a gift of a solid silver yacht from the people of Chattanooga, Tenn., on the 10th inst.

Schooner Thomas L. Tarr of Gloucester has been given up for lost. She sailed Aug. 19 for the Grand Banks, and it is supposed she foundered in the great hurricane that swept over the Atlantic a few days later.

Consul J. W. Smith has reported to the State Department the discovery of rich deposits of gold near Port Adelaide, Australia. Two thousand men have gone to the mines, and large amounts of gold have been obtained.

It is reported that the question whether the President can legally sign a bill passed by Congress on the last day of the session within the 10 succeeding days is to be brought before the Supreme Court for a decision.

The printers of New York are on a strike, and there are no immediate prospects of their going back. The employers are confident of winning, and say that they will fight to the end.

The fatal progress of the disease at Tampa, Fla., removes all doubt of its being yellow fever. There were six new cases and two deaths there on Thursday. One death from yellow fever occurred at Palatka on the St. John's.

An agreement between Typographical Union No. 6 of New York and Harper Brothers, by which the latter are allowed to retain their non-union employes, may lead to a lockout of the 250 men employed by the Quick Printing Company.

The Piedmont exposition at Atlanta, Ga., was formally opened by Governor Gordon on the 10th inst. An address was delivered by Hon. Samuel J. Randall. The exhibition is pronounced an overwhelming success.

The secretary of the interior has received information that the Indians on the Crow Creek and lower Brule reservation in Dakota had, by their threatened violence, stopped the allotment surveys in progress on the reservation and that further trouble is feared.

Solicitor McCue has decided that per diem employes of the Treasury Department in Washington are entitled to leave of absence with pay, but that all other employes in custom houses and similar positions cannot be paid when not actually in the service of the government.

Speculation as to the successorship to the vacant seat on the Supreme bench may now cease, for according to the most excellent authority, Mr. Lamar has been selected for the place and is already arranging his affairs with a view to the promised change in his official position.

Sergeant Waller of the New York police had a desperate fight with a burglar in his own house on the night of the 13th inst. The burglar was wounded but succeeded in escaping, taking with him two gold watches, four suits of clothes, 500 Henry Clay cigars, $250 and three decanters.

Dr. E. O. Shakespeare, the cholera expert, says he has experimented with bacilli from the cholera patients on the infected steamer Alesia, at New York, and finds that they developed exactly the same way as those in Italy, Spain and other cholera districts of southern Europe.

There is considerable criticism of the present method of printing the silver certificates in the National Bureau of Engraving and Printing. It is claimed that the use of machines for hand printing in a part of the work tends to increase the facility with which the certificates can be counterfeited.

Judge Patterson of New York has decided that the city of New York owes to the Tenth National Bank the sum of $358,849, money loaned to the corrupt county court house commission in 1871. The loan was made by the Tweed ring, three members of which were directors in the bank.

The New York Board of Trade and Transportation, on Wednesday, resolved, that while it is desirable to reduce the internal taxes, it is not desirable to abolish the internal revenue system as a whole, for the reason that it affords guarantees of quality to consumers and insures the prosperity of established industries.

It is reported that during the recent visit of Michael Davitt to Minneapolis, the Irish agitator was initiated into the order of Knights of Labor, made an organizer and intrusted with the work of forming local assemblies among the members of the Irish Land League, and that Irish laborers and workers generally will be enrolled.

Forest fires raged in Sonoma, Alameda, San Mateo and Santa Cruz counties, all in the vicinity of the bay of San Francisco, during the past week. In Alameda, 13 miles were swept clean. Several fine farms were completely consumed; in San Mateo several bridges and shingle mills were levelled to the ground; in Santa Cruz two box mills have been destroyed.

The great strike in the Lehigh region is about breaking up. The strikers are dissatisfied. Some of their families are suffering for bread, and relief is not coming in as fast as was expected. One hundred married men returned to work. The single men still hold out. It is said that the Polish priest at Hazleton advised his people to return to work, and not be governed by any labor organization.

While the more manageable patients were enjoying their weekly dance in the Northern Ohio Insane Asylum at Newburg, O., Wednesday evening, fire broke out in the building, causing a wild stampede. The attendants, after a hard struggle, succeeded in getting out most of the unfortunates in safety. Six women, however, met death by asphyxia and burning and three others were injured.

The neglect of a train despatcher caused a serious collision at Rock Creek station on the Missouri Pacific railroad. A crowded accommodation train was telescoped in the rear by the Wichita express, consisting of 18 coaches, all heavily loaded. A lady standing on the platform of the station was killed by the debris. A large number of passengers on both trains injured themselves in trying to break through the windows. Most of the passengers on both trains were on their way to Kansas City, Mo., to see the President.

In Minneapolis, Minn., Thursday night, a mob led by Mayor Ames burned in effigy A. J. Blethen, proprietor of the Tribune of that city, which had printed an editorial containing several strictures on the present administration and the manner of conducting the present "tour for votes" of the President, and referring in uncomplimentary terms to Mrs. Cleveland, saying among other thing, "It is hard to have respect for a woman who would sell herself to so gross and repulsive a man as Grover Cleveland."

The Missouri Grand Lodge of Masons has taken action on the question of the eligibility of saloon-keepers and liquor dealers to become members of the order. Several months ago the State grand master issued an order calling upon the lodges under his jurisdiction to expel all members who were in any way connected with the liquor traffic. The Naphtali Lodge of St. Louis, of which a dozen prominent liquor men were members, many of them being charter members, refused to obey the order, and the charter of the lodge was annulled. The Grand Lodge sustained the order of the grand master. This order was based on a law passed by the Grand Lodge a number of years ago, which set forth that thereafter no saloon-keepers should become members of the order.

Dr. J. H. Hall, one of the principal land owners of Jacksonville, Fla., offers 100,000 acres of land in that State to the homeless poor of Ireland, provided they will settle upon it. The ratio of distribution is 25 acres to each family.

The members of the O'Connor family, father, mother and two sons, who were convicted of having robbed and assaulted a young English woman named Mary E. Harwood, in their rooms in New York, have been sentenced to State prison for 16 years each.

Miss Helen Dauvray, the actress, was married last week to John Montgomery Ward, ex-captain of the New York base ball team. They went to the Pacific coast on a wedding tour, and will remain away until Christmas.

The Association of North American Railroad Superintendents had its semi-annual session in New York last week. The meeting discussed the question of reform in the methods of car heating and lighting, and the recent experiment in telegraphing from moving cars.

The New York Sun says that the principal sugar refiners of the country are negotiating the formation of a sugar trust similar to the cotton oil and rubber trusts. Firms representing $50,000,000 capital, including nearly all the refiners in America except Claus Spreckels, are in the scheme.

The body of Audubon, the great Louisiana naturalist, which lies in an obscure part of Trinity cemetery, New York city, will be removed and placed opposite the One Hundred and Fifty-fifth-street entrance, where a monument to his memory is to be erected by the New York Academy of Science.

Edison's new invention, the phonograph, will be placed on the market in a few days. The inventor claims that the machine will do away with typewriters and stenographic secretaries, as a letter can be talked into it, and the paper receiving the impression can be sent to the correspondent, who, by running it through another phonograph, can hear the contents read off.

Fire broke out Friday morning in Murray & Wilson's children's dress goods establishment on South Thirteenth street, Philadelphia, but was extinguished before it had made much progress. Mrs. George Goodman, who was in the fourth story of the building when the fire broke out, attempted to escape, but was suffocated after reaching the first floor.

One of the most disastrous storms ever known on the southern coast of Mexico occurred on the 7th and 8th. The city of Quelito, a town of more than 8000 people, was totally destroyed and many lives lost. Telegrams give accounts of most affecting scenes, many women, children and men floundering in the stormy current and crying for help which was not at hand.

Chauncey M. Depew has expressed his opinion that the real estate speculative craze and the construction of 5000 miles of railroad that are not needed will bring upon the country a financial panic. The overconstruction of railways will entail a loss of over $100,000,000, which somebody must bear. The properties may be made profitable in 10 or 12 years, but the original investors will certainly lose their money.

Richard Moore and wife, while moving at 510 State street, Chicago, on the 10th inst., accidentally knocked over a lamp, firing the building, and both were suffocated in the flames. The fire was extinguished promptly by the fire department. Moore's body was found on the top floor, where he had been literally roasted alive in an instant. Mrs. Moore was alive when found, but died shortly afterwards.

While neither Rev. Hugh O. Pentecost nor his admirers expected that he would be elected mayor of Newark, they were very sanguine that he would poll an encouraging vote and placed the figures at 6000. The official returns of Tuesday show that he received only 1761 votes. In one polling precinct, where 10 Knights of Labor were peddling tickets, Mr. Pentecost received but three votes.

The New York Yacht Club Thursday night gave a dinner at Delmonico's to General Charles J. Paine and Designer Edward Burgess of Volunteer fame. General Paine and Mr. Burgess occupied seats of honor on either side of Commodore Gerry, while before them was placed the famous America's cup. About 150 gentlemen were present. "Keep Astern" was the toast to which General Paine responded. The general expressed the idea that the Thistle was capable of better work.

Private letters received from Colon state that there have been many deaths from yellow fever in that city, and the disease still prevails. Absolutely no precautions are taken to prevent its spread. The city is filthy to a degree. Despite the constant presence of yellow fever, certain consuls grant clean bills of health to steamers trading with or touching at American ports. Advices from Belize, British Honduras, and Livingston, Guatemala, report several cases of yellow fever at both places.

The governor, lieutenant governor, adjutant-general, quartermaster-general and brigadier-general, with several officers of the regular army and distinguished citizens of Vermont and other States, witnessed a test of the recent invention of B. D. Stevens of Burlington—a dynamite shell so constructed as to make possible its discharge from an ordinary piece, with gunpowder as the projecting force. All the tests were entirely successful.

A committee which has been investigating the accounts of T. H. Hood, until recently cashier of the water commissioner's office at Norwich, Conn., is said to have reported a deficiency of over $7000. Hood resigned his position a month ago, and last week left town. His present whereabouts are reported to be unknown. Harvey Chapman, Hood's father-in-law, is said to be upon his bond for $5000, and this will probably hold good. Hood has a family.

On the 10th Colonel Clifford W. Anderson, late assistant postmaster, entered Postmaster Lamar's private office, at Savannah, Ga., and challenged him to fight at ten paces. Hot words followed and Major Lamar sprang up and struck the colonel. They were finally parted, but not before Colonel Anderson was badly beaten in the face and the head. The trouble grew out of a recent examination of Colonel Anderson's accounts, which were found $1000 short.

A series of incendiary fires and burglaries in Elmira, N. Y., was brought to an end this week by the arrest of nine young men who had banded together for the purpose of robbery and arson. The culprits had an ironclad agreement, which called for the death of the member divulging any of the association's secrets. The first youth arrested made a confession, implicating his associates. A large amount of stolen property was recovered, and the police say the evidence against the young men is conclusive.

There is serious trouble anticipated when the Cherokee council meets. It is hard to see how bloodshed can be avoided. When the late election was over, on the face of the returns, as certified to by the nine national clerks, Joel Mayes was declared elected as chief by 143 majority. Since then the returns have been so changed as to count in Robert Bunch, the opposition candidate. In case of trouble it is stated that it will result in opening up the country and destroying tribal relations. Both sides are armed for a pitched battle.

A severe accident occurred on the New York, Pennsylvania & Ohio railroad at Warren, O., on the 10th. As the Erie express train thundered in from the West at 10 o'clock, the engineer discovered that the switch leading to a side track on which stood a west-bound freight train, was turned the wrong way. The express train crashed into the freight with frightful force, both engines and more than a dozen cars being totally demolished. A man seated on the freight engine was hurled through the cab window, but escaped almost uninjured.

The large Sprague five-story stone mill, 1000 by 90 feet, at Baltic, Conn., was totally wrecked by fire on the 11th inst. The fire was discovered by the watchman at 2.30 a. m., in the card room in the third story, but the cause is unknown. The mill was built in 1857 by Amasa and William Sprague, and has been run since 1881 on lease by H. L. Aldrich & Co. of Providence. It had a capacity of 70,000 spindles, producing print goods. Nine hundred hands are thrown out of employment. The loss is estimated at $1,250,000; insurance, $257,000. The gas works in the rear of the mill were also destroyed.

The Canadian government has received from Sitka copies of the brief filed in court there by counsel for the United States in regard to the seizure of sealing vessels in Behring sea. The ground is taken that Behring sea is included in the boundaries of the territory ceded to the United States by Russia, and is practically an inland sea, and that the United States has sole jurisdiction there. The appeal of the defence to the United States Supreme Court takes the contrary view, holding that Russia had no such rights as claimed, and consequently could not grant them away.

The farmers and oystermen residing in the vicinity of the quarantine burial grounds at Staten Island are wild with rage over the fact that during the past two weeks 14 cholera victims were buried in the State cemetery at Leguire's Point. They will immediately take steps to prevent any further burials on the island of victims of contagious diseases. Several Italians visited South Beach yesterday, and offered the boatmen big prices to row them over to Hoffman island, where some of their friends are quarantined. The boatmen, however, declined to row them to the island at any price.

An interesting and successful naval experiment was held in the outer harbor, Newport, R. I., Wednesday night, in the form of a torpedo attack on the United States cruiser Atlanta, which was stripped of her upper spars, and all her spare spars used in forming a line of defence about her. The attacking force consisting of 15 or 20 steam launches, under command of Commander M. Chester of the Galena, were sent out soon after 7 o'clock in different directions, each to endeavor to get sufficiently near the Atlanta to explode a torpedo, or within 20 feet, which was fixed at a sufficient distance, before discovery by the powerful search-lights of that ship. The Atlanta "discovered" the boats and won the contest.

Judge Cowing charged the jury on Friday in the case of Police Officer Hahn, who was on trial for the murder of Captain Jack Hussey. He left the question of whether the shot caused Hussey's death or not to the jury to decide. At 1.40 p. m. the jury returned with a verdict of "not guilty."

The Bryn Mawr Hotel, situated at Bryn Mawr, a station on the Pennsylvania railroad, about 12 miles from Philadelphia, was partly destroyed by fire on the 10th inst. The loss on the building is estimated at $200,000, and that on furniture, carpets, etc., at $30,000. The building is insured for $150,000.

Twenty-five hundred to 3000 miners are out on strike in southern Indiana, and a coal famine is probable. One thousand miners or more are out in the Davies county coal mines and they propose to stay out and will not listen to any compromise. The companies are equally stubborn, and the fight promises to be a long, warm and bitter one.

The United States Supreme Court convened in Washington, Monday, for the October term of 1887. One of the most important cases to come up for argument before the court is the case of Myra Clark Gaines, who was awarded by the lower court a claim for land in New Orleans worth about $6,000,000.

A canvass of delegates to the General Assembly of the Knights of Labor, at Minneapolis, Minn., shows that the general officers and more conservative element in the order as a rule regard the time as not yet ripe for a separate party movement, while the rank and file and the more radical of the officers are eager for a labor party, the sooner the better.

The United States flag and the Irish flag which Archbishop Croke sent to this country from Ireland in August last have been disposed of. The United States flag was sent to the Sixty-ninth Regiment. Father Riordan said that he intended to formally present the American flag to the Sixty-ninth Regiment in Madison Square Garden, or some other large hall.

Herrman Ehrich was shot and killed late Tuesday night last by Policemen Olsen. The two men were friends and Ehrich was attempting to play a practical joke on the officer by pretending to be a burglar. He jumped out of a doorway as the policeman approached, and ran up the street. Olsen ordered him to halt, but he continued to run, and Olsen fired, the ball entering Ehrich's head, causing instant death. Olsen is nearly crazy with sorrow over his friend's fate.

Rancheros have pursued and caught five of the abductors of Senor Berrera, in Star county, Tex., and at once executed them. Senor Berrera, it will be remembered, was captured by these bandits near his ranch on the Texas side of the river, and held eight days until $1500 was paid by his family for his release. The bandits revealed to the rancheros the particulars of a plot to capture Mr. Yturna of Brownsville, one of the largest and most prominent capitalists, merchants and ranch owners of the frontier, and hold him for ransom.

It appears that misleading clews were thrown out regarding the Pacific express steal. It was said that there had been no robbery at all, but facts are furnished by the Pinkerton agency that Messenger J. B. Owens stole about $26,000, which he brought to St. Louis and buried near the outskirts of that city, and that Owens then came to Chicago and went directly to the home of his brother-in-law, Mr. Tichener. Meanwhile, the detectives had intercepted a telegram from Owens to his wife, in which he stated that everything would turn out all right, and told her not to be alarmed. Owens has been arrested and has confessed.

CROP REPORTS.

1,500,000,000 Bushels of Corn and 450,000,000 Wheat for Next Year.

The October report of the Department of Agriculture shows that the condition of corn increased during September only one-half of 1 per cent., making the general average 72.8 per cent. The indication is for an average yield of a fraction over 20 bushels per acre, and the approximate total yield is stated at 1,500,000,000 bushels. The average rate of the wheat yield appears to be about 11.8 bushels, or four-tenths of a bushel less than last year. The increase of acreage will bring the product nearly to 450,000,000 bushels. The rate of yield in New York is 16.7 bushels. Pennsylvania 10.5, Ohio 12.5, Indiana 15.5, Illinois 15.2, Wisconsin 10.3, Minnesota 9.5, Iowa 10, Missouri 17, Kansas 9.6, Nebraska 10.7, Dakota 10.5, California 13.8. The yield of oats is slightly below an average, about 25 bushels per acre. The barley yield is nearly 25 per cent. less than a medium yield. The yield of rye is 11.5 bushels and the product about 24,000,000 bushels. The condition of cotton has further declined. The general average has been reduced from 83.8 to 76.5. I is still several points higher than in 1883 and 1884, and 10 points higher than in 1881.

MY BOY STILL.

[Indianapolis News.]

Do you think I've forgotten the day
I carried him at my breast?
Many fair children I've loved since then,
But I think that I loved him best,
For he was our firstborn child, John,
And I have not the heart or will
To love him less; whatever may come
He's my boy still.

I remember when he was a little lad,
How he used to climb on my knee;
How proud we were of his beauty,
Of his wit and his mimicry.
And I know quite well he's a man now,
With a wild and stubborn will;
But whatever he is to you, John,
He's my boy still.

He was just like sunshine about the house,
In the days of his happy youth;
You know we said that with all his faults
He had courage and love and truth.
And, though he has wandered far away,
I'd rather you'd say no ill;
He is sure to come back to his mother;
He's my boy still!

I know there was never a kinder heart,
And I can remember today
How often he went with me apart
And knelt at my knee to pray.
And the man will do as the boy did,
Sooner or later he will;
The Bible is warrant for that; so
He's my boy still!

A mother can feel where she can't see,
She is wiser than any sage;
My boy was trained in the good old way,
I shall certainly get my wage.
And though he has wandered far away,
And followed his wayward will,
I know whatever, wherever he is,
He's my boy still!

Who Ever Saw One?

[Texas Siftings.]

A Texas paper advertises for "A first-class driving horse for a lady that must be young and gentle and easy to manage."

Sweet 117.

[Rehoboth Sunday Herald.]

It is announced that 117 young women have entered Smith College this fall.

A-Roughin' Freshman.

[Philadelphia Call.]

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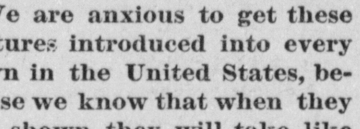

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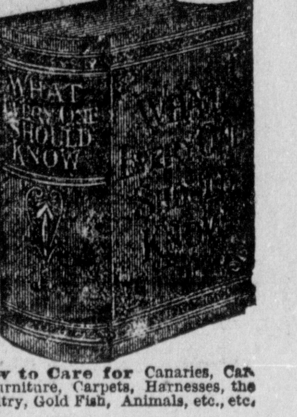
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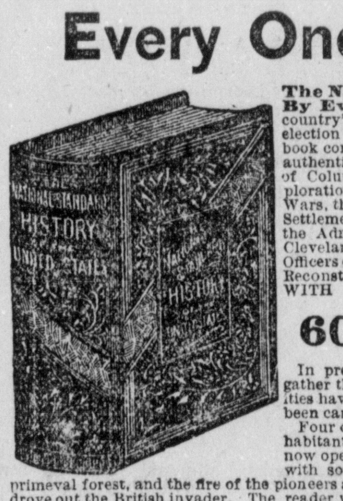
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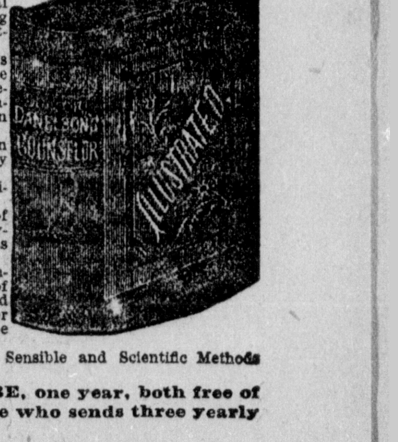

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